Collier's

TEN CENTS

JANUARY 12, 1946

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

BLUNDER The Story of the End of the World **By PHILIP WYLIE**

EISENHOWER'S AFRICAN GAMBLE

By BRIG. GEN. JULIUS C. HOLMES

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT

GENERAL OF THE ARMY
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
CHIEF OF STAFF, UNITED STATES ARMY

Jan.12, 1946

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA
KANS
A 52319
C
RSS

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—here's a ***Perfect Match!***
The gardenia . . . and PM DE LUXE.
Both exactly right.
PM is so superlatively flavored,
smooth and mellow, that just suggesting,
"Have a PM with me?"
pays the friendliest sort of compliment.
You're always sure the ***Pleasure's Mutual.***

PM
PM
DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. Blended Whiskey
86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Wet Feet? Cold Feet?
Look out for a Cold!

GARGLE WITH LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC!

THIS pleasant precaution, taken early and often, may help head off a cold or lessen its severity.

Wet or cold feet, like fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, can lower body resistance so that germs called the "secondary invaders" find it easier to invade throat tissue. When they do, they produce much of the misery you know all too well.

How Listerine Antiseptic Can Help

This delightful antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders"...gives Nature a helping hand in halting the mass invasion of germs.

Naturally, plenty of rest, warmth, and light foods will help immeasurably in fighting off the infection.

Fewer Colds in Tests

You need only look at Listerine's impressive record made in tests over 12 years to see how helpful it can be. Consider:

That those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle...and fewer sore throats.

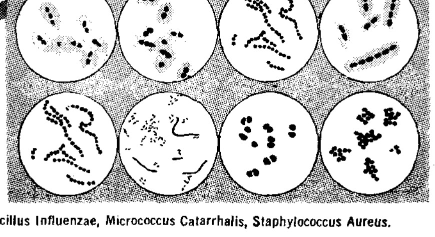
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Below are some types of "secondary invaders," millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

America's
finest
Auto Radio

FITS and MATCHES
. . the car you're driving

Here is the Auto Radio that changes each mile to a song—every journey into bright entertainment. The new Motorola brings you brilliant, radiant reception no matter how fast or how far you drive—and it's specifically designed to fit your dashboard and harmonize with the appointments of your particular car. There is no finer Auto Radio at any price than . . .

Motorola AUTO Radio

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
CHICAGO 51, ILLINOIS

Collier's
FOR JANUARY 12, 1946

HENRY LA COSSITT • *Editor* **WILLIAM L. CHENERY** • *Publisher* **JOE ALEX MORRIS** • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Executive Editor* **WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN** • *Art Director*

WALTER DAVENPORT	*Politics*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	CLARENCE H. ROY	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photographs*
W. B. COURTNEY	*France*	FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Humor*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	ROBERT DE VORE	*Washington*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*Distaff*
GRATTAN O'LEARY	*Ottawa*	WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	JIM BISHOP	*Articles*	IFOR THOMAS	*Studio*
FRANK D. MORRIS	*Pacific*	JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Wearables*
FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	EDWARD TOMLINSON	*The Other Americas*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	ELIZABETH BOUTELLE	*Fiction*
GEORGE CREEL	*San Francisco*					JOHN SCHAFFNER	*Fiction*

this week

FICTION

PAGE

BLUNDER By PHILIP WYLIE 11
An error in a bismuth-radiation formula produces world disaster.

THE GENTLE WOLF By NANCY SHORES 13
He worked the love-'em-and-leave-'em technique to a frazzle.

MURDER HAUNTS THE SHIP By MIGNON G. EBERHART 17
The Serial Story. The second of four parts.

THE PAINTED LACE By JEAN E. TURNLEY 20
Tom appreciated his wife a lot more after George's visit was over.

HIT ME! By ROBERT GRIFFITH 22
Orlo kayoed seven small-town pugs—and then he met Frankie Keel.

FOR HEROISM By FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE 26
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

EISENHOWER'S AFRICAN GAMBLE By BRIG. GEN. JULIUS C. HOLMES 14
The first of two parts. The now-it-can-be-told story of the invasion of North Africa.

SOMETHING FROM THE BOYS By ELIZABETH FENTON 16
Scarves and other apparel of Army, Navy and Air Corps to adorn milady.

MILLION-DOLLAR SHARECROPPER By HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW 18
How Sam Tayloe has turned a lowly occupation into big business.

BOY WONDER By DEAN JENNINGS 21
A close-up of Paul C. Smith who edits the San Francisco Chronicle.

NO PEACE IN PALESTINE By FRANK GERVASI 23
With British, Arab and Jewish interests conflicting, how can there be?

SHOW GIRL CHAPERON By BRUCE BIOSSAT 24
Good behavior is a "must" for Miss Abbott's ballet pupils.

SINEWS FOR SALE By KYLE CRICHTON 29
A plethora of fine pitchers perturbs Mr. Sam Breadon of St. Louis.

THE SCREAMY-WEAMIES By ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER 42
Men quail and women faint as horror pix unreel their spine-chillers.

THE SIZE OF STETTINIUS By GEORGE CREEL 56
An appraisal of the U.S. member of the UNO Security Council.

•

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

WING TALK By FREDERICK R. NEELY 8

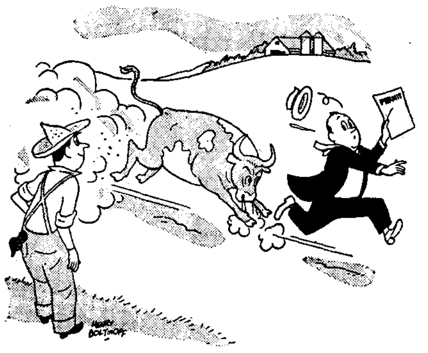
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 69

EDITORIALS: *How Do You Hate?* • *Three Untaxed Billions* • *Who Should Censor Radio?* 70

COVER By *BOB LEAVITT*

any week

THERE has been a work stoppage on an electric power line in Connecticut. And Mr. Lester Ramsey of Winchester, Connecticut, wants it understood that no labor union can be blamed. This power company wanted to run a line across a farm and the farmer was of the opinion that he should be paid a little something. Said he to the boss lineman: "I gave the company no permission." The boss lineman showed him a permit from the state and said that that was all the permission the company required. Whereupon the farmer released a rampaging bull from his barn. When the farmer finally caught up with the lineman a few miles down the road, he said: "What's the matter? Old Roger there is my attorney. He merely wants to read that permit you've got."



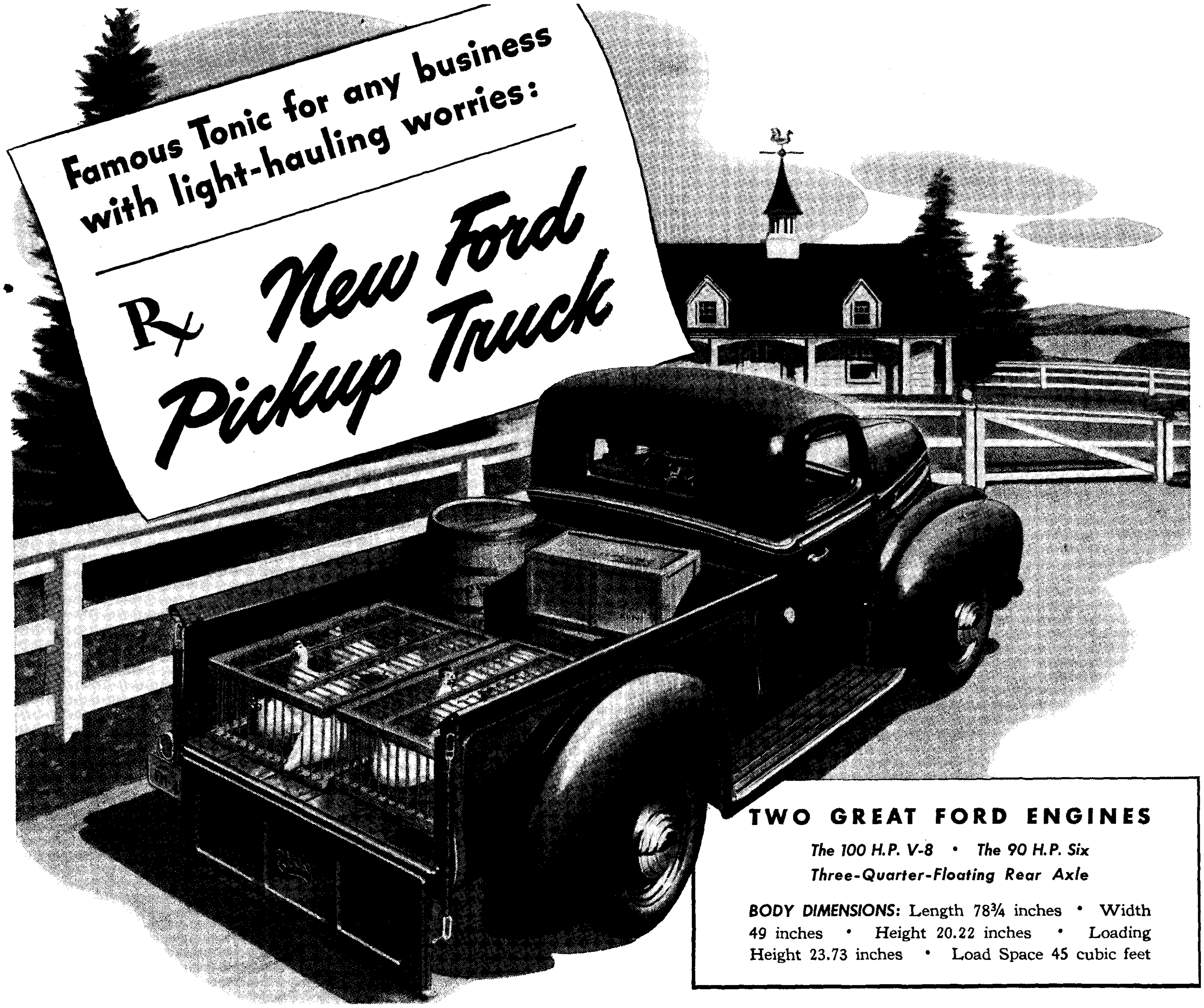
IN WASHINGTON it is generally conceded that the only sign that anybody in lofty position is at all important is that he is about to resign. We were discussing that sort of thing with a Big Brass who hasn't yet offered to resign, and he said that a lot of the trouble in the capital just now derives from ambitious wives. Whereupon a humble and nonoffice-holding citizen sighed: "Wives of great men oft remind us that we ought to be pretty damned well satisfied with the ones *we've* got."

PRETTY soon, at this same bull session, they got to the conundrum stage. Someone asked why the State Department is like the deceived husband. The answer was: "Because it's always the last to know what's going on." We left immediately.

AS WE get it somebody called up Mr. Walter Reuther, vice-president of the United Automobile Workers, asking that Mr. Reuther come to New York for a conference with a gentleman who, the man said, was "an avowed and provable friend of Labor." Mr. Reuther replied courteously: "Sorry, sir. I'm too busy here. Anyway, when I need a dentist I do not waste my time talking to a friend of a dentist."

(Continued on page 59)

Vol. 117, No. 2. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, A. H. Motley, Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Copyright, 1946, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.



TWO GREAT FORD ENGINES

The 100 H.P. V-8 • The 90 H.P. Six

Three-Quarter-Floating Rear Axle

BODY DIMENSIONS: Length 78¾ inches • Width 49 inches • Height 20.22 inches • Loading Height 23.73 inches • Load Space 45 cubic feet

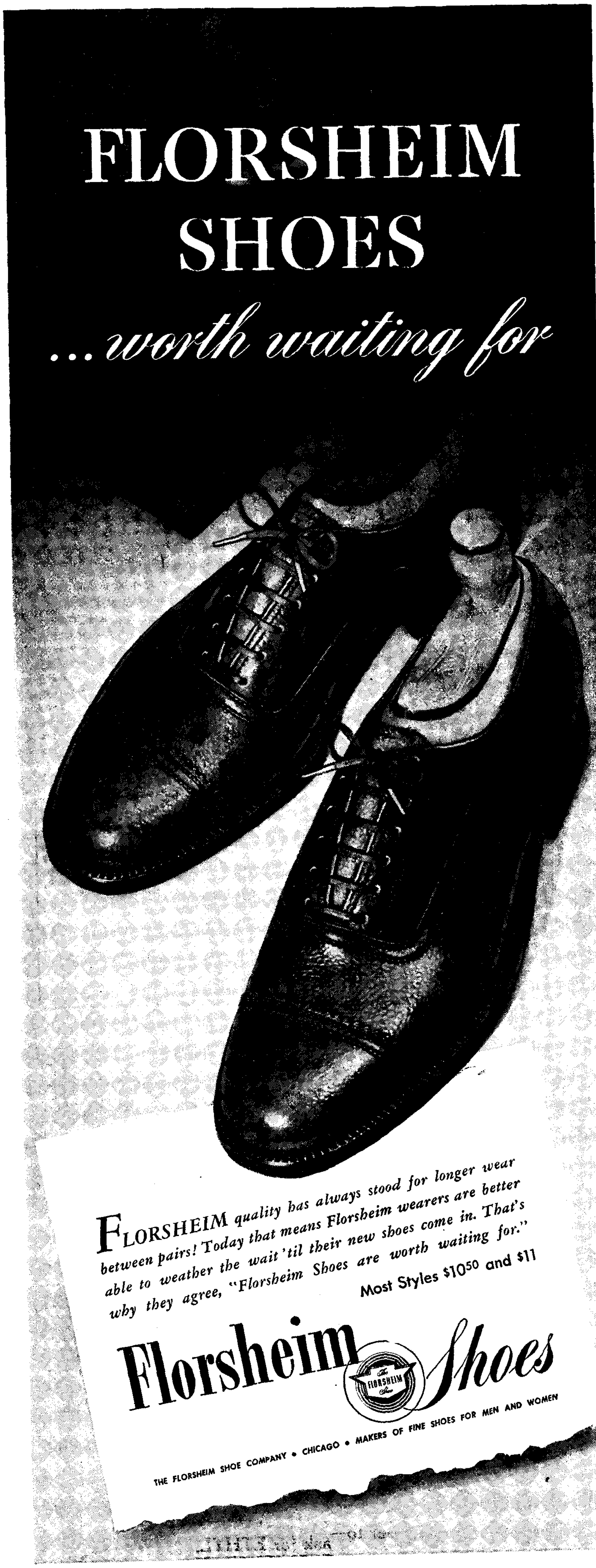
New Ford Pickup Truck • Today's Ford Pickups are better trucks for *your* business—better trucks for *any* business. Exclusive Ford features and advancements make them roadworthy—streetworthy—farmworthy. Look below. You'll find advantages only Ford can offer—reasons why, year after year, registrations show "More Ford Trucks on the Road, on More Jobs, for More Good Reasons!"

MORE ECONOMICAL, MORE RELIABLE, MORE ENDURING THAN EVER!

TWO great engines—the rugged 100 H.P. V-8 with a score of important engineering advancements designed for increased economy and efficiency, or the 90 H.P. Six, for jobs that call for economical stop-and-go driving. Truck-type frame. Side-mounted springs. Three-quarter-floating rear axle with straddle-mounted pinion and 4-pinion differential. Four double-action shock absorbers. Note the generous inside dimensions of the heavy-gage steel Ford Pickup body—45 cubic feet of load space—wide enough for flat-loading of such 4-foot units as plywood or plasterboard (no wheel housings). Floor is heavy-gage steel-surfaced, with formed skid-strips and hardwood under-flooring. Tailgate, strong and rattle-free, swings full-down for easy loading.

Priorities No Longer Needed. Ford **See Your Ford Dealer!**

FORD TRUCKS



FLORSHEIM SHOES

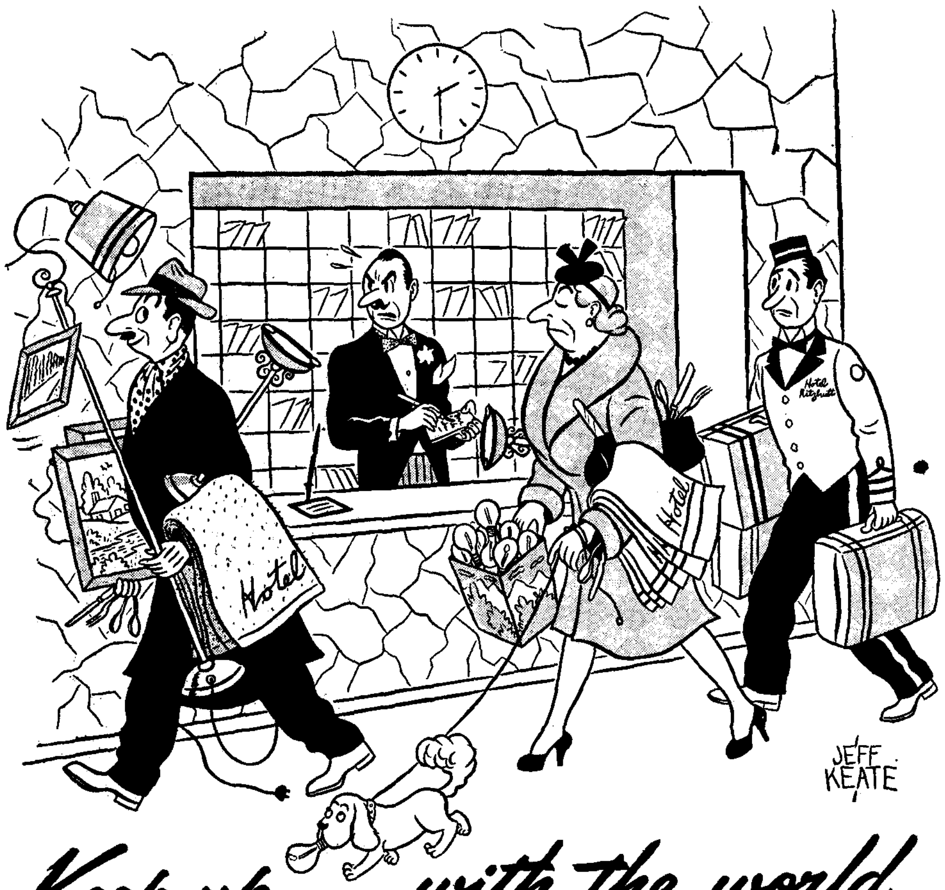
...worth waiting for

FLORSHEIM quality has always stood for longer wear between pairs! Today that means Florsheim wearers are better able to weather the wait 'til their new shoes come in. That's why they agree, "Florsheim Shoes are worth waiting for."

Most Styles $10^50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Keep up with the world

The 15,800 hotels in this country lose, on the average, a weekly total of $200,000 worth of linens, blankets, silverware, pictures, ash trays and light bulbs taken by guests. To combat this wholesale larceny, many hotels now maintain a card record of their unscrupulous guests which lists what they have stolen on previous visits. When a person's card shows him to be a habitual offender, he is no longer welcome and is usually told, "No rooms are available."

Since 1900, some 20,000,000 Americans have joined approximately 1,000 religious cults. A large number of these have been rackets, but they often flourished because they promised health, prosperity and security to the frustrated individual. While most of these religions have been profitable to their promoters, many have also become wealthy through substantial gifts of money from fanatical followers. For example, the contributions made to one such cult, which flourished on Long Island between 1937 and 1941, amounted to about $225,000.

A military secret, just released by Britain, is that its radar operators throughout the war encountered difficulties with radio waves reflected by sea and shore birds, some of which were detected as far away as 60 miles. The most serious confusion was caused by large gulls that, when flying alone offshore near the surface of the water, sometimes produced an echo of the same strength and rate of travel as that of a fast-moving vessel at a greater distance. On one occasion, birds were even responsible for an invasion alarm.

The fabulous demand for religious relics by individuals as well as churches during the Middle Ages reached its climax in 16th-century Germany where a man named Muffel in Nuremberg had a personal collection of 308 and the Schlosskirche in Halle had a collection of 21,483 of these venerated objects.

So fearful are the Chinese of being buried at sea that China has an agreement with many large shipping lines whereby the body of any Chinese, whether passenger or seaman, who dies during a voyage, will be placed in a coffin, kept on the vessel and eventually shipped to his native land.

Vending machines in this country now sell weekly about 35,000,000 packs of cigarettes. . . . One of the many "odd" jobs of the President of the U.S. is to fix the license fee for fortunetellers in the Panama Canal Zone.

Although the artificial insemination of cattle in the United States began less than eight years ago, 350,000 dairy cows on 42,000 farms in 23 states are now producing calves by this method.—*By Michael D. Glackin, Upper Darby, Penn.*

As four of the five boroughs of New York City are islands or parts of islands, its investment in interconnecting bridges and tunnels far exceeds that of any other world metropolis. Its 62 bridges, totaling 25 miles in length, cost $358,000,000; and its 16 tunnels, totaling 29 miles, cost $384,000,000. These two figures combined are equivalent to one third of the assessed value of all real estate in Philadelphia.

One of the most influential legal codes in history was The Laws of the Indies which was prepared for the guidance of the Spaniards who were sent to colonize the New World in the early 16th century. One section contained the standard plan on which numerous cities in Latin America and many in the western United States were laid out. Today, in the majority of these municipalities, the original narrow streets, square blocks and central plaza still survive in basic form.

Mexico observes All Souls' Day with more gaiety and merrymaking than religious solemnity; yet, paradoxically, the subject of death is featured in numerous ways. Newspapers run editorials on The Hereafter and decorate their advertisements with skeletons; bakeries make a special "Bread of the Dead;" confectioners feature skulls and crossbones made of candy; and toy stores offer a wide assortment of playthings such as miniature coffins, tombstones and funeral processions.—*By Marion Townend, Charlotte, N. C.*

The only man in history who alone invented an alphabet was Sequoya, the half-breed Cherokee Indian, who created the 85 characters of his native language in 1821. . . . Greyhounds can be duped into chasing an artificial rabbit around a race track because they have a defective sense of smell.

by Freling Foster

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

ask for ETHYL

FOR USE AS A MOTOR FUEL ONLY
CONTAINS LEAD
(TETRAETHYL)

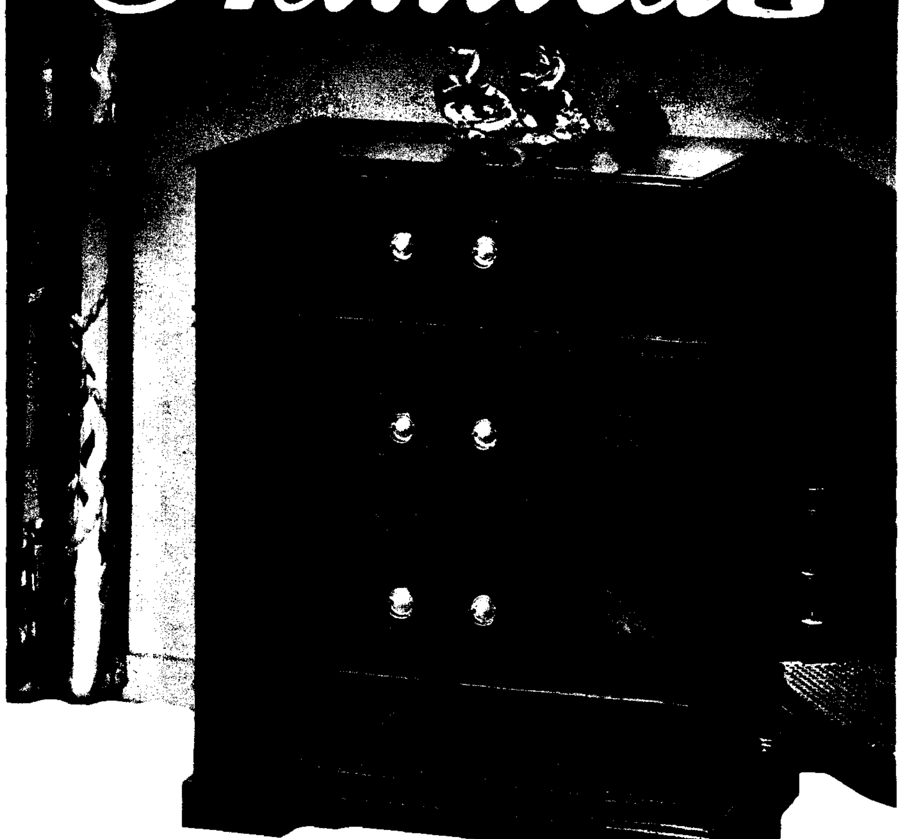
LOOK FOR THE ETHYL TRADEMARK

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

If your engine could talk, it probably would ask for Ethyl when you roll into a gas station. Because high-quality gasoline—the kind that until a few years ago was reserved exclusively for military purposes—makes it possible for an engine to do its best work.

For a contented engine that starts in the coldest weather without argument... is eager to go places and do things... just sails you along the road... remember to—ask for ETHYL.

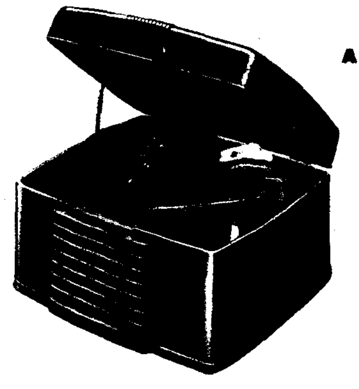
You'll be glad you waited for an Admiral



America's Smart Set

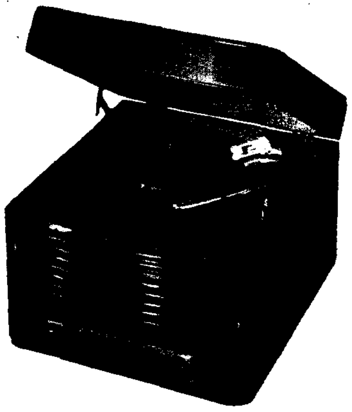
ADMIRAL "REGENCY" RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

A masterpiece in performance and authentic styling. "Slide-A-Way" brings phonograph out into plain view. Has 5-second, childproof automatic record changer.



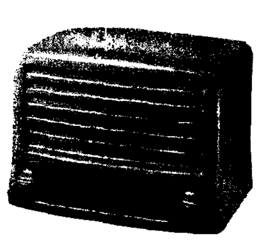
ADMIRAL ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPH

Power-amplified for "auditorium" volume. Has 5-second, childproof automatic record changer. Comes in streamlined mahogany plastic cabinet.



ADMIRAL RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Performance, styling, this new table model has everything. 5-second, childproof automatic record changer. Walnut wood cabinet.



ADMIRAL TABLE-TOP RADIO

Here's big performance in a small package. Smartly styled plastic cabinet features new easy-to-read "stretch-out" dial.

THEY'RE ALL brand new 1946 models . . . not one of them a pre-war "revival." New superlative performance, the result of war-inspired developments! New striking cabinet beauty! See them! Hear them! Compare! You'll be glad you waited for an Admiral . . . Admiral Corporation, Chicago . . . World's largest manufacturer of radio-phonographs with automatic record changers.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Lockheed's P-80 Shooting Star is one of several American planes which must top the Gloster Meteor speed of 606 mph to claim world's record

UNLESS somebody over here did something about it while we were on the presses, the British today stand officially recognized as the aircraft speed champions of the world. And an important subdivision of that honor is that their 606-mile-an-hour flight was made with jet propulsion engines which they were first to develop.

Aviation people in the United States do not take that twin-engine Gloster Meteor flight of last November 7th very seriously, because they believe they can beat it. However, Americans accustomed to hearing about our world's fastest fighters like the North American P-51, the Republic P-47 and the Lockheed single-engine jet P-80 Shooting Star, are understandably confused.

They were in 1939, too, when German pilot Fritz Wendel shot a Messerschmitt-109 over the maximum speed course for a world record of 469 miles an hour. At that time we didn't have anything that could fly within 100 miles an hour of that speed. German air prestige soared throughout the world; and there was a bit of a threat in that speed mark; it implied the plane was a standard fighter. It was, after a fashion, but it had been skinned-down, sleeked-up, and souped-up for the single purpose of establishing the world record for airplane speed. This achieved, the Nazis sat back and waited for the effect.

It wasn't long coming. Every guardian of America's interests began screaming, "Why haven't we got a plane that can go that fast?" General Arnold, the butt of those public attacks at the time, knew very well that the Me.-109 was not a standard combat ship and didn't make its record with a full military load, so he didn't require American aircraft designers and manufacturers to come up with a production fighter that could fly faster. It would have been useless to have suggested it because the spread between what we had as standard production fighters and the German Messerschmitt "Special" was too great to be bridged overnight.

But he did set a top speed for our fighters in late 1939 and exhorted plane builders to "give me a 400-mile-an-hour fighter and I don't give a damn if the engine burns out at the end of the speed dash." He felt that such a momentary flash across the sky would silence the critics and he could then get on with his work of building up an air force. He got the 400-milers, and the engines didn't burn out, either, but it took time—in fact, it took the usual period of five years of testing and development to get fighters that could fly with full military load under combat conditions at the speed of the 1939 German racer. When the war ended, Germany did not have a reciprocating engine- and propeller-driven fighter in combat as fast as our Mustangs and Thunderbolts.

The German record stood unchallenged from April, 1939, because nobody had the time during the war to make speed dashes just for the book—until the British smartly retrieved it for the glory of British aviation. For that's just what it meant to British aeronautical prestige; they came out of the war with the world's fastest plane. It was good for British aeronautical export trade and morale building within the Empire, to offset the enormous postwar advantage American aircraft achieved with its famous types and its thousands of production models.

The British, weaned on the theme that "*British Goods Are Best*," always managed to give a convincing sales talk. Before we really got going with our production program, they had so thoroughly convinced some influential people here of the superiority of the Spitfire fighter to anything in the world that serious talk developed in Washington on the question of scrapping our designs and going into exclusive production of that famous interceptor that won the Battle of Britain.

Patience Wins Out

General Arnold, charged with developing both short- and long-range fighters, to operate in every climate and on a global basis, was almost swamped as these suggestions crowded in on him, but he patiently spent long hours with the returned American travelers and convinced them that while the Spitfire, a wonderful airplane, was designed for defending the British Isles, he had to have more versatile types.

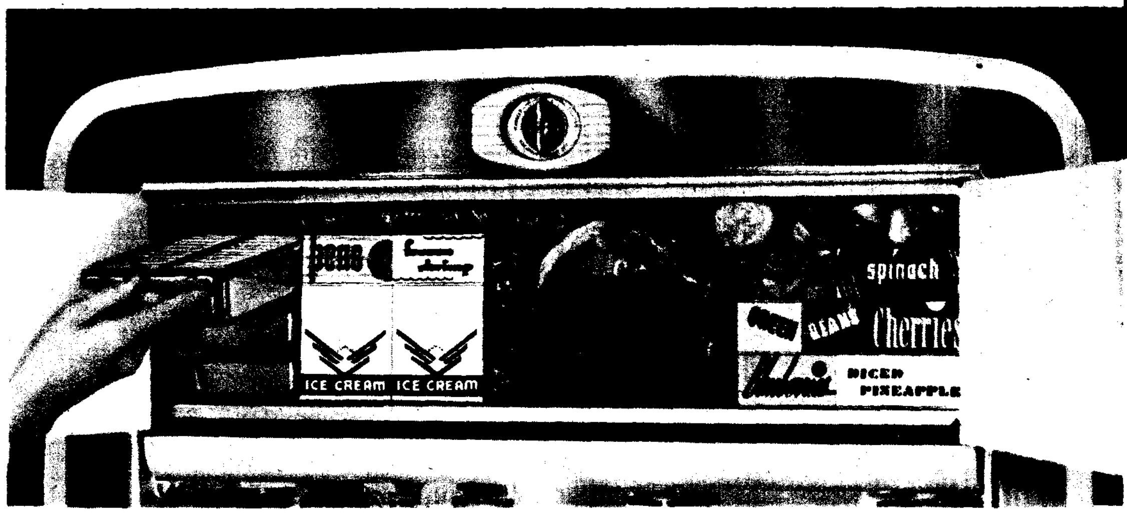
And when it came to escorting our bombers all the way to Berlin and all the way to Tokyo, our Lightnings, Mustangs and Thunderbolts did the job. There were no Spitfires among the escorting fighters. The general occasionally shudders at the thought of what would have happened to our air offensive and the duration of the war if he had yielded to the Spitfire converts.

Anyway, if we have something over here that can do better than 606 miles an hour, it is up to us to go through the formalities of proving it according to internationally accepted standards of measuring the maximum speed of aircraft, as the British so wisely did. These standards were established by the respectable 40-year-old Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, the world governing body for aircraft records. The National Aeronautic Association is the American member and certifies the records made in this country.

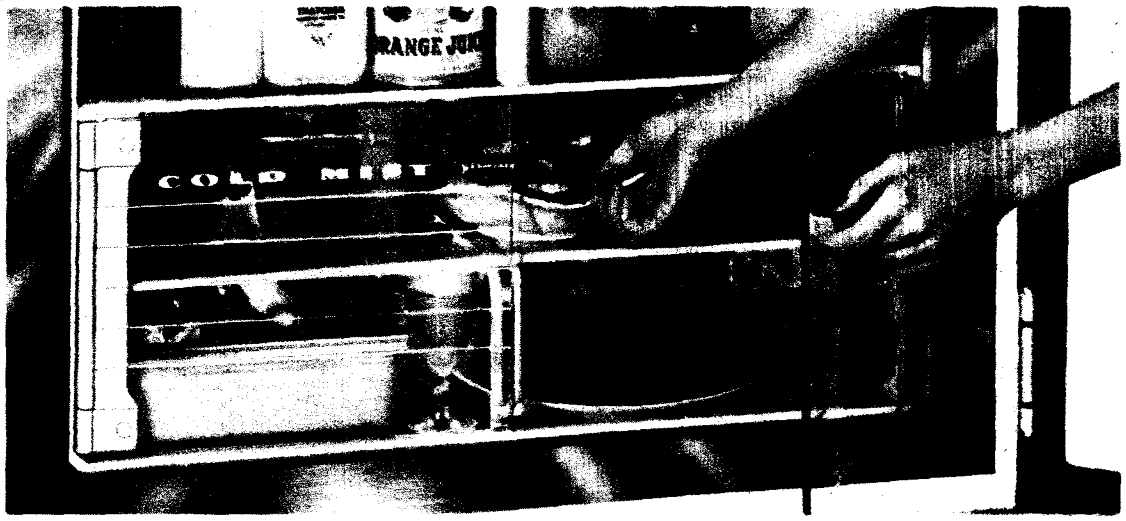
(Continued on page 37)

A Kelvinator that Combines both in One . . .

a Frozen Food Chest . . . and

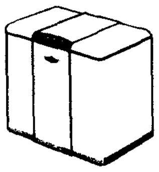


Moist-Master Refrigerator!

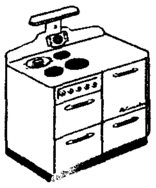


TUNE IN!

Wednesday nights 10:30 Eastern Standard Time, Kelvinator's new musical hit starring the Andrews Sisters. CBS all stations.



Watch for the new KELVINATOR HOME FREEZER . . . big, low-priced, economical . . . COMING SOON to your KELVINATOR DEALER'S.



SEE the new KELVINATOR "AUTOMATIC COOK" ELECTRIC RANGE . . . the "self-starting" range that cooks whole dinners all by itself . . . NOW AT YOUR KELVINATOR DEALER'S.

Now in the same cabinet

. . . a big, deep Frozen Food Chest *combined with* the famous Kelvinator Moist-Master Refrigerator . . . *both* powered by the *same* economical sealed-in-steel Polarsphere unit. It's a super combination!

It's a real Frozen Food Chest

A big, deep separate compartment in which you can store up to *40* twelve-oz. packages of frozen fruits, vegetables, meats, ice cream . . . enough for a family of four! And you can keep it for weeks at a time. It makes 9 lbs. of ice cubes, too, in 4 big Hi-Speed trays. Or you can take out the trays to make room for still more frozen foods!

Combined with the Moist-Master Refrigerator!

Yes, now in the same cabinet, you get all this frozen food storage *and* exclusive Moist-Master protection for perishables, too. Glass enclosed super-moist cold to dew-freshen garden vegetables, keep uncovered left-overs tasty and appetizing . . . plus a separate zone of balanced cold to guard all the milk, butter, eggs, you can use.

It's big, it's roomy and it's wonderful!

It's the best of both combined in one . . . a Frozen Food Chest and the Moist-Master Refrigerator. And this is only one of four beautiful Kelvinators designed to give you a choice to fit your budget. All packed with Kelvinator features, all powered by the famous trouble-free Polarsphere cold-making unit that never needs care or attention.

See the new Kelvinators at your dealer's today.

KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT

Get the Best things First . . Get Kelvinator

PHILCO RETURNS TO ITS UNBROKEN RECORD OF RADIO LEADERSHIP 10 YEARS AHEAD OF 4 YEARS AGO!

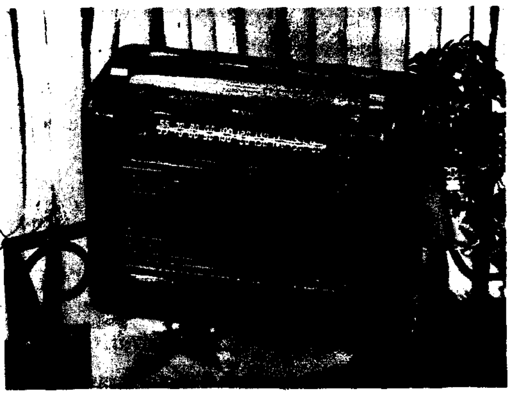
Thrilling new achievements from the laboratories of Philco, *the leader*, are arriving now at your Philco dealer. Sensational 1946 Philco radios and radio-phonographs . . . *ten years ahead of four years ago*, thanks to new triumphs of modern electronic research. Glorious new beauty of tone from radio and records. Spectacular developments in power and performance. Exquisite new creations in cabinet design. Yes, it's the big news in radio from the overwhelming leader for 12 straight years. Get the full story from your Philco dealer now.

PHILCO 1213 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. An exquisite cabinet of authentic Chippendale design . . . in rare matched Mahogany woods . . . with the newest Philco developments for the full enjoyment of radio and recorded music. Advanced-FM . . . new Dynamic Reproducer . . . new automatic Record Changer . . . plus the most glorious radio-phonograph tone you've ever heard!

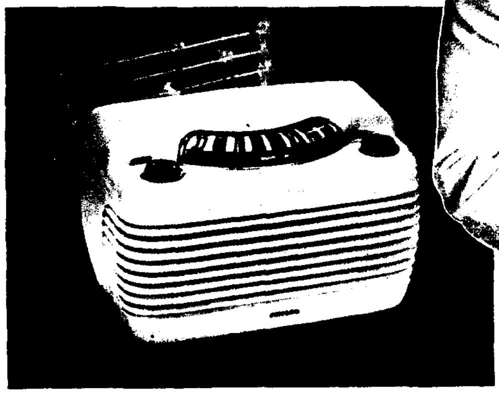
Just put a record in the slot . . . And it plays!

Amazing Philco invention makes the manual radio-phonograph Automatic!

PLAYS ANYWHERE
OUTDOORS OR INDOORS



PHILCO 350 PORTABLE. Far out-performs any portable radio ever built. Tested and proved in the most difficult locations. Plays on any house current or self-contained battery. Light in weight, perfectly balanced, *truly* portable! New, distinctive cabinet.



PHILCO 420 IVORY. Outstanding beauty of tone . . . amazing performance in a compact radio. Gleaming ivory plastic cabinet of modern grace and simplicity. Colorful radial dial lights up to give the effect of a softly glowing dome. Superb tone and performance!

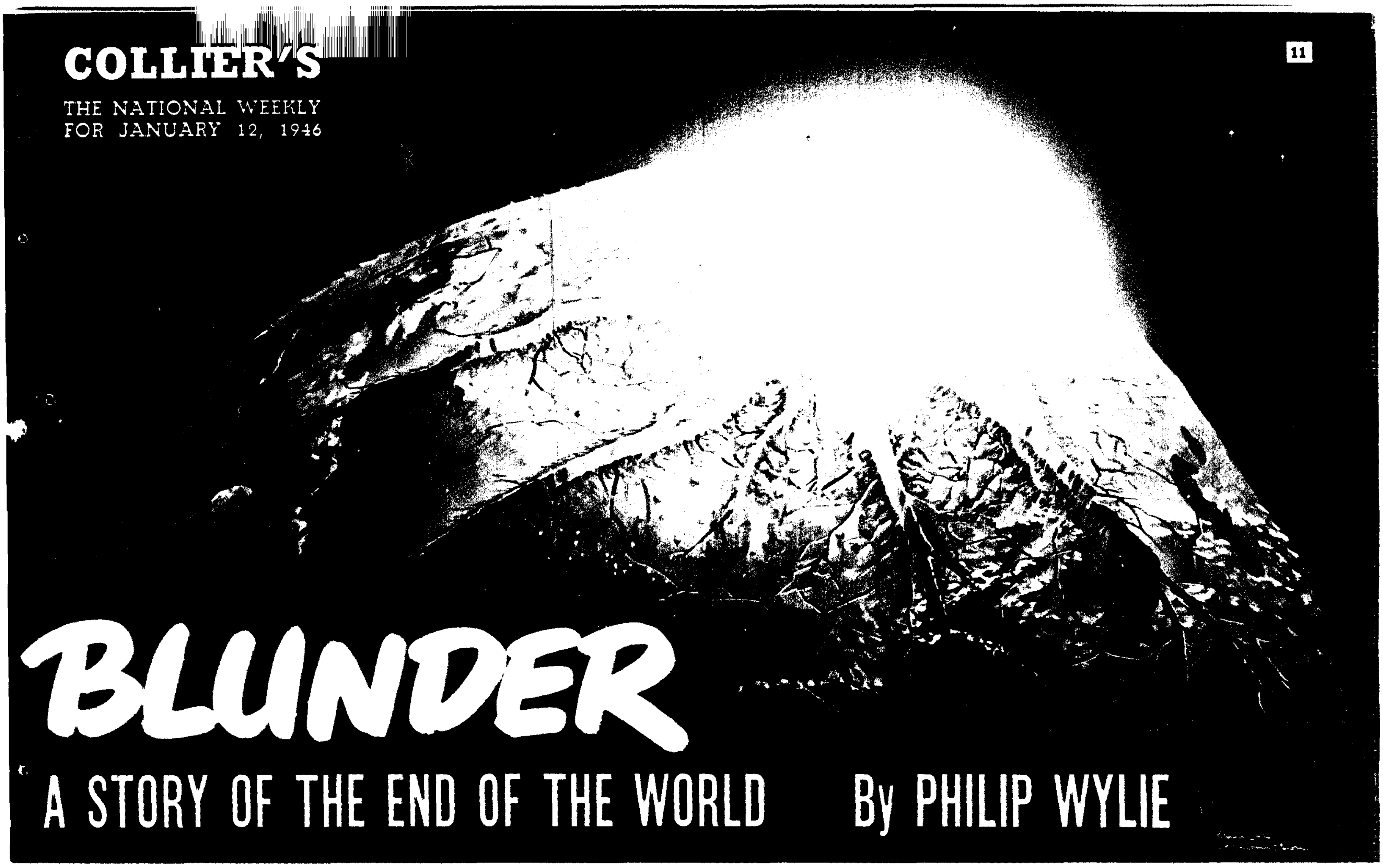
PHILCO 1201 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. No more fussing with lids, tone arms, controls or needles! You just put any size record in the slot and close the door. It starts, plays and stops *automatically*. (*Patent Pending*).

TUNE IN: The Radio Hall of Fame, Sundays, 6 P.M., EST; Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club, Monday through Friday, 9:45 A.M., EST; ABC (Blue) Network.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 12, 1946



BLUNDER

A STORY OF THE END OF THE WORLD

By PHILIP WYLIE

THERE is no record of the exact date . . .

It was probably a morning in late May, or possibly in early June, when Carl Everson and Hugh Dunn rode up from the abandoned nickel mine on its creaky hoist and stood with their hands over their eyes, spreading their fingers apart slowly, to become accustomed to the outdoor brilliance. Late May or early June—since this was the latitude of the "midnight sun" and there had been no dark. Around the two men was an enormous clearing which stretched from a solid wall of spruces to boulders fringing the polar ocean; an expanse of weeds, birches, wild grass and young conifers gradually obliterating a village near the mine and steadily overgrowing high, rusty cones of tailings.

Everson and Dunn had invested their life savings here. The region suited their needs: a mine in hard rock, deep enough, with extensive lateral galleries, close to the sea. Here, moreover, on a Pole-facing promontory of the North Cape, was utter isolation—necessary because some risk was involved in their work and they did not wish to endanger human beings. Indeed, the harming of a person would have ruined their purpose, which was essentially as commercial as it was scientific.

Carl Everson held the Chair of Physics in the Oslo Institute; Hugh Dunn was Dean of Engineering at Glasgow, and a Nobel Laureate, besides. The scheme on which they had long plotted together was ingenious and, basically, quite simple.

It depended upon two facts. First, that volcanic phenomena are radioactive in nature. Second, that certain types—the steam-producing types—are usable as a power source: at least one Italian city had drawn its electricity from steam that gushed out of a volcanic vent, since the 1920s. Everson and Dunn intended to disintegrate a bismuth "bomb" in the mine gallery in such a way as to start a slow, hot, atomic chain reaction. The process, according to their calculations, would not "burn out" for centuries and the conjunction of the sea would guarantee production of superheated steam which, they believed, could be "harnessed." As owners of such a source, the two scientists knew that they could furnish to all of northern Scandinavia, and much of Finland, extremely cheap electrical power. In doing so, they would make their fortunes.

THE venture had one unfavorable aspect: Research in physics was sequestered by individual national governments. For many years, new information had been released only after the security authorities in the "nation-of-discovery" had assured themselves it was no longer, actually, "new." Thus, scientific advances made in Britain, Russia, America, China and elsewhere were not always added to the body of common human knowledge but often retained as "military secrets." Owing to that situation, Everson and Dunn had long argued the wisdom of carrying out their plan.

"Bismuth fission," the Norwegian had often said, "is something new under the sun. We'll be the first to do it—maybe. We think we know what will happen. But are we sure? Evans is apparently working on it. Chandra Lalunal, at Delhi. And Stackpole. Maybe we'd better wait for their further reports. They've hinted at progress—"

And the Scot would generally reply, "Aye. Wait. Wait how long? For the rest of our lives? Wait until generals and statesmen decide the knowledge has leaked, or their spies have learnt it? Suppose we do fail, Carl? What then?"

"Then we'll jointly own a big puddle of hot rock that nobody can approach for centuries."

"Right." The Scot would chuckle. "Right. And be the precious fools of physics, too! Well, get on with it, Carl. Fine times, these, for what they used to call a free man!"

The times. The date. It was May or early June, but the year is not on the record, either. The vague monographs concerning bismuth fission, by Evans and Lalunal and Stackpole, had been published twenty-eight years after the first appalling rainbow of transmuted mass flashed onto (and into) the barrens of New Mexico, U.S.A. The famed "atomic bomb." So the date was a springtime later than 1973. 'Seventy-four, perhaps. Everson and Dunn had offered a questioning paper, too, in the hope of getting more data for their experiment. But it had been held up by Norwegian censorship. That it had finally been released, and was even now in print, they could not know for they had camped in solitude for some weeks.

They stood in the sunshine a moment—in the stillness—in the subarctic morning. The two men could see, now. They put out the miner's lights on their hats and walked, quickly, through the grass, following a cable that snaked from the mine shaft.

They came to a detonator and stood over it, reluctantly: a pair of tall thoughtful men—the Scot redheaded, the Norwegian blond as glass. Good men.

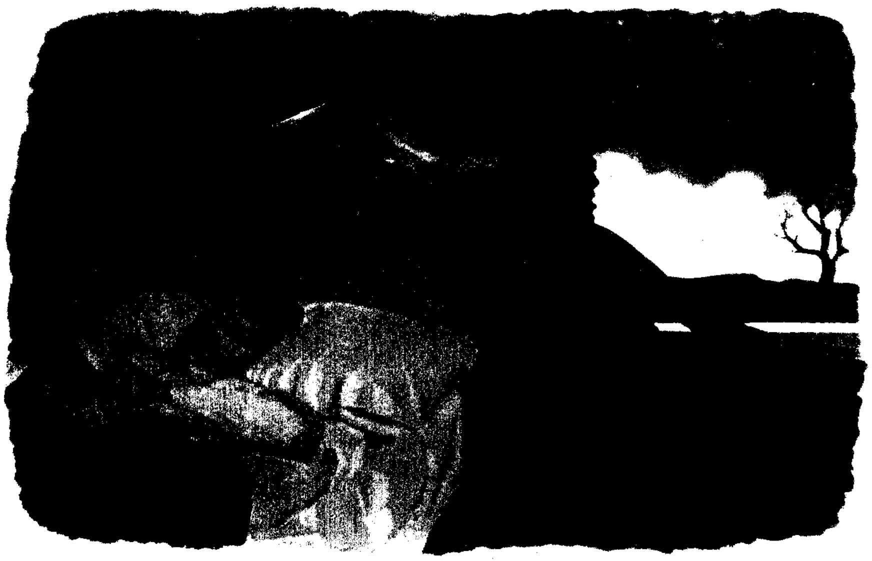
"Touch it off," the Scot said.

"I hate to."

Dunn chuckled and rammed home the plunger. The mine shaft grunted repeatedly. Small shocks vibrated the weedy ground. A wisp of smoke—then a cloud—puffed out of the vertical bowel. The hoist dropped out of sight; the housing over it collapsed. All down the deep intestine, dynamite exploded; its sides caved in and tumbled, blocking heavily the gallery in which a mechanism the size of a piano ticked and ticked, undisturbed by this choking of exit.

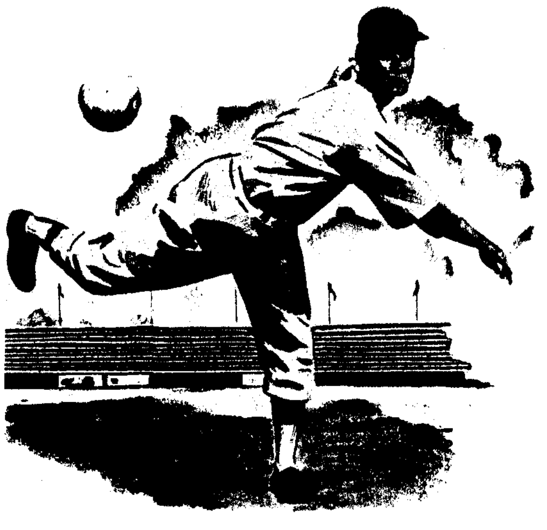
"Done," said Everson.

They strode into the forest, following a path that was the remnant of a heavy-duty highway. The trucks of Norwegians, then Germans, then Russians, had rolled here long ago, hauling off nickel ore for the violent purposes of World War II. Everson, who was less sanguine than his colleague, contemplated a goldheaded fly that lighted on his



The jealous wife with blade in hand approached her snoring husband

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH THOMPSON



Gunner McPhey, greatest pitcher in a decade, was enjoying an early workout in the empty ball park

Mackinaw. It was, he thought, a perfect creature—sterile as the northern woods, efficient as nature, germane to the region—which man had never been. Man had left the bleaching wreckage of the mine town and the corroded heaps of ore; the fly brought only a living goldness into this place, this sprucy fragrance, this green churchliness.

Their car faced south. They removed its tarpaulin and drove, swiftly, to the main road. At an inn some fifty miles from the mine, they stopped and entered the dining room. Their waitress had long, silvery braids and she let them fall invitingly over the shoulders of Hugh Dunn while he peered at the menu. But he did not notice. Everson, finally, translated the list of dishes and did the ordering; Dunn spoke Norwegian badly. This is usually so: the citizens of the weak countries learn the tongues of the stronger. . . .

MORNING in Scandinavia was afternoon in India. Chandra Lalunal neither resisted nor resented the heat; he accepted it. He sat watching garden shadows stretch across a dry lawn and listening to the spatter of a fountain. The sound should have contributed psychological coolness; it failed; it made the young man think of the mammoth humidity which seemed to be the entire substance of the day. Chandra's apartment was a unit in a file of one-story white buildings which quartered down a hill, parallel to a garden—the work of some landscape architect who had fancied the Ficus. These trees, with small leaves and with great, standing tall and growing a tangle of root exposed in low, stalactite-crowded caves, all glittered alike in the hazy sunshine.

Chandra could look over their tops, here and there, at the domes and spicules of the city and the square, huge walls of the government buildings. He sat in a doorway not because there was a breeze, but in case there might be one. Occasionally, he turned a page of the newly arrived journal in his lap. It was called, *The International Physical Quarterly*. Much of its text was printed not in words but in diagrams and mathematical symbols. His dark profile had a remarkable sharpness, so that, viewed from the side, it seemed akin to the keener animals. With a full-face view, however, this predatory look was overmastered by his eyes—bright, black and yet dreaming in subjective peace. His brown fingers turned another page.

The eyes glanced down, held, changed shape minutely. "Inquiries into the Binding Fractions of Bismuth," the article said. Its authors were known by reputation to the Indian: Carl Everson and Hugh Dunn. Chandra, also, had made some "inquiries" into the atom of bismuth. Now, his brain commenced its common, human, utterly astonishing function. Words and symbols became electrical patterns within it; these took meaning, related to apparatus in Chandra's own laboratory, represented similar pages of figures he had written, and spelled thoughts, concepts, actual experiments. An hypothesis, begun two generations before by a dead and greatly honored savant named Albert Einstein, was the starting place of the electronic panoply that informed the young man's reading mind. Chandra checked, cross-checked, opened his lips to say an unsaid word of disapproval, and presently came to the end of the monograph.

Now, he looked for some time at the gardens. Far away, the temples brayed—slat-ribbed priests riding on the bell ropes. Chandra did not notice. The Delhi plane slanted overhead, fast, quiet. He saw it—and did not see. At last he rose. He crossed the marble floor of his living room, picked up a white hand set, dialed. He asked for Lord Polt and, after a time, talked to him.

"But it may be very important," Chandra finally said. "I know it is late. But this is pressing, sir."

The other man changed his mind. Chandra presently drove his car through the heat walls and among the slow snarl of people to the government buildings.

LORD POLT wanted to get to his air-conditioned home. He wanted tea. He wanted to change his linen. He wanted to forget the harangue he'd had that day from the leader of the Eastern Conference. He wanted to get out of the drab, damned, sweating institutional chamber where he rotted away his life. He wanted to go home to England. . . . He said all that, pushing his tall bulkiness around despairfully behind his desk, wiping his sweated forehead with a white handkerchief, envying Chandra his appearance of dryness. He finally said, "What the devil is it, son?"

Chandra put the periodical on the governor's desk. "It is this."

Lord Polt looked at it and his vexation returned. "Talk sense, Chandra, for the love of heaven! 'This'! What is it? Runes! Hieroglyphics!"

"It's got a mistake in it," Chandra said. His voice belonged to his eyes. "A quite bad mistake."

The Englishman was too deeply exasperated now and, paradoxically, too fond of the young physicist, to maintain his damp vehemence. "You'll have to do better than that, Chandra," he said slowly. "A mistake? Thousands of you birds make millions of 'em. Are you asking me to correct the papers of a couple of Oslo and Glasgow chemists? I mean—what do you want?"

"I want," Chandra answered, "to have you requisition the world network, at once. Tonight. For at least an hour. I would like to be put on the air to explain this—error in mathematics."

Lord Polt's eyes bulged. "Are you mad, son? The world—!"

"It is a most hazardous mistake. Time shouldn't be lost. There may be much time. Years. But there may be no time at all."

"Time, in the name of the Eternal, for what?"

"To prevent any accident." Chandra smiled slightly. "In the name of the Eternal, as you say, sir."

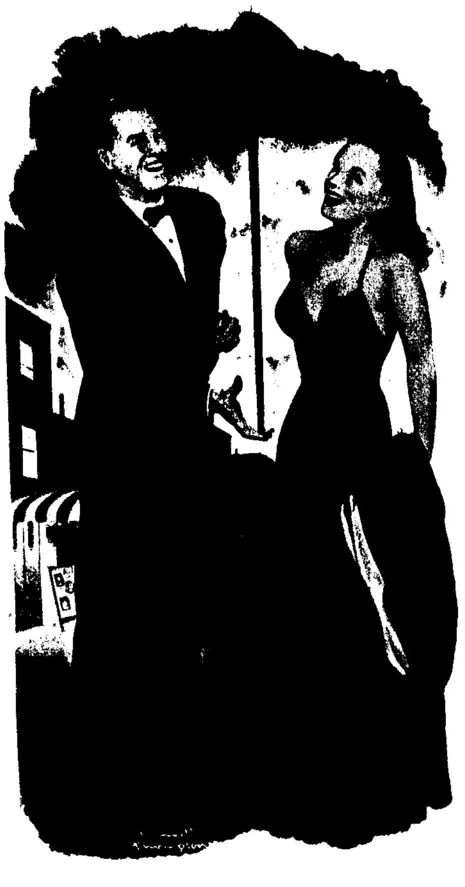
A choleric disposition was not the reason for which the Foreign Office had sent Lord Polt to India; he had brains. He said, after a moment, "See here, Chandra. If this mistake is so important, how'd the Board miss it? How does it come to be in print?"

The dark youth showed his teeth; only a man who knew Indians well would have understood it was more than an easy smile. "There are branches of mathematics and of physical research which are pursued by a few people, only. Branches which have been thoroughly investigated and abandoned, long ago. This is one. Besides—even with mathematics, it is possible to—to—"

"Dissemble?" The man's head nodded.

"—*to publish papers which would mean* one thing to most scientists—and a little more, perhaps, to a few others." Chandra sighed. "That is another reason why it is sad—and vain—to imagine that science can be searched, censored and deleted—like soldiers' mail."

They were silent. The Englishman used his handkerchief again. "Chandra, the heat's affected you. It would require an emergency order from London to get the world network *tonight*. Or *any night*. I couldn't ask for it, to let you lecture on physics. And even if I could, whatever you want to say would have to be reviewed first by the Board. You know that. The Board is two years behind. Censoring your stuff is difficult—"



Few of the carefree stay-out revelers in Hollywood, California, ever saw their homes again

"I assure you, sir, the peril is—is of a magnitude—"

Lord Polt was annoyed again. "The devil with the peril! People in your business have gone around muttering about peril for thirty years! Send your blasted corrections through channels!"

For a long moment, the liquid Indian eyes rested upon the bright blue eyes. Dark eyes—fatigued with subjugation, fatalistic, fatal. Then Chandra said, "I'm sorry I troubled you, sir. Perhaps it isn't urgent."

The governor nodded. "You're on the ragged side. Take a week off, son. Go up in the hills. If your school president's sticky about it, phone me."

Chandra thanked him.

He went back to his apartment and sat, again in the doorway, looking at the many kinds of Ficus trees and their increasing shadows. . . .

STACKPOLE—Jeffry Stackpole, of Atlanta, Georgia, Harvard University, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now, and for a long time, far from home—learned of the blunder in the Everson-Dunn equations from a subordinate. Stackpole was chief engineer of Plant Number 5, Chiang Kai-shek Memorial Uranium Works. His subordinate, Plummer, knocked and entered his office without waiting. He had *The International Physical Quarterly* in his hand. Plummer was fresh from the States—recently a good quarterback but now a better nuclear physicist—and what he had discovered amused him.

"Look at this, chief," he said. "I just opened it. Dunn may have won a Nobel Prize, but he and Everson—the Oslo Everson—have sure taken a fall in bismuth-radiation-effect."

Stackpole was young, reputation and achievements considered—forty-two. A lean man with brown eyes, bald on top; a man with big hands and feet and a big, placid voice. The kind of man to whom a stranger would talk in a bar; the kind for whom a lost old lady would look, in order to inquire the right direction. . . . He put aside a cost report. The spark in his eye showed he was not so formal as to resent Plummer's hasty entrance; the slight pursing of his lips, that Plummer's statement interested him.

"Bismuth?" Stackpole repeated. "Radiation? Let's look."

Plummer went on enthusiastically, "They missed the proper description of k as the infinite constant under special pressure circumstances—"

"Hold on, Plum"— There was still faint Georgia in Stackpole's voice—"I can read, myself."

He read. For five minutes, ten, fifteen. His long face became insensitive fixity. Plummer lost his excitement, watching, and, after a time, gasped suddenly: "You mean, Jeffry—that you think they might—?"

"They might. Who mightn't—figuring it that way?"

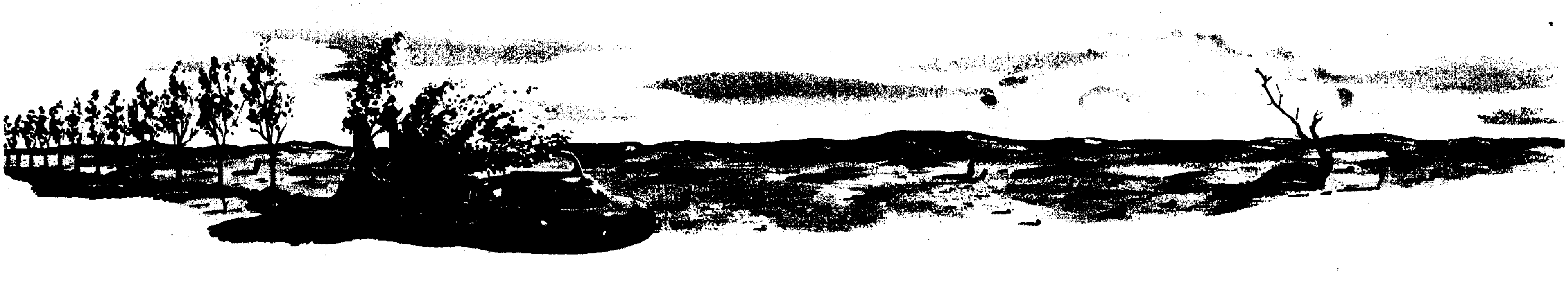
"What are you going to do?" The young man's voice was low, meager.

Stackpole closed the scientific journal. "Tell May to call my car, Plum. I'll see the general tonight. Maybe—just maybe—this is what we've waited for. Maybe this one'll convince them that they can't keep knowledge *in a lot of different pockets. Keep us in their* pockets, either. I'll see if the general will let me get through to Oslo, or Glasgow. Wherever Dunn and Everson are. And we'll plan a general announcement. Others must be catching onto the fumble—right this minute."

He put on a hat and took a raincoat from

(Continued on page 63)

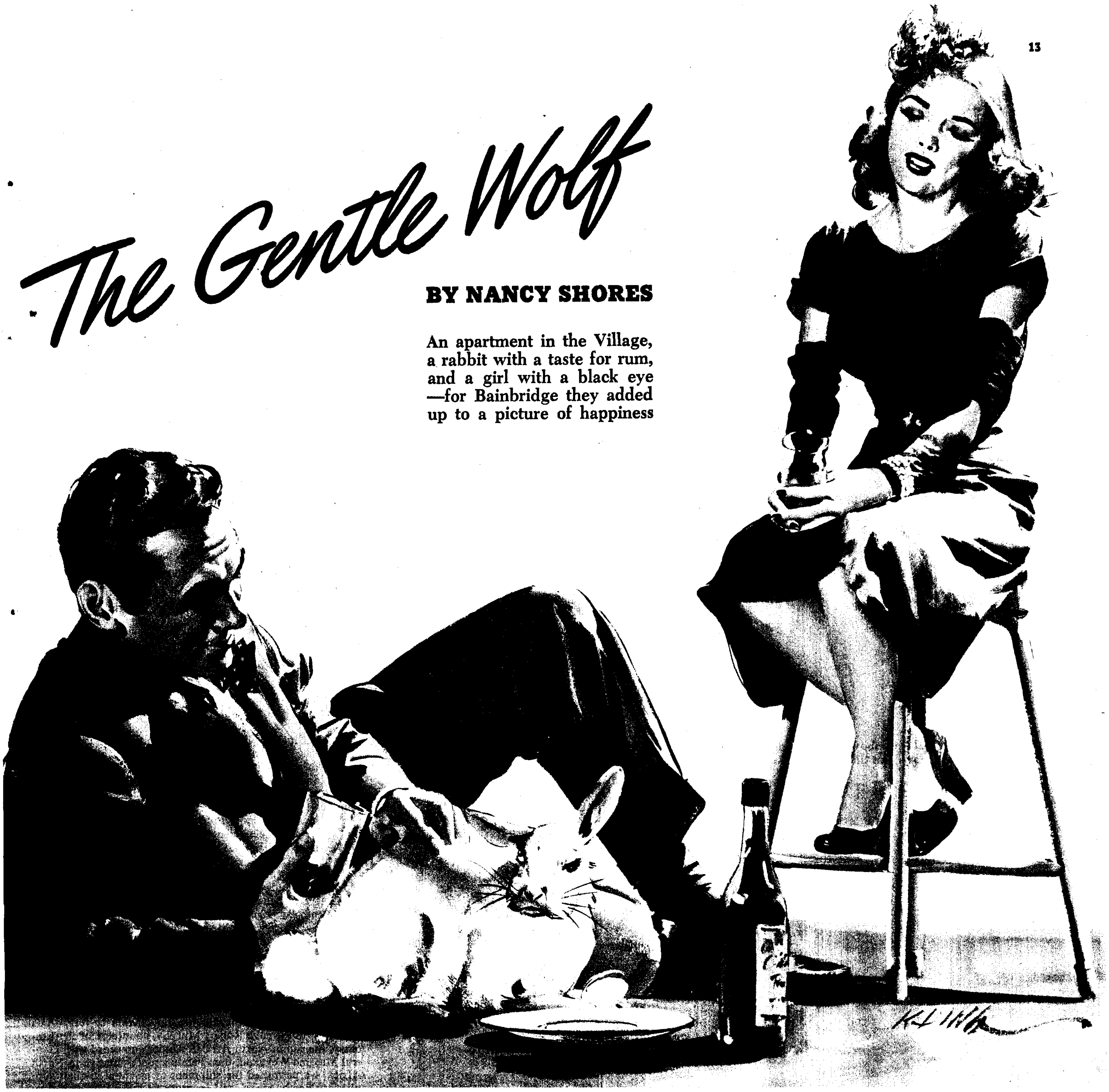
The machine descended upon the barren earth and left behind a row of planted saplings



The Gentle Wolf

BY NANCY SHORES

An apartment in the Village, a rabbit with a taste for rum, and a girl with a black eye—for Bainbridge they added up to a picture of happiness



AINSWORTH BAINBRIDGE blinked and looked startled. Either something was wrong with his eyes, or that girl was right ahead of him, walking purposefully toward the mailbox at Christopher Street. This was manifestly impossible, since he had just seen her eating a *pizza* at Joe's Place on Fourth Street, with melted cheese running down her chin. She lifted her arm and a letter went in and the box clanked.

There was a large bus at the curb, waiting for a green light, and Ainsworth started across the street. This was a tactical error, as he and the green light coincided. He jumped backward, which brought him into sharp contact with an unseen object, which said, "Ungk!" It was, of course, the girl.

"Good evening," Ainsworth said politely, picking himself off the sidewalk and lugging her to her feet.

She looked at him with loathing and anger, her right hand tenderly cupped over her eye.

"We seem to be seeing each other frequently or are you quadruplets?" he continued.

Forty or fifty people had accumulated, all staring at the two curiously. A cab slowed up, and Ainsworth wrenched the door open, propelled the girl in by one arm and followed. They bowled along Bleeker Street. "Where can I take you?" Ainsworth inquired.

Receiving no answer he turned to look at the girl, who had dug a compact from a pocket in her black suède jerkin and was looking at her eye in horror. She had the unmistakable makings of a beautiful mouse.

She was otherwise a very pretty girl, in gray checked slacks, and he observed appreciatively that she was one of the few with the necessary architecture for wearing them. She had black hair dressed close and low and no make-up but dark red lipstick.

"This is the end, the very end!" she said bitterly. Her voice was husky and pleasing. "I have never liked New York. I hate New York. I hate everything and everybody in it, including you. Tomorrow, I am going back to Chicago." She burst into tears.

Ainsworth leaned forward and gave the driver his own address. He was a veteran of black eyes in his own right, and he thought he might be able to do something about this one before it was too late.

An hour and thirty-five compresses later, he decided he was right.

"It's a good thing this is Saturday night," he said cheerfully. "By Monday morning you'll be okay."

"By Monday morning," his unwilling guest told him, "I'll be back in Chicago. And delighted to be there, too."

"All right," Ainsworth conceded. "Why not? But will you tell me something first? How did you happen to be buying milk, getting stamps, eating a *pizza* and mailing a letter, all in my immediate vicinity tonight?"

Pam sat there regarding Ainsworth. He was most certainly stealing her scene, she thought indignantly. "Now," he said, "I'll tell you a story"

"How was that again?" she demanded.

He explained patiently: "I bought a quart of milk in the Waverley. You bought a quart. Ten minutes later I was in the stationery store, buying stamps. You were buying stamps. I thereupon went into Joe's for a fifty-cent *pizza*, and there you were with cheese all over your chin. About mailing the letter, you know. It brought us together."

She said thoughtfully, "It does seem odd.

(Continued on page 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

SECRET
Equals British MOST SECRET
S E C R E T
A F C P GIBRAL
November 7, 1942
MEMORANDUM FOR: Individu
SUBJECT
stribution below).
1. nel listed Advance Com ts in Algeria.
tation by air at
together wit
in three
below.
will be prepared to
hours, 8 November 1942.
sonnel of the British First Army, will
assignment is shown in paragraph 2
2. Personnel of AFHQ:
B-17 No. 124444
Clark
Col Slocum
Col Holmes
Lt Col Partridge
tson

EISENHOWER'S AFRICAN GAMBLE

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL JULIUS C. HOLMES

On November 8, 1942, at 1 o'clock in the morning, 107,000 fighting men, mostly Americans, started wading through the surf for the invasion of French North Africa. Before them lay fortified cities with strong garrisons, an 800-mile coastline, and a vast hinterland of 1,800,000 square miles containing 15,000,000 inhabitants. The landings were supported by naval and air forces, but the ships faced shore batteries, and the planes flew from a single field at Gibraltar that the Germans could have put out of action in an hour had they known. In event of serious resistance, the Army fixed 60,000 as an estimate of casualties.

A tremendous gamble, but it won! Hostilities ceased in Algiers at the end of the first day; in Oran on the third and in Morocco on the fourth. Within eight days French troops were battling the Germans in Tunisia, and before the month was out, the whole of French West Africa's military strength and facilities were at the disposal of American commanders. Instead of 60,000, our casualties were under 1,500.

None of these results were accidental. True we had some lucky breaks, but preceding the invasion, and responsible for its success in no small degree, were weeks of secret negotiations and daring Intelligence work. Now, for the first time, the documented story of that work can be told.

General Holmes at the time was executive officer for the Combined Chiefs of Staff and political adviser on French affairs to General Eisenhower.

[redacted]

I

IT WAS in July, 1942, that the Combined Chiefs of Staff—I was then their executive officer—decided on the North Africa invasion. Because relations between the British and French were strained, General Eisenhower was given the command, and all emphasis was placed on the American character of the operation. Mr. Churchill, in complete accord, pledged himself to President Roosevelt as an "active and ardent lieutenant."

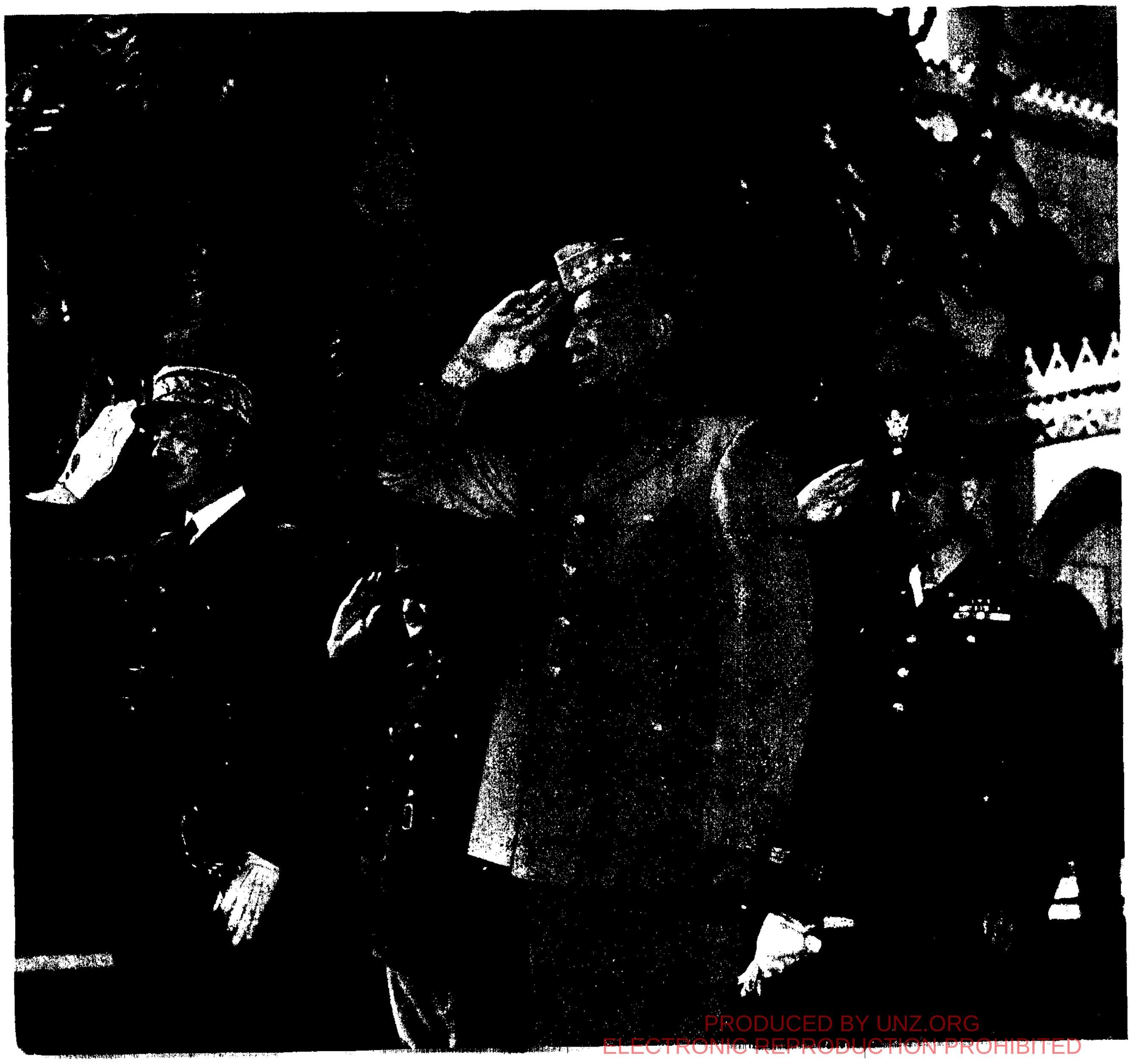
A main problem was how to avoid fighting the French forces in Africa. In September, at General Eisenhower's request, I was transferred to headquarters in London to aid in the political side of the planning and preparations. Our initial study of the picture was anything but promising, for due to the peculiarities of French administration, there was no one key figure we could approach. Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia were separate political entities, and Governor General Pierre Boisson, in Dakar, ruled West Africa under orders from metropolitan France. Our one advantage was the fact that the United States still maintained diplomatic relations with Vichy.

Not only did this enable U.S. Ambassador Admiral William D. Leahy, to encourage Marshal Pétain to resist Axis demands, but it gave Robert Murphy, counselor of the Embassy, the run of North Africa. Under an accord with General Maxime Weygand, then Pétain's representative in North Africa, we permitted the shipment of essential civilian supplies to North Africa, and in order to make sure that they did not fall into Axis hands, Murphy insisted on having twelve American "control officers" to oversee distribution. Every man was a trained Intelligence agent, picked by G-2, and soon a mass of valuable information was being relayed to headquarters in London.

But even this was not complete enough, and General Eisenhower asked for a personal report on the situation. The chance came in late September when Murphy returned to Washington at the call of the President. One afternoon Murphy walked into the office of General Marshall with his brief case, and ten minutes later slipped out the back door with papers identifying him as Lieutenant Colonel Herbert McGowan of the United States Army. The Army uniform was his only disguise, but it did its job. A swift flight landed him in Scotland, where I met him with General Carl Spaatz's personal plane.

Murphy reported in detail on the sea and land strength of the French in North Africa, but held out small hope of co-operation by the French navy. Officers and men alike were bitter against the British because of their sudden attack at Mers-el-Kebir and Dakar in 1940. On the other hand, a fair number of army officers hated the Germans, and were

The success of General Eisenhower's relations with the French is symbolized by this ceremony in which General Giraud, left, gave him the Grand Cross, Legion of Honor. General Holmes is behind Eisenhower



eager to have France back in the war on the Allied side. In addition there was a growing "underground," and the *Chantiers de la Jeunesse*, a Youth Movement that made up in courage what it lacked in numbers.

Not the least result of the conference was the secret dispatch of radio parts from Washington to North Africa which immeasurably bettered our means of communication.

Now it was our French friends who wanted a face-to-face powwow with American staff officers. General Eisenhower agreed, and a rendezvous was arranged for the night of October 21st at an isolated villa on the coast, some 75 miles from Algiers. General Mark Clark was put at the head of a party that included Brigadier General (now Major General) Lyman Lemnitzer, Colonel (now Brigadier General) Archelaus Hamblen, Captain (now Rear Admiral) Jerauld Wright, representing the Navy, and myself. We flew to Gibraltar in two B-17s where we boarded a small British submarine for the 500-mile voyage.

The story of the trip has been told many times, and in more or less accurate detail. There were many hair-raising risks both at sea and on land, and while General Clark did not lose $18,000 in gold, he did lose his pants. What has never been told is the nature and extent of the discussions between the American and French groups. General Charles Emanuel Mast, commander in Algiers, presented a detailed study of airfields, arsenals, batteries and other key points, and also produced a plan of his own for the invasion. Surprisingly enough, it was almost identical with ours.

This finished, Mast then gave his estimate of the North African situation. The French troops, he explained, were "professionals," the product of an iron discipline, and trained through long years to obey without question. For two years all had been under steady pressure from Vichy not to desert their government in its hour of adversity, as that would be "playing the German game." And what neither British nor Americans ever appreciated was the magic of Pétain's name. To the French in Africa he was still the Hero of Verdun. For them he personified all the pride and glory of the France they had loved—and lost.

A General—Popular and with Glamor

Anti-Vichyites, Mast contended, were in a small minority, and the one hope of a bloodless landing was to have an appeal for non-resistance made by some Frenchman in high authority. The suggestion that General Charles de Gaulle be such a person was rejected decisively, as he had led the attack on Dakar and was regarded by many as a British tool. The one possible choice, in Mast's opinion, was General Henri Giraud. He was well known to the Colonial Army, having commanded in North Africa, and his daring escape from a German prison had given him the necessary touch of glamor. General Clark finally agreed, subject to Eisenhower's approval. The one sour note came when we refused to disclose the date of the invasion, but it was a risk that could not be taken.

Thanks to the success of our mission, preparations went briskly ahead, and on November 5th General Eisenhower and a small staff left London to establish advance headquarters at Gibraltar. Ten B-17s carried our party, and only one encountered trouble. General James H. Doolittle's plane ran into a pack of German fighters but they were beaten off with only the copilot wounded. Setting up his headquarters in a tunnel under 1,400 feet of solid stone, General Eisenhower became the first American to command the Rock—even temporarily.

A first order of business was the rescue of General Giraud. The French underground, cleverly enough, had spirited him from Lyons to the coast near Toulon, but there he stubbornly insisted that he would travel only on an American submarine. The British met this difficulty by putting one at our disposal and Captain Wright was given command. I was to have gone with him, but other affairs prevented, and my place was taken by Colonel Bradley Gaylord who spoke French well.

The pickup went off without mishap and once well out at sea General Giraud was transferred from the sub to a flying boat. Heavy weather lengthened the trip, however, and it was not until the afternoon of the 7th that the battered plane came down at Gibraltar. General Eisenhower, General Clark and I went into a huddle with the gaunt old Frenchman, and discovered, to our dismay, that he counted on being in supreme command after our troops were ashore. It was only after hours of heated debate, in which General Eisenhower was never more tactful and persuasive, that the misunderstanding was ironed out.

Just before one A.M. on November 8th (H-hour in Oran and Algiers) we let loose our radio barrage. General Giraud had prepared a proclamation in his name, explaining that it was an American operation and calling on all Frenchmen, especially the Army of Africa, to offer no resistance, and to take up the fight against Germany again at his side. Following this came a broadcast by President Roosevelt in French, prepared in advance as a record. He stated that our sole purpose was to "liberate France and the French Empire from the Axis yoke," and to bring about "the early destruction of our common enemy."

By oversight, the record did not specify North Africa and might have given the impression that we were invading France. Fortunately it was discovered *(Continued on page 33)*

ACME

Worried look on Admiral Darlan's face, center, was habitual during dealings with Gen. Eisenhower and Gen. Mark Clark

ACME

Robert Murphy, right, State Department envoy, came in for the most blistering attacks on the North African deals

Darlan deal did get the French back into the war. Below: French troops shake with Yanks as they head for the front

ACME

Barbara turns her back to show how Army escape scarves of nylon, printed with map of France, make a pettislip

Yoke of Barbara's cocktail dress is a scarf from London, printed with convivial props

If you are as slim-waisted as Barbara, tie your souvenir Jacqmar scarf to make a skirt

Carolyn Schnurer designed this suit out of waterproof escape scarves. When you swim, take your chart of the Pacific Ocean along

Something from the Boys

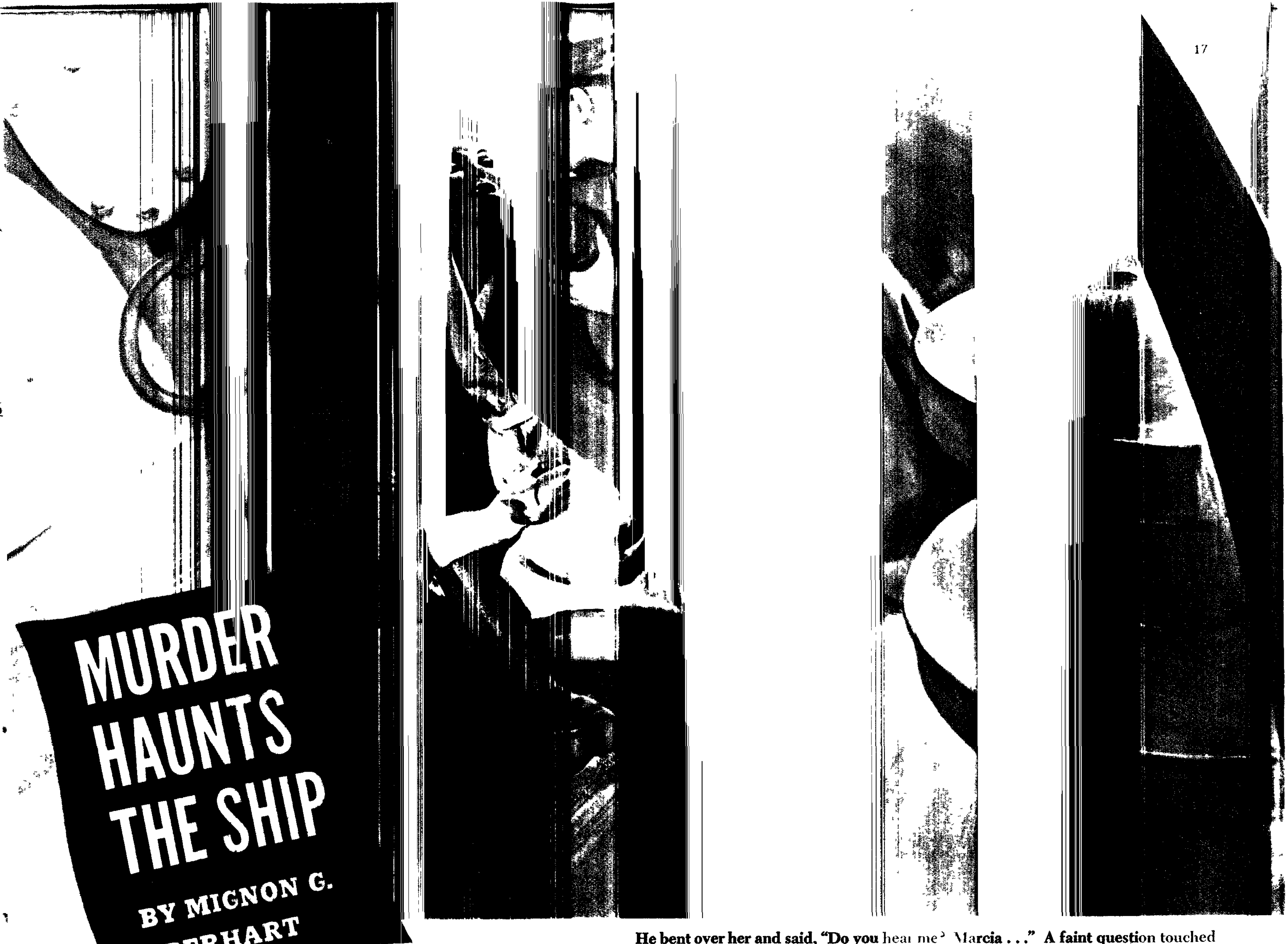
By Elizabeth Fenton

THESE pictures are a result of the war and the ingenuity of pretty Barbara Kent, attractive English actress and amateur pilot. (No relation to American film star Barbara Kent.) Barbara's husband, Connor Lawrence, an American pilot now overseas, started it all by sending his wife souvenirs collected on his travels. Now he is delighted with the practical use to which she has put them. You can do the same thing with your own souvenirs.

If your man is in the Air Corps, he could send you some of the map-printed scarves that the boys carried in case of forced landing. The silk Navy charts are waterproof for ocean flying while the nylon scarves the Army carried are colorfully printed maps of Europe. Next summer make a bathing suit out of your Navy scarves. Arm patches sewed on wide velvet ribbon make decorative ear muffs for teen-agers; you might even line them with fur for added warmth on frosty days. When your officer isn't looking, make off with his branch insignia such as the engineer's towers or the crossed rifles of the infantry, and stud a wide leather belt with them.

Barbara's husband turned over a collection of foreign coins to her. They ended up in a charm bracelet. If your husband doesn't come through with war souvenirs when he returns, give his wartime wardrobe a going-over for buttons, gold braid or anything else that strikes your fancy—he will be so glad to see you he won't mind the raid. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX



MURDER HAUNTS THE SHIP

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

He bent over her and said, "Do you hear me? Marcia . . ." A faint question touched her; it seemed odd that this voice should speak to her like that—call her Marcia

The Story:

Miraculously picked up somewhere in the mid-Atlantic by the American hospital ship Magnolia, Marcia Colfax and her companions escaped slow death in a lifeboat only to become involved in murder. Alfred Castiogne, third officer of the sunken Portuguese cargo ship on which they had set out for Buenos Aires, had been stabbed to death. Questioned by the captain of the Magnolia, and then by tall, attractive Colonel Josh Morgan, one of the ship's patients, Marcia was made to realize that the murderer must have been one of the passengers who had been in the lifeboat with her. But aside from her lover, Mickey Banet, a young French concert pianist who had escaped from a German prison camp, there had been only wealthy Daisy Belle Cates and her husband Luther, blond, high-strung Gili Duvrey, two seamen, and herself. Of these, only the seamen and Gili had been acquainted with Castiogne, and Gili's friendship had been limited to a brief flirtation aboard the cargo ship. Already bewildered by incredulity, Marcia was further disturbed by Mickey's strange insistence that, even now that all danger of recognition by the Nazis was past, she continue to maintain the fiction of his being Andre Messac, the man on whose passport he was illegally traveling. Bewilderment became terror when, after talking with Colonel Morgan that evening, she found Mickey lying unconscious on deck. Blindly running for help, she felt something strike her, then the waters seemed to roar and crash upon her ears, dragging her down across the slippery deck into blackness and chaos. . . .

II

GRADUALLY the throb of the engines emerged from darkness and the rush of water and began to beat against Marcia's ears. Light cut through the darkness, too, and beat upon her eyes. Someone was holding her; she was taking great gulps of air that stung her throat and burned her lungs, and her heart was louder than the engines. The light seemed suddenly so bright upon her eyelids that she couldn't lift them; it was dazzling, dizzying, whirling around. Someone was rubbing her hands inadequately somehow, inexpertly, saying something she could not understand. She opened her eyes and the light was not half so bright as it had seemed.

A man held her and bent over her; he was in uniform; his cap shaded his eyes but she knew the face and she knew the voice. Only she couldn't just then say whose face and voice it was, or how she knew.

She felt, however, an enormous sense of safety, as if she had been awakened from the chill horror of a nightmare and brought back to the reality of a normal world. It was so extraordinarily comforting, that sense of security, that she closed her eyes again, sinking into it as if it, too, had warm, safe arms. He held her against him and said, "Do you hear me? Marcia—"

A faint question touched her; it seemed odd somehow that this voice should speak to her just like that; call her Marcia. He said more urgently, "Can you walk? I'll help you. Try to walk—"

The strength of the supporting arm was, too, extraordinarily comforting; of course, she could walk; she was on her feet leaning against this man she knew so well and yet somehow could not name; lights were in her face; she opened her eyes again.

The light was diffused, coming from misty halos, touched with a strange rosy haze. The deck stretched ahead of them and lost itself in the foggy halos of light. All around the ship, fog lay in thick curtains and reflected the radiance of the red crosses on her sides and on her smokestack so it touched everything with a soft glow like firelight. It touched the face of the man beside her, holding her close against him, urging her along that narrow, glistening strip of deck; she looked up at the strongly curved mouth and broad chin, the shadow cast by the visor of his cap fell over his eyes. She said in a husky voice that seemed to hurt, "Colonel Morgan. That's who it is—"

"In this way," he said and held open a door and suddenly they had left the deck with its queerly rosy fog and were in a warm, dry, brightly lighted passage. And she remembered the nightmare.

Only it hadn't been a nightmare.

"I caught the railing. I caught the railing and missed and caught again and someone—"

"Don't talk. I'll get a doctor. It's only a little farther—"

He looked different in these lights which were undimmed by fog, which were brilliant and hard without that soft reflection; his face was set and hard and very white around the mouth.

They were at a door which was open; she was still half dazed by the warmth, by the lights—by the nightmare. A man in officer's uniform got up quickly and inquiringly from a desk chair and came toward them. Colonel Morgan said rapidly, "There's been an accident—" and another memory of the nightmare came to her.

"Mickey!" she cried. "He is hurt. He's on deck—"

She was on a small white couch; the man in uniform was leaning over her; Colonel Morgan had disappeared. Everything glistened around her, it was a dispensary with a clear, bright light over everything. "These slippery decks," said the doctor. "Here, let me look at you. Anything broken?"

She tried to tell him: "He is out there. I tried to get help. Someone was there—"

He was busy at a table across the room; he came back toward her with a glass of water and something in his hand. "Take this."

"You don't understand—"

"Take this." He held her head up so she could swallow the little pill. He pulled a blanket over her. "Now then, just don't move for a minute. I'll send a nurse in to you. Don't worry—"

Then he, too, had disappeared, closing the door firmly behind him.

But her mind was clearer; by snatches the whole nightmare was revealed and it was not a nightmare; it was a murderous attack upon her.

As it had been upon Mickey.

But why?

What had they brought from that sinister, harried little lifeboat onto this ship?

She sat up and was pushing away the blanket, dizzy still, confused, when the door opened again and a nurse came into the room.

More time than she had realized must have passed while Marcia groped backward into the blackness of the nightmare; the nurse

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

MILLION-DOLLAR SHARECROPPER

BY HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

The redoubtable Sam Tayloe, of Rio Farms down in Texas, put 20,000 acres into production and rehabilitated 150 sharecroppers. Besides, he paid back a government loan of more than $1,200,000

To give Rio Farms a delicious sweet corn adapted to local conditions, J. R. Padgitt crossed Cuban and Mexican strains. Its close-wrapped ear keeps out birds, insects

Co-op packing sheds and canneries made it possible for Rio Farms' tenants to get their produce on market profitably. $250,000 will be spent for more sheds

THE Texas sun was shining, and Mr. Sam Tayloe, manager of the Rio Farms in the fertile, citrus-rich lower Rio Grande Valley, was driving along the road to Dallas as fast as his tires would permit. In his wallet was a check for almost a million dollars—$933,072.27, to be exact. He was on his way to the government's Farm Security Administration office in Dallas to pay back money borrowed to set up Rio Farms, one of the largest co-operative farming ventures in the United States.

At Dallas, Tayloe walked casually into the FSA office and said that he had a check for them. It was accepted casually. Then Ted Watson, assistant regional director, noticed the amount. Hadn't there been a mistake?

"Nope, no mistake," said Tayloe, grinning.

"Have you really got this money in the bank?" asked the startled FSA official.

"Yep," said Tayloe, beaming.

Watson called a conference of other FSA officials. One of them was an old Texas A & M professor, Sam McMillan, who had once flunked Sam Tayloe in farm management. He, too, blinked at the check, shook his head and clucked his tongue.

Then the Rio Farms file was consulted. It showed that the original debt was $1,226,350, plus $101,000 interest. Tayloe had already paid $394,277.73. His check for $933,072.27 would completely pay off the loan, but it also made the officials believe that something was wrong. The money had been borrowed for a fifty-year period and here was Sam Tayloe trying to pay it off in three years. Clearly the whole thing was against the rules. Things just aren't done that way—even in Texas.

A Speedy Solution

Meanwhile Sam Tayloe, who had expected nothing less than dancing on the desks, began to fret. Finally the Dallas officials called Washington, explained the problem to chief FSA administrator Frank Hancock. It is probably the nicest problem he has had to solve in years, for it took him less than ten seconds to laugh and say, "Sure, take the check! And thank Sam Tayloe and tell him he's a good boy." After that came the dancing on the desks, and photographers to take a picture.

Returning this huge loan is probably the most spectacular aspect of Rio Farms. But actually that is only a small part of its real achievements. It has put 20,000 acres of idle land into production—growing carloads of grapefruit and oranges, ten million pounds of tomatoes, four million pounds of beets, three million pounds of spinach and many other vegetables to help fill America's stomach.

It has put back on their feet the families of 150 tenant farmers, sharecroppers and migrant workers, forty per cent of whom are Spanish-speaking. It has opened its co-operative marketing facilities to all the farmers in the area. It has contributed heavily to experimental research on the Valley's specialized agricultural problems. It has improved racial relations between the native whites and the Spanish-speaking minority.

The whole thing began one day in 1941 when an imaginative FSA man named W. A. "Bill" Cannon, driving around the lower Rio Valley, got an idea. His job as assistant regional director of the FSA was to rehabilitate honest but beat-up farmers, victims of drought, dust storms and mechanized agriculture. This meant finding land for them and ways and means for tenant farmers to become landowners. All this had to be done under directives worked up in Washington—directives that often didn't fit the local situation and so hog-tied the recipient of the aid that he became dependent upon FSA thinking and lost his self-respect in the process.

What gave Cannon his idea was a tremendous block of land—27,000 acres—lying southwest of Harlingen, near a crossroads village called Ed Couch. It had once belonged to a land-speculation outfit which had run private trainloads of small investors from places like Illinois and Pennsylvania down to the place. The customers were shown a few sample acres of citrus orchard, regaled with a pretty word picture of letting nature make your money with grapefruit, and then were sold unplanted acres at $1,000 an acre. That deal eventually sank the small investors, the land company and the insurance company holding its mortgage. And the land itself had become a highly unprofitable headache to a second insurance company left holding the 27,000-acre bag.

Ideal Spot for Farming

But Cannon thought the land was ideal for his struggling tenant farmers. Its soil was a rich sandy loam, capable of producing, besides citrus, three and sometimes four crops of vegetables a year. Cannon's problem arose from the fact that the insurance company wanted to sell the entire 27,000 acres as one block. Obviously, it was too large a piece for any one man.

That's when Cannon became a little imaginative. He had a great deal of faith in these one-mule farmers he was trying to help. Given a little scientific help, a minimum of supervision, and land values based on the productive capacity of the land, he was sure these farmers could rehabilitate themselves without being crawled over by every agricultural specialist and social worker in Washington. With absolutely no hullabaloo, he got seven substantial Valley farmers to form a corporation under the Texas laws for charitable and benevolent societies.

These same farmers became the directors, without salary, of this corporation, Rio Farms. Its avowed purpose was "to assist lower-bracket farm families and worthy tenant farmers to become landowners and raise their social and economic levels."

Then Cannon talked his superiors at FSA into lending the corporation $1,226,350 to accomplish its purpose. The government already loaned money to individual tenant farmers. Why not lend it to an organization set up to do the same job the government was doing? No one in FSA objected strongly. Rio Farms got the money, bought the 27,000 acres near Ed Couch and began operations.

Along with the land, Rio Farms acquired the few tenants, both native Texans and Mexican peasants, who were living on the tract. With this as a nucleus, it set out to get more, but this was difficult because there were few inhabitable houses, and even those

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

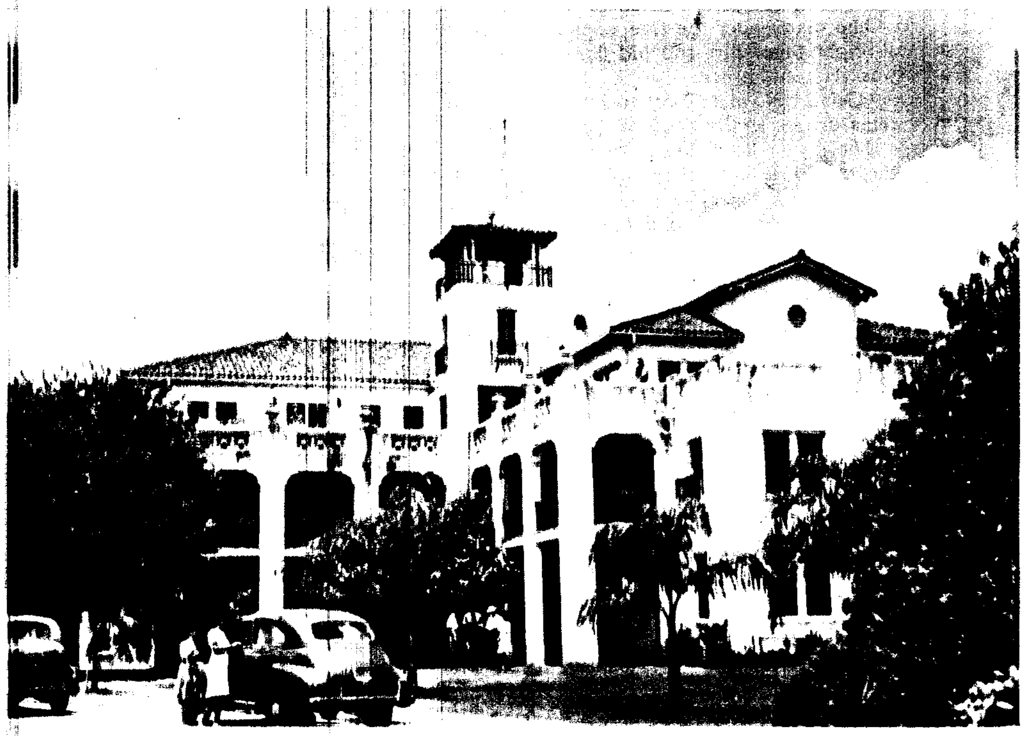
ELPAJARO.AZU

Harvest gang of The Blue Bird returns with a load of tomatoes. The "padrone" gets the job, provides the truck, and gets half day's receipts. They average $3 a day

W. T. Holland, Jr., wounded at Salerno, became the first G.I. to accept Farms' offer to help Valley veterans get started. His first crop included 15 acres of tomatoes

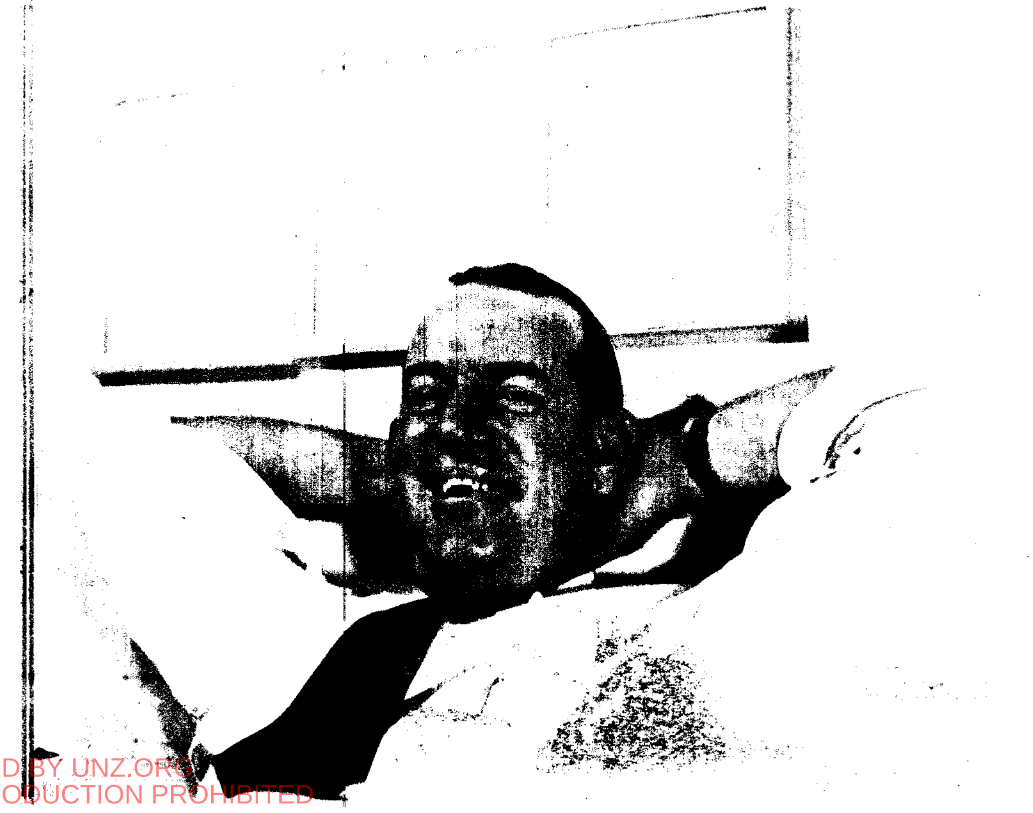
Irrigation, though costing a flat rate of $2.50 an acre, plus $1 per acre per "watering," answers arid valley's rain problem. Land must also be fertilized

Daniel Cuellar, father of eight, is first tenant of Mexican descent to purchase his own farm. Roughly 40% of the Rio Farmers are Spanish-speaking Latin-Americans



A relic of land speculation days, Rio Farms' 56-room clubhouse housed both offices and families. It has now been sold as a resort. New homes will be built for tenants

With the paid-off government notes for over a million dollars hanging in his office, Sam Tayloe, manager, is now planning expansion of Farms' housing for more tenants



The Painted Lace

BY JEAN E. TURNLEY

It was not until Tom looked at his wife through another man's eyes that he saw how very close he was to losing her

WE WERE coming home from the township the day we met George. Dad and we three kids—all in the spring cart. Annie was riding on the seat beside Dad, and Tommy and I sat on the bags of provisions at the back, swinging our legs over the edge.

It was late afternoon of a hot Australian summer, and we were all tired and dusty as we jogged along, old Blackie swishing at the flies with his tail. It was six miles into the town, four on the metal main road and another two on the rough track that ran to our farm and Milligan's.

We were bumping along beside the forty acre when we first caught sight of George. He was lying on his back under a tree, with a bundle and a suitcase beside him.

I heard Annie say to Dad, "Look, Dad! There's a tramp lying down under the tree up there!"

Tommy and I turned round and peered up the road. "Perhaps he's looking for a job," Tommy said.

"He's off his road anyway," said Dad. "I'd better pull up and see what he's after."

Blackie willingly came to a stop as Dad called "Whoa!" and heaved on the reins.

The man under the tree sat up. He wore a bright blue shirt and old flannels, and he was very sunburned.

"Good day, mate," called Dad, letting the reins droop on Blackie's rump.

The man got up and came slowly over to the cart. He rested an arm on the shaft. "Good day," he replied.

"Are you off your road, mate?" Dad asked kindly. "This is a private track here, just leads up to a couple of farms."

"Oh," said the man, "does it? I don't know my way around here."

"Where are you headin' for?" Dad asked him.

The stranger smiled. His teeth showed very white in his sunburned face. "I'm not heading for anywhere, really, just walking about."

Dad looked at the stranger closely. "Lookin' for work, I suppose, mate?"

The stranger just laughed a little.

"What line are you in?" Dad pressed him.

The stranger shrugged. "Painting," he admitted.

"Paintin', eh?" cried Dad. "Well—that's a turnup. I've got a bit of paintin' to do meself. Want to give the old house a lick over? Want a job?"

The painter looked surprised. "Well," he said, stepping back from the cart, "really, I didn't expect—"

"You didn't expect to land a job so soon, eh?" chuckled Dad. "You're in luck, my lad. Get your stuff and I'll give you a lift up to the homestead."

But the stranger hesitated. "I don't know," he muttered. "Really—I—"

"What's up?" said Dad sharply. "Don't you want the job? Look—come on up with me now. It's gettin' late and you won't find anywhere to camp if you stay on the road tonight. I can give you shelter for the night and you can have a look at the place in the morning. If you want the job you can stay on. If not, you can take the road again tomorrow. How's that?"

"Righto," the stranger decided. "I'll come."

He went back to the tree and brought over a suitcase and a roll of blankets.

Dad poked them away under the seat. "Move up, Annie," he ordered. "Now you hop up here. What's your name?"

"Er—George," said the painter, scrambling up into the cart.

"Righto, George. You sit here next to Annie. This is young Annie here, and that's Tommy and Peg in the back."

"Hullo," said George, turning round to smile at us. We grinned shyly.

We jogged off again along the track. Dad and George talked about the weather and the crops and Dad asked him where he'd worked last. George said in the city and laughed when Dad told him he'd guessed so, by the cut of him.

When we clattered into the yard, Mother came running from the house as she always did, but stopped when she saw George and stayed at the garden gate. She'd been making scones and there was a smudge of flour on her warm bright cheek and some more in the dark curls pinned up on her head.

Dad took George over to Mother and introduced him. We went, too, and hung around her skirts.

George looked down at Mother—she looked very small in her big white apron—then at us, and then at the baby in his pram on the veranda.

"Are they all yours?" he asked in a sort of wondering voice.

Mother blushed. "Yes. All four of them."

"Heavens!" George looked from her to Dad who'd begun to unharness the horse. "You must have been married very young."

Mother blushed again. "I was eighteen," she said.

THAT night I heard Dad telling Mother about George as they were going to bed.

"I don't quite get the hang of him yet," Dad said. "He's a bit soft-spoken, ain't he? Reckon he's not an ordinary hobo. Did you see his bag? Funny gear for a tramp. What d'ye say?"

I heard Mother say, "I think he's nice, Tom. He seems a gentlemanly enough feller. I hope he takes the job."

"So do I," agreed Dad, banging a boot down. "It was a bit of luck pickin' him up. I didn't want to tackle that job on my own. I got me hands full anyway." The second boot clumped to the floor.

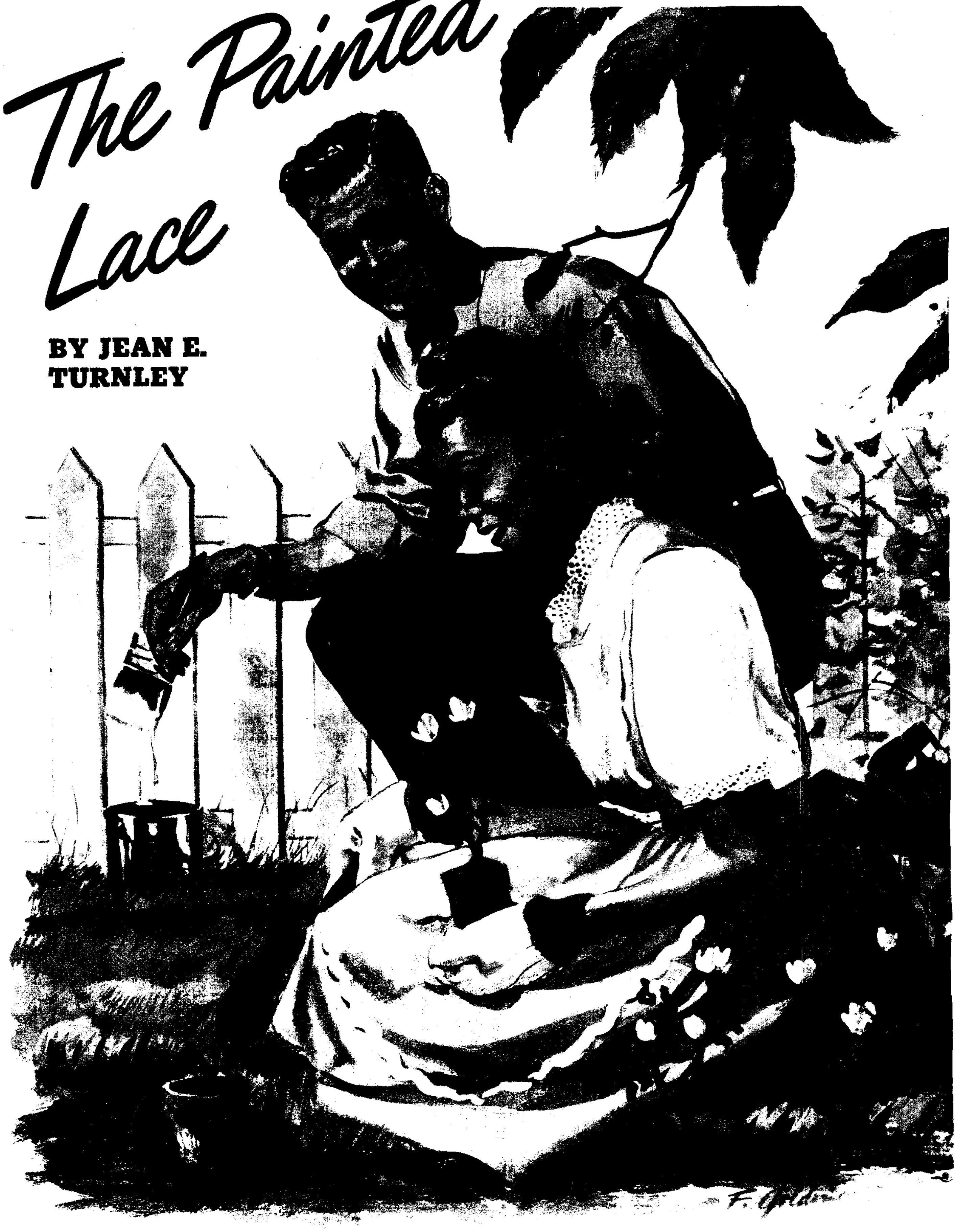
"But you don't know anything about him, do you?"

"That's nothin' new. You have to snap up help where you can get it here, and ask no questions. He's all right. He'll be a bit of company for you, Nellie. A young bloke like that."

Mother had turned away to open a drawer. Her voice came faintly. "I don't need company. And you're young enough for me, Tom." . . .

In the end George stayed. He seemed uncomfortable about it and even said he wasn't much good, but Dad persuaded him, and at last he agreed. We fixed up a bunk for him

(Continued on page 36)



George took a long time to paint the fence. We'd find him and Mother in the garden and they'd be laughing and talking

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN

BOY WONDER

BY DEAN JENNINGS

West Coast editors are readying the bomb shelters. The incredible Paul Smith, having finished up the war, is home to take over the postwar world. Meet the enfant terrible of the newspaper business

San Francisco Chronicle
The City's Only Home-Owned Newspaper

Paul C. Smith, editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, whose vigorous brand of journalism is strictly a one-man show. Below, he explains his ideas to top members of the Chronicle staff, who managed to carry on the Smith tradition by getting out the paper according to the boss' methods, while he was at war

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

THERE was a time, a decade or so ago, when the principal attractions in San Francisco were the barking seals, the clanking cable cars, the hissing crab kettles at Fisherman's Wharf and the foghorns on the bay. Then came Smith, Paul C., the five-foot eight-inch aurora borealis with sound effects—a gee-whiz newspaperman who runs one of the oldest and most dignified Republican dailies in the West, the San Francisco Chronicle. The 36-year-old Smith is somewhat bigger than a minute, has rumpled red hair, freckles, a smile like Huck Finn, and is in a perpetual fizz. He has earned $25,000 a year for the past ten years, but he spends it like a government requisition and is usually broke.

Today, Smith is mixing up some new incendiary stuff which will probably include a newspaper war and pot shots at distinguished citizens. There also may be a "Smith for Mayor" noise, and a steady barrage which one day may even propel him into the White House although Smith insists "this is not my noise."

"Smith can do anything," says a Smith disciple.

"Smith is a fathead," says one of Smith's reporters.

No matter who's right, Smith will be heard. Considering that at the age of 27, Smith was the youngest executive editor American journalism ever had, and that he went to war as a Marine private and came home a Navy commander, the prognosis is good. Indeed, as a starter, his postwar plans are apt to shake the toupees off the old family subscribers. Not long ago, there was a banquet in his honor attended by the city's 600 leading business and professional men. Around Smith at the table were some men who had kicked Smith around when he was coming up. Now that he is back on the job, he may do some kicking around himself.

In a general way, he believes that the Hearst-Patterson-McCormick system of newspapering should be repudiated by the people and the politicians and journalism as a whole. In San Francisco he hopes he can lick Hearst by producing a better product, but it will be a slow and hard fight.

Free Speech vs. Friendship

Inasmuch as Paul Smith often sits at the same civic luncheon tables with three Hearst publishers in his circulation area, this approach talk is likely to break up beautiful friendships. The Communist newspaper, The Peoples World, speaking of the Chronicle, said, "The paper is the most dangerous in the state . . . to be read with large grains of salt." The story introduced Smith as "the boy wonder" and quoted him as saying, "There are a lot of louses we're going after." The "louses" were not identified.

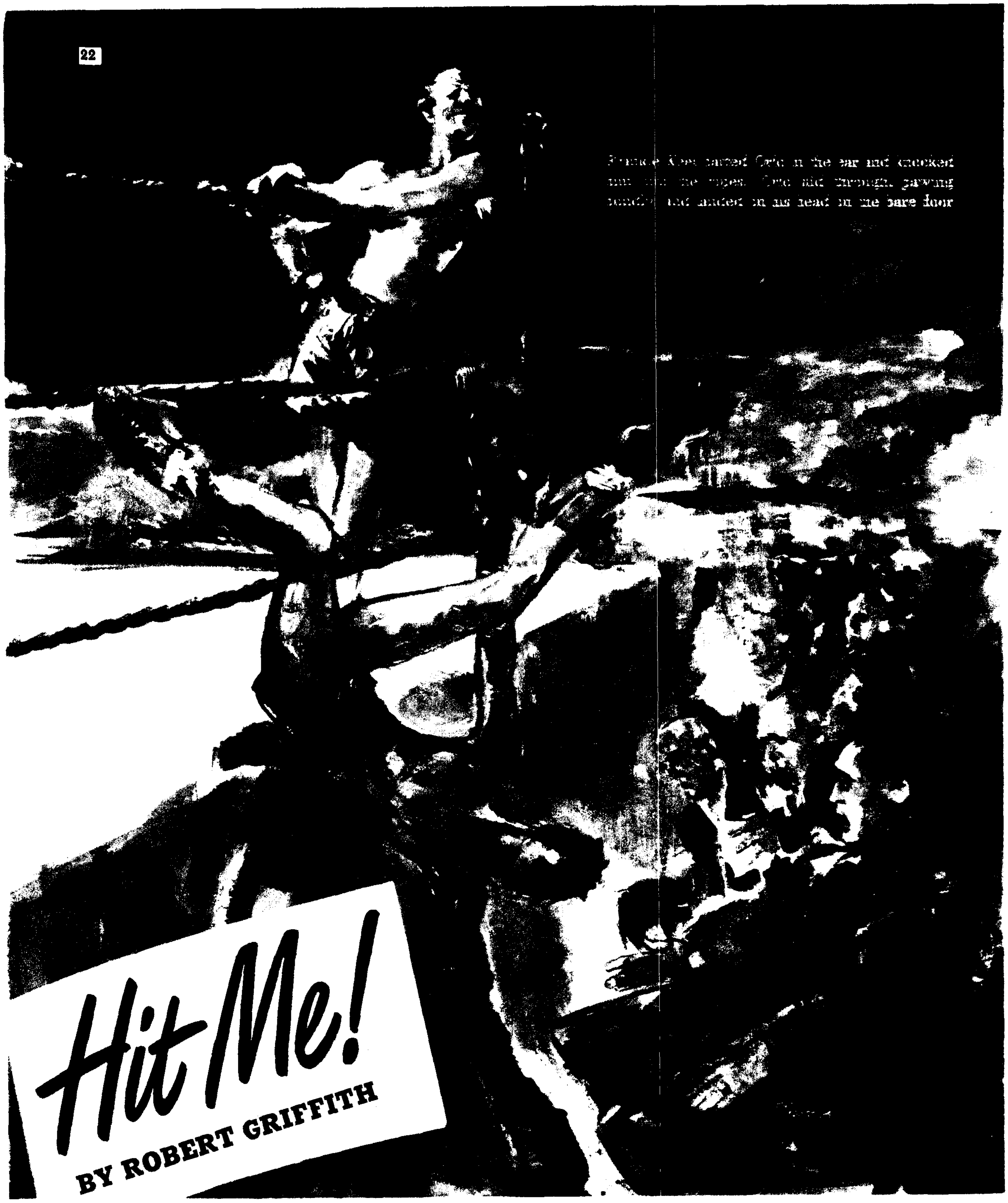
Smith's blood pressure soared and from Guadalcanal he wrote in strong language to his managing editor. But nobody found out who had given out the quote in the story and nobody was fired.

This sudden rise of blood pressure, coupled with the nerve of a bill collector, has more or less typified all of Smith's newspaper activities.

He exposed a threatened million-dollar boycott from his biggest advertisers, for example, the same night he was surrounded by them at the opera. He supported Harry Bridges when the labor leader was *persona non grata,* and simultaneously attacked what he called labor's "goon squads and dim-witted muscle men." He flew to Washington six hours after Pearl Harbor to handle Navy press relations, and promptly squabbled with the admirals. He was voted the nation's "outstanding young man" by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce shortly after he voluntarily shed his Navy gold braid because, he said, he couldn't run a destroyer.

This rugged individualism, a defense mechanism familiar to any psychologist, began early in Smith's life. He ran away from home when he was eleven years old and eventually popped up in California. His own record in Who's Who states that he was "privately tutored," and was graduated from high school at Pescadero, some thirty miles south of San Francisco.

(Continued on page 38)



Frankie Keel tagged Orlo in the ear and knocked him into the ropes. Orlo slid through, pawing blindly, and landed on his head on the bare floor

Hit Me!

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

This must have been the screwiest fight in history, involving a villain who begged to be socked, a redheaded waitress, and a hero whose ambitions were, strangely enough, naught but a memory

ORLO PIKE and his father, Jim Pike, got off the train and walked up the Mill City depot platform. Orlo leaned as he walked; he appeared slight beside the tall, paunchy figure of his father.

"Now try and act like a main-bout fighter," Jim Pike said. His large, handsome face sagged, and his nose was red. He swayed as he went along, showing Orlo what he meant.

Orlo didn't feel much like a main-bout fighter, and the way his father acted only worried him. Jim Pike had been drinking beer since milking time, as he always did on fight days.

The two went into the Depot Lunch, and customers crowded at the stools turned to stare. Behind the counter a white-capped man drew a mug of coffee, rang up five cents, and squinted at Orlo.

"The kayo kid," he said. "Seven in a row."

Jim Pike tried to act important. "Frankie Keel in town yet?"

"He's here," the counterman said. He winked at the girl who worked the other end of the counter. "A bad-looking ombray."

Jim Pike gave a loud laugh. "We'll send him back to New York City in the baggage car. Ain't that right, boy?"

Orlo shrugged and pretended he was looking the girl over. She was redheaded, and her eyes were brown and curious-looking. Orlo was startled when he realized that she was smiling right at him. He was practically smiling at her, too.

All of a sudden he got the feeling of being a main-bout fighter, just for a second. His mind jumped ahead: He was all dressed up in a sporty suit; he had a car; he was driving down the street looking around for a girl something like this one to take out riding. . . .

The counterman was squinting. "Going to knock him cold like you did them first seven?"

Jim nodded. "This'll be number eight!"

And at the same time Orlo shrugged and said, "I don't know."

A voice down the counter mocked him: *"Do-unt know. Ask Paw!"*

Everybody guffawed. The girl's laugh was like a clarinet trill. Jim Pike started as if he had been struck. His face got red and blotchy, and he thrust it down close to Orlo's. "Why you acting so damn' dumb, right front of everybody?"

He turned and walked out, the laughter trailing after him. Orlo followed him across the street to the Homelike Hotel. At the entrance Jim Pike stopped and glared at Orlo. "Why you always act so dumb? Make a fool of me!"

Orlo wasn't afraid of his father, but he kept silent. They went into the lobby. At the desk Jim Pike seized the pen and wrote Orlo's name in the register. He paid over the dollar and, with Orlo, followed the clerk upstairs to a narrow room. The clerk went back down the hall, whistling and jingling his keys. Orlo took off his cap and sat down on the bed. Jim Pike stood in the doorway.

"If you didn't want to fight, why didn't you say so?"

"I just soon fight."

"You know if you didn't want to, I wouldn't force you to."

"I'll fight all right."

"But you're scared, ain't you?"

"No."

"Well, you're nervous, ain't you?"

"I'm all right, Pa!"

The way his father acted made Orlo think of him in the days when he owned the feed store. Just before he lost it, when creditors came asking for him, Orlo would be in the office to say his father was out of town. After they left, Orlo would go to the dark, small attic storeroom. His father sat there on a pile of feed bags, the bottle of liquor on the floor beside him. Jim Pike would question Orlo about the visitors and what they had said.

Then he would start talking, as he was talking now in the hotel room, growing irate as he went on. Orlo was always afraid of the men who came looking for his father, and this made Jim Pike angry. There was nothing to get scared about, he would say, growing angrier all the time; and he was like that now.

"If you're afraid to fight," he said, after a pause, "why don't you come out and say so?"

"I just soon fight somebody I could lick," Orlo said finally.

"Damn it!" Jim Pike shouted. "You're s'posed to *think* you can lick *anybody!*"

Breathing noisily then, he walked to the window. He kept wetting his lips. Finally he went back and stood by the door. "Well," he said, mildly, "lay down and rest. I'll come back when it's time and buy you your dinner."

After his father went out, Orlo sat staring at the door. Trying to remember Jim Pike as he liked him, Orlo had to go back a long way, back to the time when his father had bought out the feed store. Orlo could remember the sign:

JAMES PIKE
Dairy & Poultry Feeds

It had on one side the picture of a smiling and very confident-looking farmer in overalls and straw hat. The farmer had chin whiskers, and he was pointing to Jim Pike's name. When Orlo tried to remember his father as he was in those days, the only image he could call up was that of the smiling farmer.

Jim Pike was hardly ever like the smiling farmer these days. Still, sometimes at night, when he and his son sat on the stoop of the little farm where they lived, he would get to talking about what might happen if Orlo became a famous fighter making a lot of money. "Wouldn't be for long," Jim Pike would say. "I could go back in business. Oh, something bigger'n a feed store."

Orlo got up from the bed, took off his shirt, and stood before the mirror. The sight of the knobby muscles that farm work had given to his slender frame made him feel better. He had met and knocked out seven local fighters; he could fight all right.

Orlo put on his fighting face and threw the wide right-hand feint, as he always did, and then swung his left violently. He called it his "secret shift." Remembering how the first seven had gone down after running into that left, Orlo felt pretty good.

He half closed his eyes, picturing Frankie Keel as he appeared on the bill—a swart, tough-faced city boy, slim and yet heavy with muscle, his eyes slitted, his gloved hands ready to fly.

Orlo stiffened before the mirror, setting himself for the secret shift. He flung himself at the imagined Frankie Keel, feinting with his right, then the shift, the left swung widely, upward, with a great grunt. Just like the first seven, Frankie Keel's head skewed back with a snap. His body banged to the canvas. He lay there quivering all over.

Orlo saw himself after the victory, walking into the Depot Lunch. The sarcastic little counterman stood marveling at the boy who had kayoed a New York City fighter with one wicked left-hand wallop. The girl was there, wonder in her eyes. Orlo was quiet, not acting as if he were different from anybody else. He ordered hamburger, and then looked up, just noticing how pretty the girl was. "Say," he said, "how about us driving over to the lake in my car? Have a few dances, a few beers, then go riding?" . . .

Orlo put on his shirt and went down the

(*Continued on page* 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

NO PEACE IN PALESTINE

BY FRANK GERVASI

Most issues have two sides; that of Palestine has three—the British, the Arab and the Jewish. What is ultimately decided will have tremendous effect on the whole world, especially the United States

WASHINGTON

JOE MANDELBAUM is a shipping agent, something of a character in the turbulent Middle East, and a Jew. His religion, however, did not prevent him from doing business with the Arabs. For several profitable years, Joe's ships hauled a substantial number of the half million Moslems who yearly make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Joe would take them through the Suez Canal, down the Red Sea and land them at Jidda, a short, hot, dusty bus journey from the birthplace of Mohammed, which all good Moslems must visit once in their lifetime.

But Joe's vessels lay empty in the port of Beyrouth, in Lebanon, eating up dock fees and profits while Joe cooled his weary heels in Cairo. For two months he tried to obtain permission from the Lebanese government's representatives in Cairo to travel to Beyrouth to embark several thousand Moslems waiting there for passage. Joe tried persuasion and he tried *baksheesh,* which is Arabic for palm grease, but—no visa.

"I'm only trying to render your own people a service," Joe pleaded.

The Moslem clerks and consular officials didn't even bother to smile. "Mohammedans," they shouted at him, "would prefer to go to hell rather than be conducted to their sacred shrine by a Jew."

Joe returned from the Lebanese consulate to his creaky wicker chair on the renowned terrace of Shepheard's Hotel heavy with misgivings.

He was Arab-wise and what he had just heard upset him more than the weeks of Moslem riots and demonstrations against the Jews. It was the first time in his experience that the Mohammedans' religious scruples were disturbed at the thought of sailing on Jewish-owned ships. There was a new intransigence in the Moslem attitude which was at least as terrifying in its implications as the violence which already had cost several hundred Jewish and Arab lives in Libya, Egypt and the Levant.

Joe felt as if he were sitting on a kegful of dynamite and wondered when it would explode under him. So did about 1,000,000 Jews scattered across North Africa and throughout the Middle East—particularly some 550,000 of them concentrated in Palestine.

The British worried, too. They, as holders of a League of Nations mandate over Palestine and as the Protectors of Islam, were responsible for keeping the peace all the way from Libya to the Levant, from Suez to Aden.

Essentially the situation wasn't new; it was merely worse. The British government on November 2, 1917, promised the Jews a national homeland in Palestine in a statement of policy known as the Balfour Declaration. The Jews interpreted this to mean they had the right to create an independent Jewish commonwealth in Palestine. For 28 years they've struggled to achieve it and for just as long the Arabs have fought to prevent it.

And the British, torn between their conscience and their imperial and strategic interests in a region which is at the same time a fabulously rich source of oil, an important link in the imperial life line to India and the Orient, and a frontier with Soviet Russia, simply haven't known what to do.

The British used the only weapons they had to keep the bombshell from exploding. One was diplomatic and political delay of any solution and the other was force.

As the fuse burned short in Palestine through November and December, the British applied both. They stalled on Hebrew demands for unlimited immigration of Jews from Europe, where between 1,100,000 and 1,600,000 stateless, homeless and unwanted co-religionists awaited an opportunity to go to the Promised Land. They poured into Palestine 70,000 battle-seasoned, well-armed troops, including at least 7,000 paratroop veterans of the invasions of Holland and Normandy for possible action against the Jews and, if they interfered, the Arabs.

Aware as much of the Democratic Party's pledges to the Jews to support the movement for creation of a Hebrew national home in Palestine as he was of the miseries of the survivors of Nazi brutalities in Europe, President Harry Truman, last August 31st, recommended to British Prime Minister Attlee that 100,000 Jews be allowed to enter Palestine as an immediate, humanitarian, relief measure.

Later, in the Senate, Robert Wagner of New York and Robert Taft of Ohio urged the creation of a Jewish homeland in Palestine in a joint two-party resolution. But neither the good offices of the President nor the pro-Zionist mood of the Senate prevailed. Eventually Truman was obliged to accept a British proposal for an Anglo-American committee to "investigate" the Palestine mess. *(Continued on page* 30*)*

Daih El Dine El Sennousi, left, cousin of the Sennousi of Tripoli, chats with Abdel Rehman Azzam Bey, secretary of the Arab League, about League's policy toward Jews. Some Arabs figure British are fighting their battle

So deep-rooted is Jewish determination to retain Palestine as an expanding homeland that even children join in the fight against British troops. Here, unarmed boys yell defiance from behind a flimsy barricade they built

Seventy thousand British troops are in Palestine to keep order. Note shields for protection against rocks

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM EUROPEAN

Show Girl Chaperon

THE archenemy of all roués the world over is a matronly woman who lives in Chicago and who is known as "Miss Abbott," who signs her name as Merriel Abbott but who is really Mrs. Philip Lewin. This formidable *femme* manages a group of young lady dancers, and any wolf foolish enough to come within baying distance of their quarters usually wakes up to find his hide nailed to a barn door. When it comes to romance, Miss Abbott is a stanch supporter of marriage, preferably to men outside of show business.

Her system pays dividends. The first twelve girls in her chorus are now all happily married and have a total of 30 children and the Lord only knows how many mink coats. In many cases, Miss Abbott was the matchmaker.

At the age of 52, she can be regarded as a unique success in all that she has tried. She was brought up in Chicago where, at ten, she sneaked dancing lessons in a church because her parents disapproved of dancing. At home, with the folks looking on one night, she kicked too high and smashed a dining-room chandelier. That closed what might have been a great career as a ballerina. So, like a frustrated stage mother, she determined to teach dancing. At one time, she took ten very male boys of kindergarten age, each of whom had a dim view of youngsters who prance on their toes, and made rhythm specialists of all of them in one year. They loved it. Then she went to New York, studied a few years, and went on to more study in Europe.

Back in Chicago, she opened a studio for girls and, looking out the front window, watched the masons build the Chicago Theater for Balaban & Katz. "I made up my mind," she said, "that my girls would dance on their stage." They did, one week after the house opened. They stayed for nine years.

The studio moved and got larger and the fees grew greater, but Miss Abbott continued to teach ballet, tap, acrobatic, eccentric and modern dancing. Her rules of conduct for the girls grew stricter, her rewards for good work and exemplary conduct got bigger. She has often given as much as $80 in ten minutes for fancy cartwheels and somersaults. Dancers like Harriet Hoctor, Ginger Rogers and Mary Eaton came to the Abbott School to teach and to learn. Miss Abbott's husband, Dr. Philip Lewin, an orthopedic surgeon, smiled his approval as her star began to rise.

A Break for the Patrons, Too

Then the big break came. Miss Abbott's dancers, in 1933, were booked into the Empire Room at the Palmer House. It was to be for four weeks, but it has lasted through 13 seasons. The patrons liked her girls because (1) they performed effortlessly; (2) they smelled so nice. The second reason confused the management until it was discovered that one of her rules entailed the use of very little make-up, plus a warm bath a half hour before curtain time.

The girls are all between the ages of 16 and 23. They must all have dance talent, but it is not necessary to be beautiful. They must all look healthy and scrubbed and must submit to the Abbott rules. Teeth bad? Go see a dentist. Eyes weak? Get contact lenses. All girls must, besides the preshow bath, have a hair wash once a week by a competent hairdresser.

The dancers average $35 to $60 a week, can be fined $5 by failing to weigh in within one pound of proper weight. If the offender fails three times, she is discharged.

No girl can be dated by a hotel employee, including musicians, or by Empire Room customers. The girls cannot live at the hotel unless transportation is impossible. All are urged to continue school. Once, when Miss Abbott found out that she had nothing to do between 6:30 and 7:30 P.M., she phoned a college and asked to be enrolled in whatever they were teaching at that time.

When the troupe goes on tour, Miss Abbott's rules become stricter. She has taken them on six trips to Europe, several to New York, a few to Hollywood for Jack Benny and Kay Kyser films, and two to Rio de Janeiro. Here she doubled the guard but still worried. She ordered no single dates; girls must be dated double or triple and the boys had to be approved by Miss Abbott in advance. The girls were clocked leaving their hotel en route to the Rio Casino, where they danced to Eddy Duchin's music. Woe betide the one who took more than 5 minutes in transit!

The girls don't like the checkrein too much, but they have an affection for Miss Abbott and they obey her. In her teaching days, now ended, some of her girls were products of orphanages. These were usually taught free, and Miss Abbott mothered them and gentled them into ladylike behavior with the same devotion she gave to the others. Most of her income today is from booking acts and bands, but her school always made money.

Her shows are good for ten-week runs now. She does five a year and still has time for concerts, dance routines, costumes and reading. She talks of slipping away to a farm with her husband, but everyone knows that the cows couldn't stand the Abbott regime. ★★★

Miss Abbott's girls do a jitterbug number entitled In the Groove. The girl wearing the plaid blouse had just come back home from her third USO show tour

BY BRUCE BIOSSAT

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

In a horseplay session, Betty Carr, who thinks she looks like Lauren Bacall, shows off her dramatic talent. The scene is a bit on the Sadie Thompson side

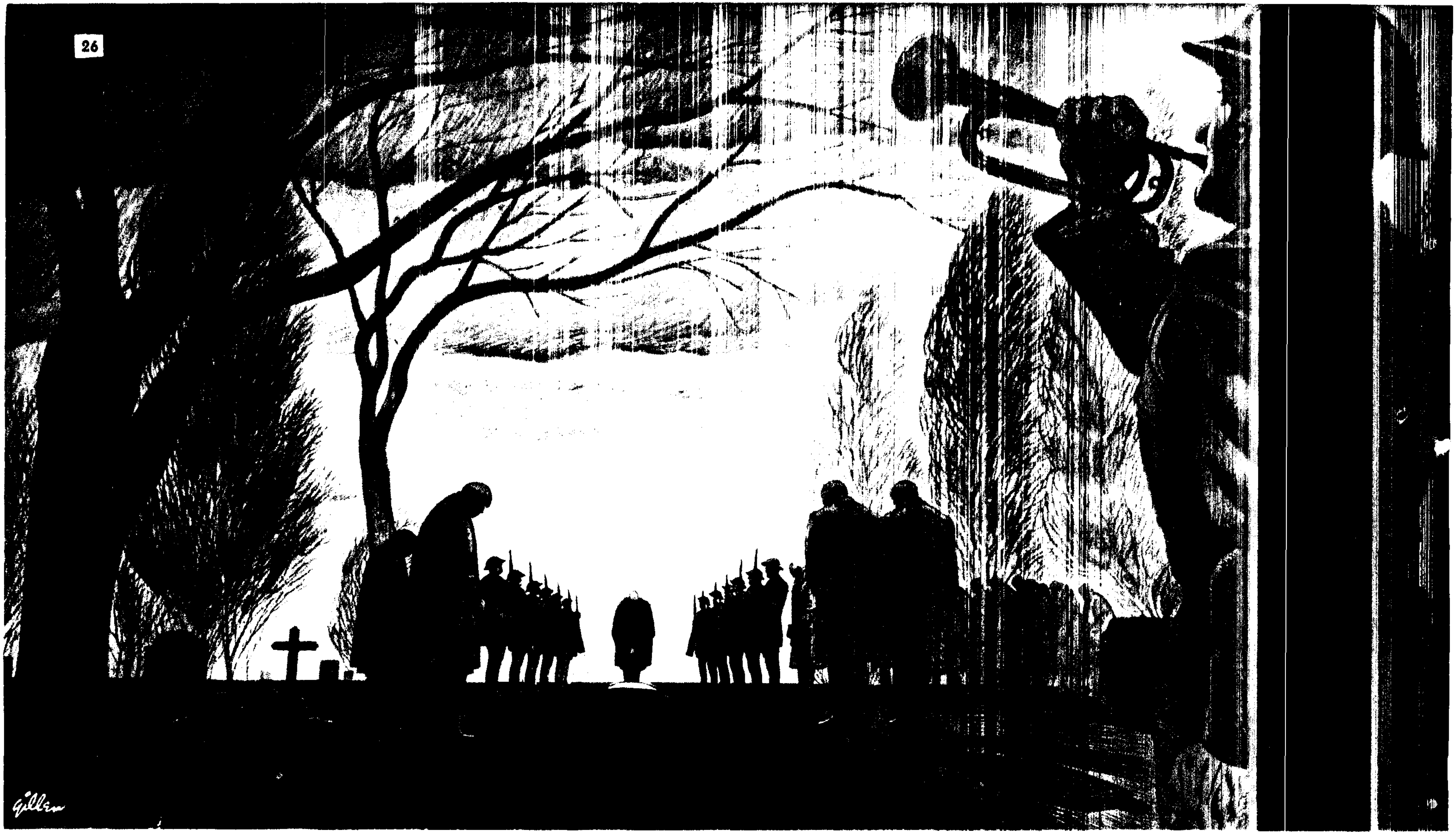
Miss Abbott weighs the girls on pay day. A gain of a pound means a five-dollar fine

The girls must study, even if they've finished college. These are enrolled in the College Preparatory School of Chicago. Girls must be between 16 and 23

The Abbott girls rehearse a little Latin-American number—Rhythm of Tomorrow

When the girls aren't rehearsing or studying, they are limbering up. At the piano, Marilynn Marsh does a "leg mount" as girl in foreground does a split

Barbara Schuster, 17, is all dressed up for her first date. The orchid is her first, too



The squad was there to fire the final salute over the grave, and Old Man Lockwood was finally resting with the Congressional Medal of Honor on his breast

FOR HEROISM

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

A short short story complete on this page

WE HELD final services for Old Man Lockwood today. There were no flowers. Old Man Lockwood left instructions that he would be happier if floral-tribute money was turned over to the crippled children's hospital. There was just the flag-draped casket in the American Legion Hall; the squad to fire the final salute over the grave; the post's best bugler to sound taps; and Old Man Lockwood finally resting with the Congressional Medal of Honor on his breast. No Congress awarded him the medal. No President placed the collar about his neck. Legally he had no business wearing it at any time. And Old Man Lockwood would have been the first to admit it.

But I, his oldest and closest friend, feel that he had it coming. What do you think?

OLD MAN LOCKWOOD was the kind of American who felt good when he saw the flag. You wouldn't find him hiding behind it, nor pointing a dramatic finger at it when he wanted to put over a point in a speech. But it made him feel good to look at it.

When the Spanish-American War broke out and people were shouting "Remember the Maine!" he tried to enlist. He was a sickly young man who had come West for his health.

He was rejected. It was a good thing because if he had been accepted he would probably have died—a lot of rugged ones died in camp in those days.

When World War I demanded men, Lockwood was on hand the morning of April 7th. In the rush he got by the doctor, but before the outfit was shipped out they caught up with him and sent him home with a medical discharge. When the Legion was organized, he refused to join. "Hell!" he said. "I fought the battle of Camp Lewis. I don't belong with the fellows who went over."

We talked him out of that attitude, but it was a long time before he would regularly attend the meetings, and longer still before he went to the conventions.

He hit the jackpot in the twenties and gave our post its hall. There's none finer in any of the smaller cities. He lost his shirt in the crash and built all over again from the ground up.

In the late thirties he would tell me, "Jim, I'm terribly behind on my golfing, hunting and fishing. I'm training my boys to take over the business. Then do you know what?" And he would tell me.

He was going to buy a small cruiser, tour the Inland Passage to Skagway, fishing the likely spots, and perhaps taking on one of the Admiralty Island bears.

He had things timed beautifully. When Jim, the eldest boy, named after me, was old enough to manage the business, the doctors were ordering Lockwood to ease up. They were calling him Old Man Lockwood then. His hair was white, but his eyes were young. He did ease up a little and let Jim and Mart try their hand at running the business.

Then . . . Pearl Harbor.

Al, the youngest, in Naval R.O.T.C. at the university, came in and said, "Sailing orders, Dad." He was a rugged kid, full of enthusiasm. I could see the pulse in Old Man Lockwood's temple quicken, and the pride in his face.

"S'long and good luck, son," he said.

That left Jim and Mart, and if ever two boys were needed in changing a manufacturing business from peace to war production, it was Jim and Mart Lockwood.

"You kids are crazy to get into the brawl," Old Man Lockwood said. "You've had training in college. Get the hell out. I'll take care of the business."

So they went away to war. Old Man Lockwood's doctor shook his head. "You get some good 4-F fellows and train them to take over the load," he said.

It seemed that no one could get out needed materials quite as fast as Old Man Lockwood. He knew the value of teamwork, and he could spot little short cuts that speeded production. Sometimes he was on the job eighteen hours at a stretch, and when some of us urged him to lay off, he reminded us that his kids weren't laying off.

Six months before the Japs quit, the doctor said, "No more of this drive! Drive! Drive nonsense. Or you won't live to see your boys come home." So Old Man Lockwood eased up a little, or thought he did.

When the Japs folded suddenly we felt relieved. Old Man Lockwood could coast along and presently his boys would be home to take over.

The cutbacks came fast, and Old Man Lockwood could see the fear in his crew's eyes—the fear of a sudden layoff. Sure, they should have saved their money, but human nature being what it is, many hadn't. Old Man Lockwood said to me, "Jim, I'm afraid I'm going to have to reconvert to peacetime production . . . fast. I'm afraid my people will start selling their bonds to get by, and that, on a large scale, would be bad for the country."

"Why not wait until your boys get back?" I urged.

"That will be too late," he said. "Besides, they've been out of touch with the business for almost four years. I've everything at my finger tips."

THE boys were a little slow about returning, but when they showed up, the business was on a peacetime basis. "It's running itself now," he told them. "You marry those girls who have waited so long, enjoy your honeymoons and come back and take over. Meantime I'll look around for a cruiser."

You know, the least important man at a wedding is the groom's father, and three times Old Man Lockwood stood in the background and watched a son marry.

Well, they finished their honeymoons, but Old Man Lockwood hadn't bought a cruiser. He hadn't felt like looking around. All he wanted to do was sit around the house. "I feel as if my body weighed a ton, Jim," he told me, "and damned if I'm not underweight."

They sent for young Jim to accept a Medal of Honor award, and we arranged for Old Man Lockwood to go to Washington and watch the President make the presentation, but when the time came he said the plane ride would be too much.

Mart and Al were at the airport when Jim got back. "Dad's failing fast," Mart said. "Doc told us to rush you to the hospital."

The three boys were in uniform for the last time, and just before Jim led the way into the room he put the Medal of Honor collar about his neck. He knew that was what Old Man Lockwood wanted to see. He had never seen one.

SO THEY stood there at the foot of the bed, Old Man Lockwood's three warrior sons, with their justly earned medals, and he looked at them a long time. "Dad," Jim said, "we've been groping for words to tell you how much we admire and love you. But, sometimes, you don't find the right words. And so perhaps this will express what is in our hearts."

Then he took the Medal of Honor and put it about Old Man Lockwood's neck, and he sort of straightened the Medal a little as the President had done. Just a touch here and a touch there, like straightening a picture.

And Old Man Lockwood looked down, and he couldn't quite see it, but his fingers touched it. If you knew him you could tell what he was thinking. He was thinking: This is too good for me. He was thinking it was just a good son's way of expressing respect and affection. He smiled and reached up to take the Medal off. I'm sure Old Man Lockwood had known but two happier moments than this one—once when he was married, and once when his first son was born.

I say he reached up to take off the Medal, but whatever it is that gives us life and takes it away again when our work is done drained the strength from Old Man Lockwood's arms, and they dropped to his sides, and the Medal lay on his breast. We all think that is where it belonged. And that's where it has stayed. What do you think?

Almost human, these new refrigerators!

You may find it difficult to believe that even a glittering new postwar refrigerator is capable of suggesting that its owner serve the *one* finest whiskey ever bottled.

But if you take the subtle hint revealed in this ice tray, what a popular host you'll be!

For there's no whiskey in the world exactly like Four Roses — so *distinctive* in flavor, so richly mellow *in its own special way.*

That's because Four Roses is not just a *single* fine straight whiskey, but an exclusive *combination* of specially distilled, straight whiskies — each magnificent in its own right.

Just try it — won't you?

FOUR ROSES

Still the same great whiskey
as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

EYES
Bright
APPETITE
Oh, Boy!
BODY
Well-rounded
COAT
Luxurious
BEHAVIOR
Gay
LEGS
Strong
946 1 1946
JANUARY
Resolved: To NOURISH EVERY INCH of my dog!

A Happy Healthy New Year for your Dog!

What a lucky dog your dog will be in 1946, if you nourish every inch of him with Gaines!

And what a lucky master you will be! A merry brightness in your dog's eyes, a rich, luxurious coat, paws full of playfulness and strength, and a hair-trigger tail ever ready to flash into rapid-fire wags at the very sound of your footsteps . . . *these* are the earmarks of expert care and feeding. Yes . . . feeding Gaines Meal can pay you rich rewards!

Just mix Gaines Meal with warm water. Or, if your dog is one who goes for Gaines more eagerly when it is mixed with milk, gravy, or soup—by all means please your dog. But no matter how you mix it, Gaines should be your dog's basic food, to make sure you nourish every inch of him.

Gaines has been a stand-by of big kennels and veterinarians for over 16 years. It's a Meal dogs love—inexpensive to feed—prepared in less than a minute. Largest-selling dog food in America!

EACH POUND

of Gaines gives your dog all this nourishment!

As much body and strength-building **proteins** as in 1½ lbs. raw beef.

As much energy-producing **carbohydrates** as in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal.

For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the **fats** that would be provided by 1 oz. of butter.

For strong bones—the **minerals** 1¾ lbs. cheese would provide.

For red-blooded vitality—as much **iron** as in ¾ lb. beef liver.

VITAMINS: The *vitamin A* in 5 eggs; the *thiamine* (B_1) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin* (B_2) in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex normally accompanying thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

GAINES
MEAL

FOR ALL DOGS GAINES

Also try Gaines *Krunchon*, which is Gaines *Meal* compressed into tasty pellets.

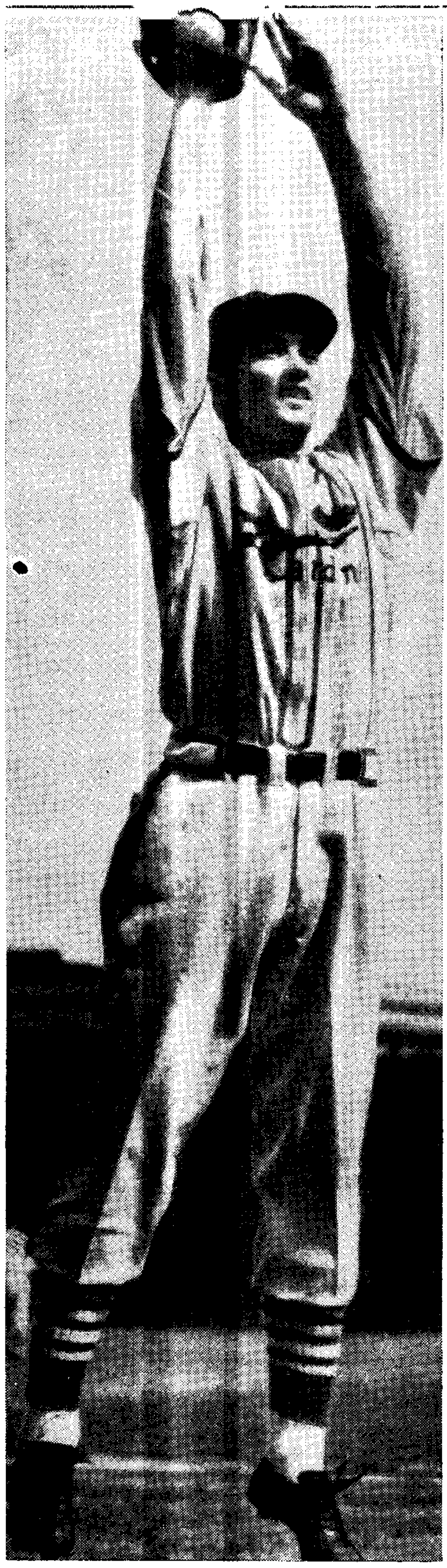
Copyright 1946, by Gaines Food Co., Inc., Sherburne, N. Y.

"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"

SINEWS FOR SALE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

The dilemma of Sam Breadon, who owns enough pitching talent to beat every National League team—including his own



Here are six of the top-notch pitchers who will return to the Cardinals after finishing their military service. Left, Howard Pollet; center, top row, Johnny Beazley and Ernie White; bottom row, George Munger and Howard Krist; right, Max Lanier

PHOTOS BY PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

SAM BREADON is a small, unhappy man sitting on a million dollars. He is a Simon Legree with too many slaves to handle. He is another Alexander with too many worlds to conquer. He knows that no matter what he does, he will end by being beaten briskly about the temples.

As all the literate world knows, Mr. Breadon is owner of the St. Louis Cardinals in the National Baseball League. When the war began taking away his best players, he bore up bravely.

The thing that really frightens him is the gang coming back. Mr. Breadon, quite literally, will be up to his ears in serfs.

Just look at the pitching staff jolly old Sam gave up to the armed forces and is now about to get back.

Johnny Beazley, hero of the 1942 World Series, in which he slapped the New York Yankees down twice.

Max Lanier, held by many to be the best southpaw in the National League.

Howie Pollet, considered the best southpaw in National League by all those who don't give the honor to Lanier.

Ernie White, absolutely considered the best southpaw in National League by all who don't hold out for Lanier and Pollet.

Al Brazle, a very good southpaw.

George Munger, best right-hander in the league before the Army snagged him.

Howey Krist, best league record for wins before being drafted.

Murry Dickson
Fred Schmidt
John Grodzicki
Max Surkont

That makes eleven hurlers, nine of whom were established as outstanding before their departure. In addition Breadon has Walker Cooper, best catcher in the league, and such outfielders as Stan Musial, who led the league in hitting one year and was second the next; Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore, Danny Litwhiler and Harry Walker, all heroes of the Cardinals in their pennant-winning years. The infielders he gets back are Lou Klein (in action late last year), George Fallon, Frank Crespi and Jimmy Brown.

General Home-Coming

Other clubs are getting back their best men but Sam is the little gentleman who has them in van lots. The Yankees will reclaim such men as Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Henrich, Joe Gordon, Phil Rizzuto and Bill Johnson. They already have Charley Keller and Spud Chandler back in the fold. Other teams will rescue some of their former greats, but the difference is that these men will merely take up the slack with their clubs while Breadon will have men to spare.

"Yes; but who am I going to keep?" asked Sam plaintively when seen late last season in St. Louis. "I haven't seen some of those fellows for three years. I don't know whether they can play a lick."

Some of the men have been in the thick of the fighting. Harry Walker was decorated for capturing twenty-nine Germans in the Rhine battles. He has since been playing ball among the occupation troops and seems in good shape.

Howey Krist was wounded in Europe; Ernie White refused to play on a camp baseball team in this country and saw action in Europe; Murry Dickson was in the thick of the fight with the infantry.

Fred Martin, a great prospect from Houston, was in the Pacific battles from the beginning. Fifteen players from the Cards chain were killed in action, the best-known being Henry Nowak, who had a fine record with Albany (Ga.) and Houston and was headed for a big-league career.

The chances are that Eddie Dyer, the new Cardinals' manager, will see most of his exheroes in spring training. Then is when the problem gets acute.

In addition to the returning players, he has a fairly good pitching staff now with Brecheen, Burkhardt, Charley Barrett, Dockins and Wilks. By the time he gets ready to weed them out he may have twenty-five good pitchers on the staff.

The National League rules provide that teams this year may carry forty-five players on their roster up until June fifteenth. At that time they must cut down to thirty players, and five of those must be ex-servicemen. All ex-service players must be given a two-weeks trial and paid two weeks salary if they don't make good.

No serviceman can be sent down to a lower league without waivers. This means that if another big-league club claims him, he goes to that club for the waiver price of $7,500.

So that is the situation with Samivel Breadon. He can either peddle the players he wants to sell or he can keep them and take the chance of some other team claiming them for the $7,500 (which is peanuts as prices go), or he can get waivers and send them down to one of his chains or to another minor-league club, or he can give them an unconditional release and let them make the best deal they can for themselves.

"I have ten players I can get a million dollars for right now," moans Sam. "But which ones will I let go?"

The chances are about even that whatever Sam does will be wrong. The players he keeps will turn up with bad arms or splay feet and the ones he sells will turn around and knock the spots off the Cards.

Keen Competition Ahead

In any event, it will be a fascinating shuffle of great players and the chronic underdogs of the National League, such as Philadelphia and Boston, may turn up with talent of such quality that the league will be tightened up.

The sidewalk managers in St. Louis, who have no money invested and therefore may speak freely, are convinced that the two pitchers Breadon will not give up are Munger and Pollet.

Just whom would you keep if you had all those great hurlers to monkey around with? ★★★

No Peace in Palestine

Continued from page 23

Truman's action was a complete reversal of American policy on Palestine. It amounted to endorsement of what has historically been a restrictive British Colonial Office policy. An opportunity for the United States to step forward as a leader in the solution of the Palestine problem came and went.

Only America could have saved several tens of thousands of Jewish lives in Europe and have averted strife in Palestine where Britons and Jews set themselves for a decisive struggle.

The origins of this prime postwar headache go back to the struggle for power which preceded World War I. At the war's outbreak the British found themselves vulnerable in the Middle East to the considerable power of the Turks, then the allies of the Germans. The Turks threatened the Suez Canal, Britain's short cut via the Mediterranean to India.

To eliminate the danger in the Levant, the British enlisted the aid of the Arabs' shahs and sheiks and local chieftains who were restive under 400 years of Ottoman rule.

The fabulous Colonel T. E. Lawrence went from tent to tent among the Arabs behind the Turks' lines and bought their allegiance with (1) gold and (2) promises of independence and nationhood.

The British, meanwhile, had acquired obligations to another people, the Jews. Early in World War I, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the great Jewish chemist, developed a new high explosive and gave his formula to the British. The new explosive contributed enormously to the Allied victory.

The British offered to make Weizmann an earl and to endow him with a fortune. Weizmann wanted neither. As head of the Zionist Organization, dedicated to the task of restoring Palestine to its Biblical tenants, the Jews, Weizmann pressed for a Hebrew homeland. The British acquiesced. The Balfour Declaration was the result.

Unequal Territorial Distribution

With the peace came the pay-off. Britain kept its pledges to the Arabs. Out of the wreckage of World War I, Egypt, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia and other lesser Arab states emerged. Arab sovereignty was proclaimed over some 1,827,000 square miles of territory containing approximately 48,000,000 people, an area about two thirds as large as the continental United States.

But in Palestine, a sliver of land barely as big as Maryland, the British promise of a Jewish national home was not fulfilled. The Jews were allowed to immigrate in limited numbers, to purchase land from the Arabs, establish settlements, build cities and create industries.

In a quarter of a century the Jews made a modern, thriving agricultural and industrial land out of Palestine. Its Jewish population increased from about 80,000 to 550,000 and its Arab inhabitants multiplied from less than 500,000 to about 1,100,000.

Palestine became, thanks to about $550,000,000 worth of Jewish capital imported into the country along with Jewish artisans, farmers, doctors, dentists, engineers and plain laborers, the only really progressive country in the Middle East. Its farmers used tractors and steel plows and fertilizer. Vast citrus fruit orchards, wheat and corn fields and banana plantations blossomed where there had been deserts before. The Jews drained malarial marshes and irrigated desert land which had been thought unfit for agriculture and purchased from Arabs at exorbitant prices.

In other countries Arabs still farmed with wooden plows drawn by camels or by women and children. The people subsisted on a meager diet of millet and dried beans and their birth rates remained stationary while mortality was high as the result of a multitude of diseases due to malnutrition and unsanitary conditions. In Palestine the Arabs' birth rate increased and they benefited generally from improved educational, health and economic conditions. With money obtained from the sale of land to Jews, Arabs opened banks, started factories and otherwise prospered.

By 1936 Palestine had proved that it could stand on its own feet as a political and economic entity. It had been explicitly stated in Article 22 of the League of Nations Covenant that Palestine should remain a British mandate only "until such time" as it would be "able to stand alone." To be able to "stand alone," the Jews knew, they had to have unlimited immigration of Jews from Europe. They couldn't possibly achieve a Hebrew homeland until their population was at least equal to that of the Arabs. If Britain chose suddenly to live up to the mandate and grant Palestine sovereignty while the Arab population exceeded the Jewish population by two to one, the Jews would be a minority subject to Arab rule. This would be a complete denial of the Balfour promise.

The Jews pressed for freedom of immigration. By 1936 their plight in Europe had become desperate. The Nazis, later joined by the Fascists, had begun to sweep their countries of Jews. But by 1936 Britain's position in Europe and the Mediterranean was shaky.

The League of Nations had failed to halt the Ethiopian war. Victorious Italy had become a powerful Mediterranean nation and threatened the British imperial life line. A war raged in Spain. Germany had begun to assert its political and military power in Central Europe. Looking several steps ahead to World War II, the Axis powers went to work in the Middle East.

It was a relatively simple matter for Axis agents to find malcontents among the Arabs' leaders who wanted power. Men like Al-Gilani in Iraq and the Mufti in Jerusalem were easy marks for Axis money and promises of *gauleiter* appointments when the conquest of Britain would eventually be accomplished.

The easiest way to keep large numbers of Britain's troops and warships occupied in the eastern Mediterranean, while the Axis did as it pleased in Spain and Africa, was to arouse the Moslems against the Jews. The Arabs were told by Radio Roma, Radio Berlin and by agents on the spot that the Jews intended to drive them out of Palestine and the Middle East.

For nearly three years, Palestine was in turmoil. Thousands of Jews and Arabs and Britons were killed and wounded. The British were obliged to maintain large garrisons in the Holy Land to prevent outright civil war.

Appeasement was the mood of the moment, and Neville Chamberlain appeased the Arabs and, at the same time, the anti-Semitic Axis. Without consulting the League of Nations or the United States, Chamberlain issued, in May, 1939, the now famous White Paper allowing only 75,000 Jews to immigrate to Palestine over the ensuing five years and none after that without the specific consent of the Arabs.

This was a violation of an agreement signed by Britain and the United States on December 3, 1924, specifying that London would take no major action regarding Palestine without prior agreement with Washington. Two years before, on September 21, 1922, the 67th Congress of the United States had passed a resolution supporting the idea of a national home for the Jews in Palestine and the objective of the Balfour Declaration had become the official policy of the United States.

In addition to restricting immigration into Palestine the British government ruled that the Jews couldn't buy any more land from the Arabs. This was an attempt permanently to arrest the Zionist movement. Palestinian Jews protested. There were riots and demonstrations against the White Paper. There were several more dead and scores of wounded. Jewry throughout the world, led by such men as Weizmann, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Rabbi Hillel Silver, rose to denounce the White Paper.

In Palestine itself it looked as if the Jews might rise in open revolt. Armed bands of hooligans and cutthroats like the Stern Gang and the Irgun Zevai Leumi were formed. They were out-and-out terrorists who murdered British and Arab officials and even some Jews whom they considered to be lukewarm to the idea of a national state. More important, the Jews formed a secret army equipped with weapons smuggled in from surrounding countries for an eventual showdown with the British and the Arabs. The army was composed largely of men who had become impatient with the Zionist *evolutionary* tactics and were ready to resort to *revolutionary* methods.

World War II intervened. The Jews made common cause with the British. Palestine's Jewish population of only 550,000 gave some 40,000 men and women volunteers to the British armed forces. In comparison, Palestine's Arab population of 1,100,000 provided only 8,000 troops, 4,000 of whom deserted before seeing action. Many of the rest wound up fighting for the Nazis or the Fascists. Many of these, captured by G.I.s, were until recently in an Alabama prisoners-of-war camp.

During the war years the Jews, hoping that their war record in Palestine and sacrifices in Europe would eventually prove their claim to nationhood, remained politically quiet. The Arabs didn't. From 1941 onward they agitated for the creation of an Arab Federation.

Real federation amongst them proved impossible, due to the rivalries and antagonisms between their potentates and their unwillingness to yield whatever sovereignty federation would entail. Eventually, backed by the British, they achieved a loose cultural and religious organization known as the Arab League. This outfit's primary objective became the prevention of the fulfillment of the Jews' dream of a free commonwealth in Palestine.

The opposition to the Jews has never come from the masses of the Arabs. These had worked side by side with the Jews peacefully enough for centuries.

Difficulties between them have arisen only when the less literate and more emotional Moslems have been aroused by outside agitators or by some of their leaders who were corrupt and venal.

Most Arab states are not democratic. Arab leaders achieve power in the ancient, primitive way—by fighting for it and killing off the opposition—or in the more modern but equally primitive manner of stuffing ballot boxes. Less than two per cent of the Arab people own all of their countries' agricultural and industrial wealth.

There are only two kinds of Arabs, the very rich and the intolerably poor. The rich exercise the leadership. Arab peasants and what few rug weavers, potters and metal workers comprise the "industrial" class exist in virtual feudal serfdom. Few Arab farmers own any land. They're at best sharecroppers and at worst peons. They have little or no voice in government and have no way of achieving improvements in their social status through recognized democratic methods such as collective bargaining.

But it's different for the Arabs in Palestine. Here Arab workers are organized. Through collective bargaining they've increased rates of pay from 100 to 800 per cent higher than elsewhere in the Middle East.

Progress Offers Threat

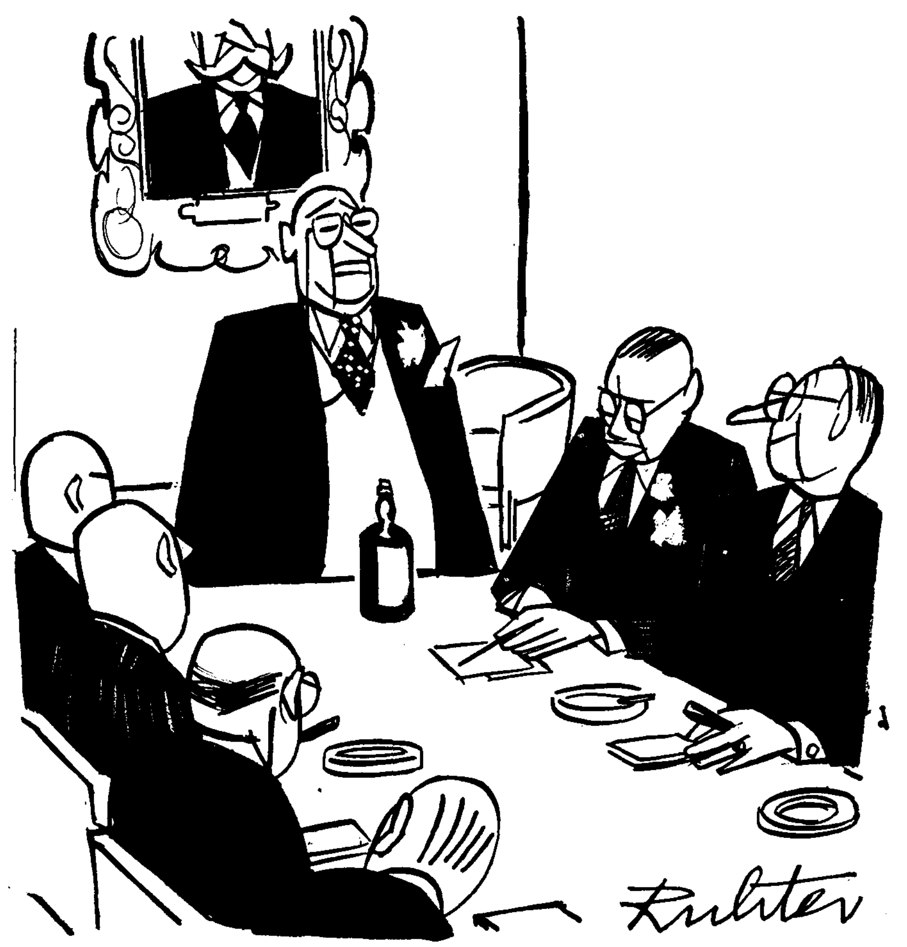
Here, then, rather than in religious and racial differences, is the root of the Arab chieftains' opposition to the Jews. The progressive Jews threaten to modernize the social, political and economic structure of the Arab world.

Feudalism would eventually break down under improved working conditions, sanitation and, above all, education. The few princes and pashas who now rule would eventually lose their power.

From the beginning, the Arab League's program has been, therefore, the exclusion of more Jews from Palestine to prevent the establishment of a Hebrew state. The Zionists made it clear that they desired a free and independent republic wherein the Arabs would have equal religious, political and economic rights with the Jews. The Arabs charged, however, that the Zionists intended to create a theocratic Jewish state in which the Arabs would be a minority.

During 1943 and 1944, while the Arabs beat the drums against any more Jewish immigration several "plans" for solving the Palestine problem were advanced. One was to partition the country into separate Arab and Jewish states. Both sides objected. Another, advanced by Arab leaders, was to remove the Jews from Palestine and send them elsewhere. This was even less workable. There wasn't, it turned out, anywhere else for the Jews to go.

Moreover, the problem wasn't merely one of settling more than a million homeless Jews in any one or several countries. Some way



"This is a special brand we've blended for the man of no consequence"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

AIR DREAMS COME TRUE

UTMOST RELIABILITY AGAIN DEMONSTRATED BY AMERICAN RECORD-BREAKERS—DOUGLAS SKYMASTERS, PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES, AND AC SPARK PLUGS

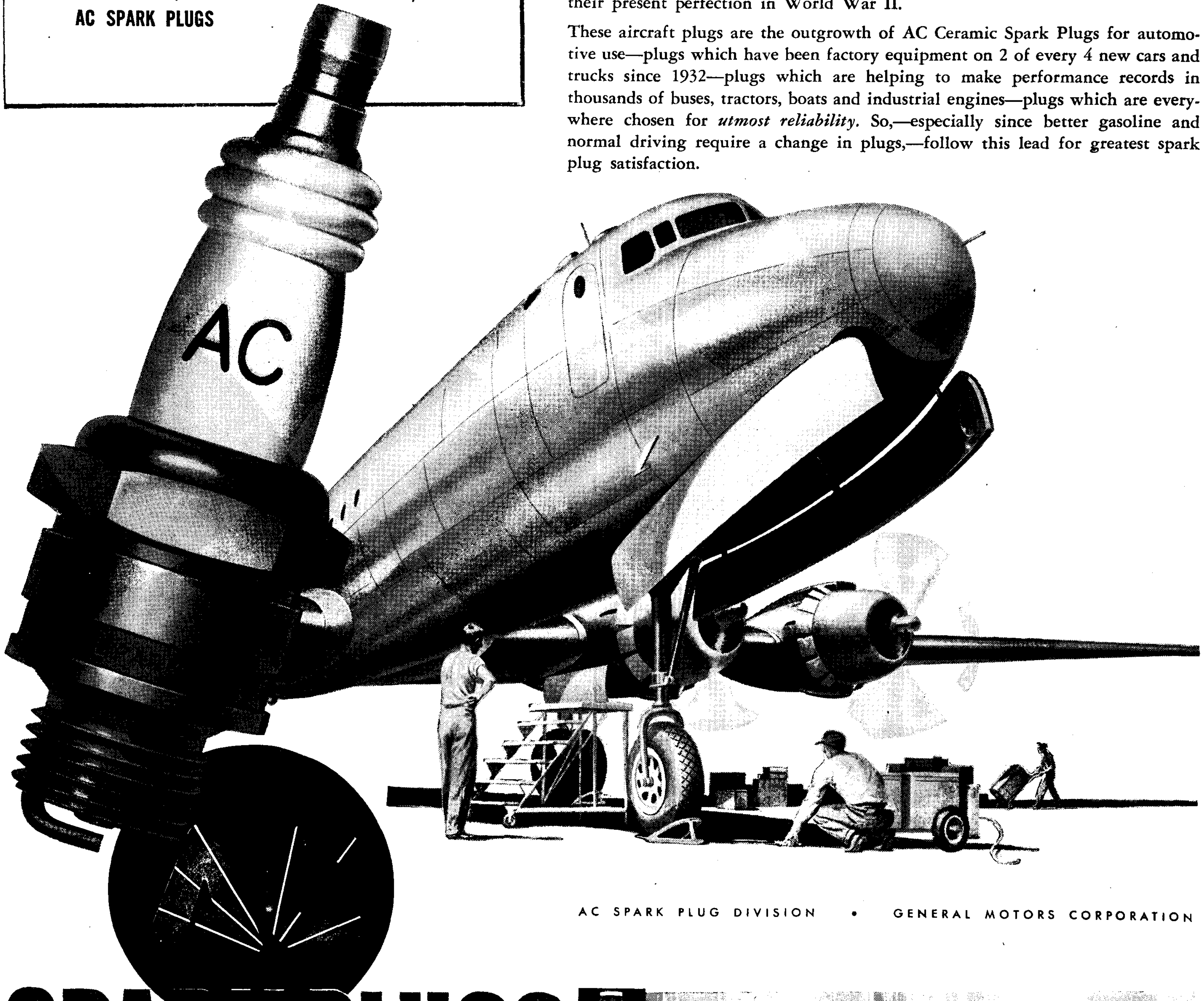
WEEKLY WORLD FLIGHTS INAUGURATED BY ATC

In the record-breaking time of 149 hours and 44 minutes, the Pratt & Whitney-engined Skymasters of the Air Transport Command raced 23,279 miles, to chart the world's first regularly scheduled 'round-the-world air service. That record was established September 28 to October 4, 1945, through organized planning, superb teamwork of crews and the perfect functioning of hand-picked equipment.

We are proud of the part that AC Aircraft Spark Plugs played in that history-making flight, because they have helped to make history so many times before—with Lindbergh, Acosta, Maitland, Byrd—in the transcontinental records of the Constellation and the Stratocruiser—in the three B-29's from Japan to Chicago, and the four B-29's from Japan to Washington.

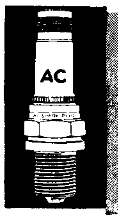
AC is the originator of the ceramic type of Aircraft Spark Plugs—the type that has made possible the efficient aircraft spark plugs of today. They were developed and built, by AC alone, for the Liberty Engines of World War I and reached their present perfection in World War II.

These aircraft plugs are the outgrowth of AC Ceramic Spark Plugs for automotive use—plugs which have been factory equipment on 2 of every 4 new cars and trucks since 1932—plugs which are helping to make performance records in thousands of buses, tractors, boats and industrial engines—plugs which are everywhere chosen for *utmost reliability.* So,—especially since better gasoline and normal driving require a change in plugs,—follow this lead for greatest spark plug satisfaction.



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SPARK PLUGS



This is the type of Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plug, pioneered by AC, which served in the Globester flight

HELP FIGHT INFLATION — BUY VICTORY BONDS

When you must LOOK and FEEL your best—
You'll be glad you're wearing
REIS Scandals

• You just can't help *looking* better and *feeling* better the minute you slip into a trim pair of Reis Scandals!

Scandals are *modern,* manly—provide the mild, athletic support that keeps you feeling your best from breakfast to bedtime. Mighty comfortable, too—because Scandals are *tailored* to male anatomy . . . actually shaped to body contours to eliminate bunching, binding and "riding."

Be sure to get Scandals

The tremendous and ever-growing popularity of Reis Scandals may mean an occasional shortage in dealer stocks. If your dealer can't supply you the first time, please ask again. Soon there will be Reis Scandals for all.

"Hi-Waist" design. E-L-A-S-T-I-C Waistband. Full seat coverage. No seams to sit on.

Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow leg line of Reis Scandals.

*COPYRIGHT 1946 ROBERT REIS & CO.

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY, 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

had to be found to fight the rising tide of anti-Semitism throughout the world. Wise old Zionists like Dr. Weizmann, David Ben Gurion and others saw that only by giving Jews a land they could call their own would it be possible to combat the bigotry which minorities encounter, especially when they're minorities-without-a-country.

At war's end the members of the eternal triangle of the Palestine tragedy—Britain, the Arabs and the Jews—took stock as they squared off for a settlement of accounts. Unlike most questions the Palestinian one had not two sides but three, and here, rightly or wrongly, was how each saw its position:

Britain, impoverished by the war, felt that it couldn't afford to yield one square mile of imperial domain. To do so would mean yielding just so much power and prestige and so many customers for British goods.

Some British statesmen, moreover, saw Palestine as a stronghold in the Levant which they could not relinquish as long as it was necessary to mount guard along the Middle Eastern fence between the British Empire and the U.S.S.R.

For their part the Jews did some simple arithmetic and came up with the following startling statistics: of Europe's 8,800,000 Hebrews, 5,700,000 were dead or "missing"; of the survivors of the six-year Nazi darkness, between 1,100,000 and 1,600,000 nationless, homeless and hungry Jews wanted to go to Palestine as rapidly as possible. The Jews saw the White Paper policy, which was still applied although it had expired in 1944, as unnecessarily cruel and vicious.

The Arabs claimed Palestine as their own by right of prior possession and insisted that it was as much their religious capital as that of the Jews or the Christians. Some of their leaders, aware of London's preoccupations with Russia's new power in world affairs, hinted that they'd line up with the Soviets against the western powers unless the idea of a national home for the Jews in Palestine was abandoned.

The Arabs, feeling themselves strengthened by British resistance to the Jews' demands for freedom of immigration and colonization in Palestine and by official British support of the Arab League, declared protest strikes in the Holy Land and elsewhere in the Middle East and North Africa on Balfour Day, November 2d.

After the strikes there were riots. In Libya and in Egypt, Moslem mobs attacked, killed and wounded Jews, destroyed synagogues, broke into and looted Jewish (and Gentile) shops and stores. In Tripoli, Moslem mobsters killed more than 100 Jews and wounded 300, many of them women and children. In Egypt, Cairo's 1,000 unarmed police were unable to cope with some 50,000 tarbooshed students and fanatics who howled through the capital's business sections on their destructive Jew hunts.

Although not as bloody as the Libyan riots, the Arabs' depredations in Egypt cost several million dollars in damage and the lives and limbs of scores of Jews.

An Illustration of Power

The Arabs' actions were designed to prove to the British and to the world their unity, power and determination to keep the Jews out of Palestine. Some more moderate Arab politicians, like the sharp-featured Abdel Rehman Azzam Bey, secretary general of the Arab League, publicly disapproved of Arab violence.

"Justice is on our side," he said. "Why worsen our cause with fighting?"

But it was too late for verbal sedatives. The Arabs knew this. They had done their work. They had brought matters to a head between the Jews and the British. Ostensibly to quiet the Arabs, the British had augmented their garrisons. As one cynical Arab politician told a Collier's representative:

"The Arabs can now be onlookers while the Jews and the British fight it out. We could not find a better occasion. Britain will be fighting our war."

In Palestine the Jews prepared to "fight it out" too. What had started as a secret army during the 1936-1939 troubles had been swelled by home-coming soldiers who'd seen service in Italy, France and the deserts of North Africa in the British army, navy and Royal Air Force. It numbers now at least 60,000 men and women.

They are well armed and equipped with material painstakingly collected over the years. Much of their arms and ammunition was bought from Arabs who scavenged the deserts of Egypt and Libya during and after the desert campaigns. Some was smuggled in from abroad. Some was manufactured right in Palestine arsenals.

Secret Jewish radio stations summoned the Jews to battle when the Arabs struck. To show their strength—and to try to disrupt British troop movements—fighting Jews blew up the Palestine railways in 151 places. They boarded and scuttled several British patrol boats and these, perhaps, were the Jews' most important pieces of sabotage work. For the patrol boats provided the greatest danger to Jews trying to smuggle some of the Axis' victims out of Europe and into Palestine.

The Jews are not only well organized, but have something to fight for. When British paratroopers stormed an inland Jewish settlement searching for illegal immigrants and weapons, they encountered the resistance not only of Jewish men and women but even of children.

No matter how well organized and how determined, however, the Jews obviously could not win in a headlong clash with the British. What the Jews counted upon most was the sympathy and understanding of the rest of the world. Slightly more than a year before, antimonarchist Greeks had similarly banked heavily upon the support of democratic people abroad. Their hopes were unfulfilled.

Two Trumps in the Arabs' Hand

The Arabs felt that they held at least two trump cards in the struggle over Palestine. One was their political nuisance value. Former Premier of Iraq, Nuri As-Said, the "Strong Man" of the Arab League, told a Collier's reporter that the British were "wise in not allowing their policy to be dictated by the Jews—the Arabs won't collaborate with the British unless the Palestine problem is solved according to the Arab viewpoint." Nuri might as well have said that if the British didn't side with the Arabs against the Jews the Arabs would line up with Russia.

Another Arab trump was—oil. Arab princes and chiefs own or control the sources of at least two thirds of the world's known oil supply, or upwards of 250 billion barrels. America has only about 35 billion barrels. The Middle East supply is important not only to Britain but to the United States. King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia threatened, in fact, to cancel the American concessions on the Persian Gulf unless the Jewish problem were settled to his liking.

"As long as we have oil," one Arab leader said, "and industrial nations need it, we hold the balance of power. The Jews have no oil to offer. *We* can lubricate the politics of the Middle East and *they* cannot. Hence, we fear nothing."

In this the Arabs were proved eminently right by the events of mid-November when President Harry Truman and Prime Minister Clement Attlee devised what they believed to be a formula for averting disaster in Palestine. Jointly the American and British governments proposed the appointment of an Anglo-American commission to investigate the problem. The commission was empowered to draft a "permanent" solution of the Palestine question.

The appointment of this committee was, obviously, a delaying action. Equally obvious, it was a solution in favor of the Arabs. In Cairo and Alexandria, tarbooshed politicians cheered.

But in Palestine, the streets of Haifa, Tel Aviv and Jerusalem were patrolled by tall, husky British troops with weapons at the ready. Armored cars and tanks stood ominously at street corners or clattered up the inland roads into the hills.

Jewish boys applied torches to British government buildings and fought pitched battles with British soldiers in Tel Aviv.

The Jews had laid their case at the bar of world opinion.

THE END

Eisenhower's African Gamble

Continued from page 15

in time, and I dubbed in a sentence correcting the blunder, imitating the President's voice as best I could. After that came a message from General Eisenhower, which I delivered in French, giving the assurance that we came as friends, and listing things that the French commanders could do to aid the invasion.

All the addresses, printed in French and Arabic, were dropped from planes over Algiers, Oran and Casablanca, and there were also letters that the President had written to the Bey of Tunis, the Sultan of Morocco and various high officials in Algiers. Bob Murphy, who had been holding them, managed to deliver them just before the landings. At the same time the American and British ambassadors in Madrid assured the Franco government that we had no designs on Spanish Morocco, and followed up by painting a somewhat highly colored picture of the overwhelming might of our forces.

As the day wore on, the news became more and more discouraging. All of the radio appeals had fallen pretty flat, and the three landings were being resisted. Not until evening did we hear that fighting had stopped in Algiers. Shortly after noon on the 9th, General Clark piled an advance party into two B-17s, and off we flew for Algiers, escorted by 18 Spitfires with American pilots.

We reached Algiers around 6 o'clock, and went at once into conference with Murphy and General Charles Ryder, commander of our Algiers task force, who gave us the whole complicated story of what had happened since the invasion started. The anti-Vichy elements in Algiers, according to plan, had swung into action at the invasion hour and captured various key points, but soon met with steadily mounting resistance. Savage fighting was also reported from Oran and Casablanca, giving discouraging evidence of the ineffectiveness of Giraud's appeal.

Shortly before the landing, Murphy had hurried to the Algiers home of General Alphonse Juin, commander of the French army in North Africa, to inform him of the invasion and to urge co-operation. At first the general refused to believe him, but when convinced by the sound of gunfire, explained that Admiral Jean François Darlan was in Algiers. He had recently arrived to visit his son, a Navy lieutenant, suddenly stricken with poliomyelitis. There, he declared dramatically, was the commander in chief of all French armed forces, and the one authority that would be recognized.

Straightway Murphy sent members of the Youth Movement for the Admiral, and had him brought to Juin's house. Darlan, while disavowing hostility to the Americans, passed the buck by contending that he could do nothing without orders from Marshal Pétain.

Juin's house, where the conference was taking place, was surrounded by squads of Youth Movement members in order to protect the Americans. Right in the middle of the debate a detachment of the Vichy Garde Mobile rushed up, overpowered the Youth Movement squads and entered the house. They released Darlan and arrested Murphy. At gun point, and forcing him to keep his hands up, they marched him to the officer in charge. The officer promptly referred them back to his commander, Darlan. So Murphy was brought back to the conference room and the debate continued. But the tables had been turned and the nearest American forces were six to eight miles away.

Bad Moments for an Ambassador

The argument continued all morning, and finally at about one o'clock Darlan agreed to halt the fighting in Algiers—only. That was something, and Murphy set out to contact American forces. In civilian clothes, and carrying a white flag, he drove down to the fighting lines where he ran into a suspicious U.S. lieutenant. After a ticklish few minutes he convinced the lieutenant of his identity, and the orders to cease fighting were finally carried out about seven P.M. on November 8th.

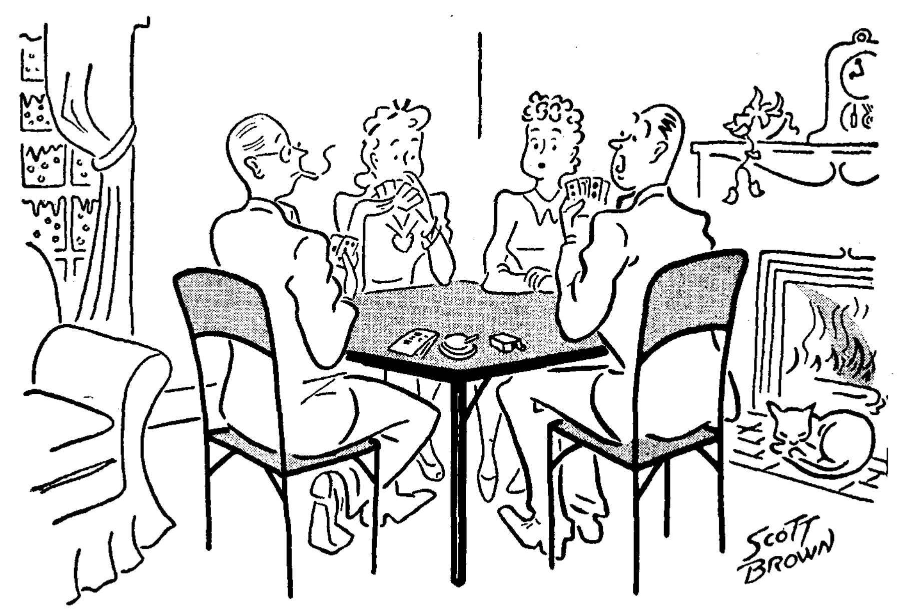
But the situation remained tense. The French were still armed, and although they were mostly in barracks, complications continued. It was into this situation that General Clark came on November 9th.

Proceeding immediately to the room in the St. George Hotel, French naval headquarters, where the French leaders were gathered, he told Darlan and Juin that the local armistice was not enough. Clark was bluffing. By that time only about 3,400 U.S. troops were ashore with a little artillery, a few tanks and hardly any air force. Within a radius of a few miles there were 10,000 French troops, armed and equipped for at least a short fight. But even this was not the measure of the crisis, for if the French had once started fighting in earnest, it probably would have spread. Fighting leads to fighting. So we had to get quick results or fight the whole French army in North Africa.

Clark, of course, knew all this, and knew that his bluff had to work. Standing straight and tall, without the quiver of a muscle to betray the desperateness of his own position, he demanded that resistance cease throughout the *whole* of North Africa. If they were patriots, he told the French, and not Axis tools, surely they must realize that the Americans came as liberators.

The night session got nowhere, and when the meeting resumed on the following day, November 10th, Darlan repeated his insistence that he must wait for authority from Vichy. He had radioed Pétain that fighting was futile and felt confident that he would be permitted to order the end of hostilities.

General Clark sternly dismissed the plea as evasive. I was doing the translating and he said, "Tell him that Pétain is nothing in our



COLLIER'S "We spent a fairly quiet New Year's Eve and fifty dollars" SCOTT BROWN

Guide Sealed Beam Units Insure Headlighting at its Best

INSTRUCTIONS FOR INSTALLING GUIDE SEA BEAM
FOR SAFER LIGHTING INSIST UPON
Guide
SEALED BEAM UNITS
ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE PARTS
LENSES • DOORS • REFLECTORS
SEALED BEAM

Let *safety* share the ride replace with Guide

Driving at night is safer and more fun behind Guide Sealed Beam units. Without strain or fatigue, you see the road stretching ahead clearly and sharply, far beyond your safe-stopping distance. In country or city, you have the *best* auto lighting that science has yet devised.

Guide Sealed Beam units won't grow dim—won't burn out when the lens is cracked. Tell your service man you want Guide units, and get this *double* protection—no dim-out, no black-out. It costs no more.

NO DIM-OUT—Because Guide Sealed Beam units are sealed against dirt, dust and traffic film, they stay bright for the life of the unit—do not lose their efficiency, as earlier-type headlamps do.

NO BLACK-OUT—Because there is a separate bulb within the sealed unit, your Guide Sealed Beam unit will not fail in case of a cracked lens—will light the way safely until the damaged unit can be replaced.

GUIDE LAMP DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SAFE HEADLAMPS ARE "CORRECTLY AIMED" HEADLAMPS
HAVE YOURS CHECKED TODAY

young lives. He has today broken relations with the United States and declared this landing as an act hostile to France. He ordered resistance. As far as we're concerned we don't recognize any authority of Pétain in North Africa." Turning, he spoke directly to Darlan, though in English. "You're the man in authority," he said, "the man who's got to act."

The Admiral still backed and filled, and General Clark gave him half an hour to make up his mind. When he remained in a state of sweating indecision at the end of that time, Clark brusquely ordered his arrest. General Juin had been sitting on Clark's left. As Clark stood up, Juin reached up and laid his war-maimed hand on the American's arm. He was so desperate that he spoke English. "Five minutes, please," he begged. "Give five minutes."

"Okay," Clark said. "Five minutes." We withdrew from the room.

The Admiral Writes an Order

After eight minutes of impassioned argument, plainly heard through the closed door, roly-poly Admiral Raymond Fenard burst out with the news that Darlan had been won over. Without more ado, the Admiral, though pale and shaken, wrote the order:

"Our undertakings have been fulfilled and the bloody fight becoming useless:

"1.—The order is given to all of the land, sea and air forces in North Africa to cease combat against the American forces and their Allies, from the time of receipt of this order, and to return to their cantonments or bases, and to observe most strict neutrality.

"2.—In Algeria and Morocco, the commanders in chief will establish liaison with the local American command on the subject of the terms of suspension of hostilities.

"3.—I take authority over North Africa in the name of the Marshal. Present military leaders will retain their command, and the political and administrative structure will remain intact. No changes will take place until new orders from me.

"4.—Prisoners on each side will be exchanged.

"Signed: DARLAN"

Now fresh difficulties arose. When I went out with Admiral Robert Battet, Darlan's executive officer, to see that the order was issued promptly, only Tunisia could be reached by telephone. That called for radio messages to Morocco, and General Auguste Nogues and Admiral François Michelier rejected them as a Yankee trick. Darlan then wrote an order with his own hand, and a French officer flew it off with an escort of Spitfires. Unfortunately, a landing had to be made at Fez, compelling a rough ride to Rabat by car, and Nogues and Michelier gave the signal to cease resistance just as General George S. Patton was about to launch an all-out assault on Casablanca.

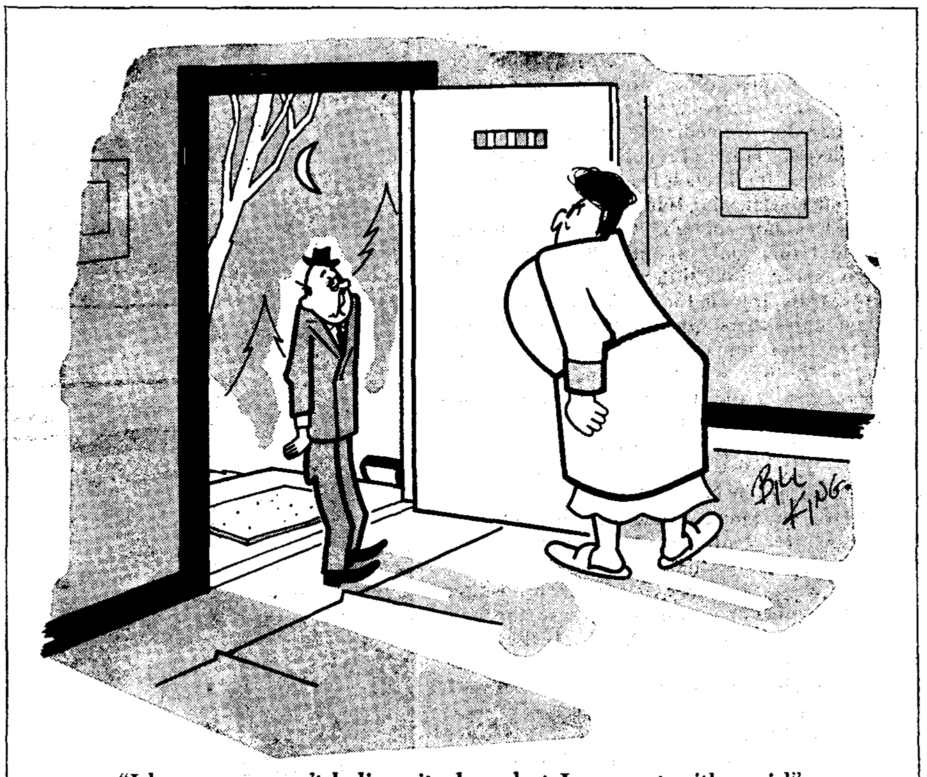
By way of a capsheaf, Darlan made a final stirring appeal over the radio that afternoon. Not one of us, either American or British, had any doubt as to why all firing stopped. As General Eisenhower wrote in his final report on the operation to the Combined Chiefs of Staff, "It is important to remember that in French Morocco opposition ceased not as a result of our conquest, but by order of Admiral Darlan."

But the next day brought new troubles. Marshal Pétain repudiated both Darlan and the armistice, and placed Nogues in command with instructions to fight to the death. The Admiral went into a tailspin in receipt of the news, and announced that he would have to revoke his order as he no longer possessed office or authority. General Clark countered by putting him under arrest, and then turned to Giraud again. Various interviews, however, quickly developed that the army, air and navy would not follow Giraud. The vast majority still regarded Darlan as their legal commander. "The Admiral," confessed General Clark shrugging resignedly, "seems to be the one horse we can ride."

All this, of course, was transmitted to General Eisenhower, and back to Clark at once came a radio that put heart in all of us: "Every task I assign you is done better than I could perform it. You are handling a difficult situation beautifully. Hitler has broadcast a notice stating that his army is occupying Southern France, and that terms of the armistice no longer apply. Darlan, Juin and Giraud should all telephone promptly to Admiral Esteva in Tunisia, urging him to seize all Axis personnel and equipment, and declare for us and hold on while we rush air supplies and troops to his assistance. Urge necessity of all French getting together and building up formidable force to whip the Axis. Tell Darlan to get French fleet to Gibraltar."

It was this news of Hitler's repudiation of a sworn agreement that saved the situation. It worked an instant change in French sentiment, and Darlan called a conference in which Giraud was included for the first time. Now, however, Darlan regarded Nogues as his superior, and made that the excuse for delaying decisive action.

Two days were given over to angry discussions, General Clark rawhiding the French for their hesitance, and threatening to set up a military government that would treat North Africa as occupied territory. Talking largely of huge reinforcements that were pouring in—he was at least partly right for by now the first follow-up convoy for the invasion was coming in—he further declared that neutrality did not meet the need of the hour. *France must get back into the war!* "Either you are with us or against us."



"I know you won't believe it, dear, but I was out with a girl"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

He got nowhere until that evening (the 12th) when General Nogues flew in from Morocco, and after a highly emotional session, handed authority back to Darlan. Another hour or so, and then, with much embracing and kissing of cheeks, came the announcement that the French in North Africa would fight side by side with *"les Americains* against the accursed Boche." Darlan would head the civil and political government, and General Giraud was to have command of all military forces.

More than that, the Admiral radioed to Admiral de Laborde, commanding the French fleet at Toulon:

"The protest sent by Marshal Pétain to Marshal von Rundstedt shows that there is no agreement between him and the German general for the occupation of France. The armistice is broken. We have our liberty of action. The Marshal being no longer able to make free decisions, we, while remaining personally loyal to him, make decisions which are the most favorable to French interests. I have always declared that the fleet would remain French or perish. The occupation of the southern coast makes it impossible for the naval forces to remain in metropolitan France. I invite the Commander in Chief to direct them toward French Africa. The American Command declares that our forces will not encounter any obstacles from Allied Naval Forces. Signed, Admiral of the Fleet, François Darlan."

Going still further, Darlan telephoned Admiral Jean Pierre Esteva, commander in Tunisia, ordering him to give battle to the Germans and Italians. Esteva agreed, but almost immediately Admiral Platon flew in from Vichy and persuaded him to change his mind. So instead of resisting, Esteva welcomed Axis troops with open arms.

A Tale of Two Frenchmen

His treachery, however, was minimized in some degree by Giraud's loyalty. Under his direction, General Juin led poorly equipped infantry and light armored units into Tunisia where they fought with reckless bravery. The extent of French aid may be measured by the fact that they suffered 18,886 casualties by the end of the campaign. Esteva, incidentally, was captured after the collapse of Germany and is now serving a life sentence in a French prison.

From the very first, General Clark's dealings with Darlan had been attacked both in the United States and England, and news of the Darlan-Clark agreement brought forth a fresh burst of denunciation. In Parliament and in Congress, Eisenhower and Clark were assailed for "shameless dickering" that "betrayed Allied ideals," and General de Gaulle added his voice to the chorus. He and his spokesmen repudiated the agreement as a "triumph for Quislings and Lavals," an "infamous negotiation" that had lost President Roosevelt 75 per cent of his prestige, and even went so far as to intimate that it might have disastrous results as far as the future cooperation of France was concerned.

General Clark, forced to turn away from pressing military affairs, sent this restatement of his policy to Eisenhower: "It would have been perfect chaos had we attempted to force Giraud to the top against this seething opposition. I want you to know, and Murphy, Matthews and Holmes concur, that if we had to do this over again, we would be forced to deal with Darlan as a military expediency in order to be free to move our troops to the east, unhindered by strife and disturbance in our rear areas. I have made it clear to Darlan in no uncertain words that we are dealing with him only as long as he does exactly as we say. I made another pass at him tonight for the Toulon fleet, and he says they will not pay any attention to his orders. However, he does assure me that he has high hopes of securing the vessels at Dakar for our use." General Eisenhower, as always, came back with a wholehearted message of encouragement and approval.

Not one of us, from General Clark on down, but had a profound distrust for Darlan by reason of his Vichy tie-up, and figured him as a sly, adroit political opportunist with no principles that he would not sacrifice for place and power. Dealing with him was an unpleasant business compelled by sheer military necessity, and at all times our relations were formal to the point of harshness.

An illustration of General Clark's attitude toward Darlan is found in an incident that happened a few days later, on November 18th. Word had come through to headquarters that a subordinate of General Koeltz, commander of the French 19th Corps in Tunisia, had issued orders to his troops not to fire on the Germans unless they fired first. When he was told, General Clark was disgusted and asked me to summon Darlan. I asked if he wanted me to take an order to Darlan instead. "No," Clark said shortly, "get him up here."

I routed Darlan out and brought him back. Clark immediately gave him a tongue-lashing, winding up with, "The time has come when commanders who do not obey orders must be relieved."

Darlan protested that "It is my order that all French troops resist the Axis." Clark replied that apparently the order was not being carried out. Darlan, obviously angry, protested the rough treatment he was receiving. Clark answered that "What I want is performance, and whatever treatment is necessary will be used." He then suggested that Darlan get Koeltz on the wire. With Murphy listening in on an extension, Darlan ordered Koeltz to fight the Germans with all his power.

Some time later I remarked to Clark that the incident had caused Darlan to lose face. The general was not impressed. He answered simply, "It is imperative that I get tough with Darlan on occasion." Despite this treatment, from the day that the Germans occupied the whole of France, no man could have performed more effectively or in better faith than Darlan. To use General Clark's own words, once we got him into the box for our side, he pitched big-league ball. He even swallowed his lifelong antipathy to the British, and in the end shook hands with General Mast and other French officers who had aided our landings.

Every U.S. Request Granted

To this day the Darlan-Clark agreement is still being damned as "collaboration with Vichy," but not in one single instance was there anything but complete acquiescence to every American demand. For military reasons, the text was not made public at the time, and only now can it be revealed. Explicitly, and without quibble, all French facilities in North Africa were made available to the United States and our allies. We were given the right to take and use all rail lines, communications, land, buildings, etc., the power of direct requisition when necessary, and even the authority to declare any area a Military Zone, with the right of absolute control.

There was also provision for complete extraterritoriality for all Allied forces, also a blanket exemption from all taxes. On the part of the United States there was but this one obligation: We agreed to the appointment of a Joint Economic Mission to see what could be done to improve civil conditions.

All this by consent, not conquest. Not a protocol, but merely a military agreement without diplomatic or political basis. A simple, straightforward arrangement between a commander in the field and a commission exercising ordinary civil and military functions. Nor did the flow of benefits stop with the signing of the agreement. Before another week had passed, more "shameless dickering" brought the whole of French West Africa into the war on the side of the Allies, enabling General Eisenhower to order an advance into Tunisia for the decisive engagement with Rommel and his Afrika Korps.

The next and last installment of General Holmes' story will tell of the negotiations for West Africa, General Eisenhower's reply to attacks, the assassination of Darlan and the agreement between De Gaulle and Giraud.

STARTING NEXT SUMMER...THE

Southern California

VACATION YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

FLASH—Southern California is converting to FUN! Yes, from next summer on you'll find all the exciting attractions you've always dreamed of in Southern California...exotic flowers, orange groves and movies...palm-fringed beaches, high mountain peaks, and age-old Spanish missions...gay foreign quarters, colorful fiestas and magical Pacific isles...cool summer nights!

Of course, until conditions return to normal, it's essential to *secure accommodations* in advance. So if you've a war-born itch for fun, rest and adventure next summer or fall—start planning. You can have a tremendous time—on just a two-week vacation!

You'll find dozens of different kinds of fun illustrated and described in a remarkable, FREE COLOR FOLDER about Los Angeles County and all Southern California. Mail the coupon below—today.

Bask in the sun on a palm-fringed beach cooled by Pacific trade winds. Sail a boat, watch a regatta, surfboard, or skin dive for lobsters. Cast for gamey sportfish or whip a stream for trout. Explore gay Pacific isles and eat a shore dinner as the sun *sinks* into the sea.

After dark, thrill to the color of a world premiere ...visit star-studded supper clubs...hear famous name bands...symphonies under the stars...stand on a mountaintop, the lights of sixty cities twinkling below...dine in quaint foreign restaurants...*see* your favorite radio broadcasts.

LD'S OLDEST
VING THINGS

In this land of contrasts you'll find mile-high glacial lakes and volcanic hot springs...immense trees, the oldest and largest living things, and miles of flower fields... ancient fossil pits near ultra-modern business districts... subtropic fruits—such as passion fruit, cherimoyas, dates, sapotes.

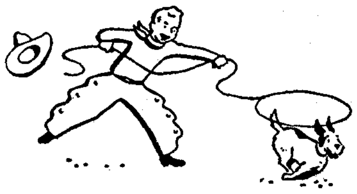
Interesting things are going on...rodeos, parades, horseracing, championship golf and tennis matches, Pilgrimage Play...famous shops showing the latest California style creations...unusual industries: jet planes, oil wells, movies, orange groves...creative excitement in the air...interesting people.

Free Folder • Mail Coupon Today!

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. 1-B
629 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

Please send me your free color folder: "What to Do and See in Southern California."

*Name*____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*____________ *Zone*____ *State*______
(Please print name and address)



This advertisement sponsored by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors for the citizens of Beverly Hills, Glendale, Hollywood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica and 182 other communities. Copyright, 1946, by All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd.—a non-profit community organization serving vacationists.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, LTD.

look SHARP
feel SHARP
be SHARP
use Gillette
Blue Blades
with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!
5 for 25¢

Copr. 1946 Gillette Safety Razor Co.

GILLETTE'S CAVALCADE OF SPORTS presents
the major boxing event of the week every Friday night over
American Broadcasting Company stations at 10 o'clock E.S.T.
Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass.

The Painted Lace

Continued from page 20

in the barn, but Mother said he was to eat with us. The harvest was over and all the other men had gone.

George began on the front fence, near the garden gate. He took a long time to do it, although we all took turns with the brush. Even Mother. And when there wasn't any painting she could do, she'd weed the garden, because it was such fun to talk to George. We used to find them there, laughing and talking, when we got home from school, and we'd all have milk and apples and cake out in the garden.

We children loved George. He told us good stories and he was always ready for a game after tea. He used to read to Mother, too; books that he had in the suitcase, and magazines. He read about strange and wonderful places, and sometimes even poetry. Mother would listen with her eyes shining.

The time went by, very slowly it seemed to us, those long warm days. The house was nearly all done, just the roof and bits around the windows left.

I was reading Little Women one day, hiding under the bushes in the side garden. I didn't want Annie to find me and pester me to come and play with her.

George was painting along the side of the house. I heard Mother come out with a drink for him and she sat on the veranda edge and looked at the painting.

"How do you think it looks?" George asked her.

"It's a lovely color," said Mother and she sighed.

"Why the sigh?" I heard George ask.

Mother gave a little laugh. "Oh—nothing. It's silly, really. I was just thinking there's not much you can do to this poor old place. Even painting it doesn't change it, does it?"

"Don't you like it?"

"Oh—yes—it's all right." Mother moved her feet to and fro in the dust, thoughtfully. "My sister's got a lovely house. She lives in the city, you know. It's brick and round the veranda there's little iron lace—ever so pretty." Mother sighed again.

They were quiet for a moment, and then George spoke and his voice had something strange in it that made me peep at him through the gooseberry bushes. I saw him standing there by the wall, with the paintbrush in his hand, looking over at Mother's bent curly head.

He spoke very softly, "Would you *really* like iron lace around your house?"

She turned and looked up at him. "Could you do it—on this house, George?"

George smiled. "No. Hardly. But I tell you what I *could* do, to make it look prettier—what some of the city people have on their houses. I could paint a dado—you know, a band of contrasting color—around it and pick it out, perhaps with a pattern."

Mother was looking at him, her eyes wide and bright. He put the paintbrush back in the paint and stepped nearer her. "Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes, George! Oh, that would be beautiful!"

"I'll *do it* as a souvenir—that means something to remember by, you know—a souvenir to remember *me* by."

Mother seemed almost frightened the way she looked at George. He went down on one knee and put out his hand and very gently took Mother's round chin in it.

"Will you remember me—sweet Nell?"

The color ran up into Mother's face, right from her throat to her hair. Her eyelashes drooped on her cheeks.

"Fair Ellen," George was saying, like a poem, when Little Women slid off my lap, and a hen that was pecking about among the bushes flew up onto the veranda with a loud squawk. Mother jumped up and shook her apron at it.

I lay for a while under the gooseberry bushes, watching an ant and smelling the scent of the warm, dry grass, and thinking of George with his hand beneath Mother's chin. . . .

GEORGE painted the dado around the house. It was really beautiful, dark brown against the cream, and little stars picked out on it.

Mother loved it, but Dad just sniffed when he saw it. Mother was a bit worried about Dad.

"Don't you like it?" she asked him.

"I never told him to do that," Dad said gruffly. "Still if *you* like it. . . ."

It was only a few days after that when George said he must go to the city. We were washing up, and Mother stopped with a plate in one hand and the mop in the other.

"But—you'll be back?"

Dad was smoking over by the stove and he looked up. George got up quickly and stood between Dad and Mother. "Of course," he said. "I haven't finished yet."

Mother was just standing there, looking at him. I reached up and took the plate out of her hand, and she dropped the mop back into the dishpan and went on washing up.

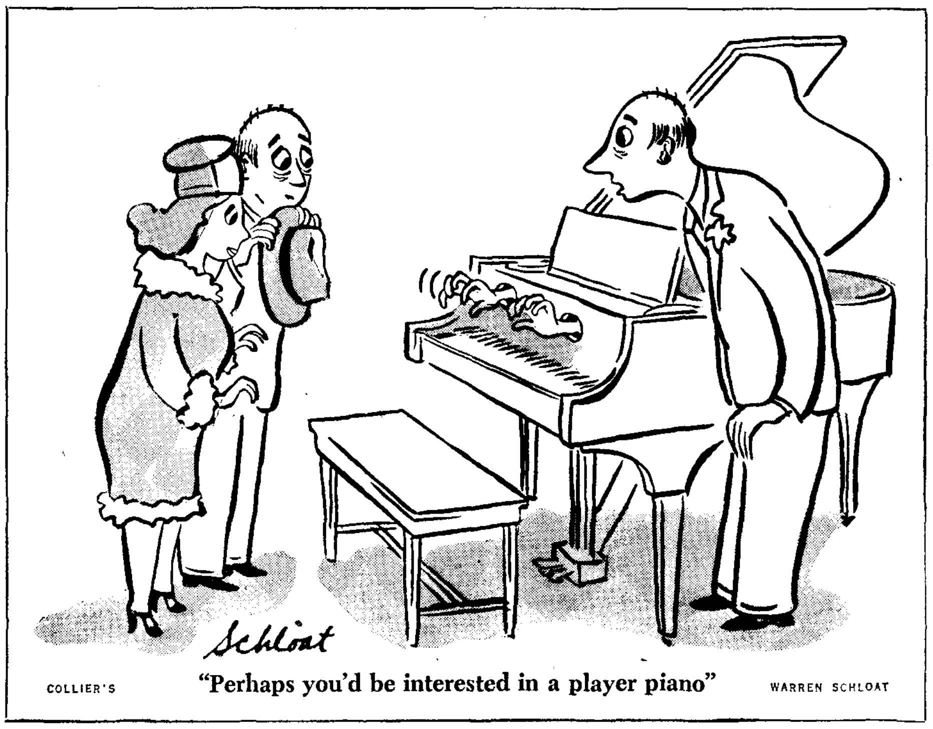
George got dressed up to go to town. He had clothes in his bag we hadn't seen before. Mother pressed his trousers and brushed him down before he went, with her fingers touching the good cloth as though she loved it.

He was walking to the station across the paddocks. It had been raining, so he wore his old shoes and carried his good ones.

"You can leave the wet ones at the station—with Mrs. O'Rourke," Mother told him.

George said he would and he patted us all on the head and said he'd bring us lollies back from town. Then he looked at Mother and said a strange thing: "Well—goodby. You've got the dado, anyway."

He caught Annie up in his arms and rode



COLLIER'S "Perhaps you'd be interested in a player piano" WARREN SCHLOAT her on his shoulder out onto the veranda. Tommy and I ran with him to the gate and watched him walk away across the stubble. We waved and waved. . . .

George was supposed to be coming back on Wednesday, but he didn't come. Nor the next Wednesday, nor the next.

The day the baker brought George's shoes back from the station, Dad brought them into the kitchen and put them on the table.

"Reckon he's not coming back, Nell," he said.

Mother was bathing the baby. She looked up at Dad—a long look—and he put his great hands into the water until he touched Mother's hands under the baby, and together they held him there, between them.

Then Mother lifted the baby out and dried him. All this time they didn't speak. Not a word, until Mother said, quite calmly, "What about his things?"

"Let's have a look at them."

Mother tucked the baby into his pram and then walked out, with Dad, to the barn. I crept up behind them.

George's working clothes hung on pegs above the bunk. The blankets and suitcase were on it.

Mother knelt on the floor and opened the case. There were the books and a few underclothes and a tin of tobacco, a brush and a tin of boot polish.

"Let's Give These to the Victory Clothing Collection!"

"I'll have that," said Dad, leaning to get the tobacco. Mother lifted the books for him to reach it and held them against her breast. A folded paper fell from one. Dad picked it up.

"It's a letter," he said.

Mother made a faint protest. "Oh, Tom, do you think we ought?"

"Might find out who he was," Dad said. He read the letter aloud.

"Dear George: Of course I quite understand you wanting to get away. We all get like that sometimes. I'll look after things for you. Just let me know the address of your hideout and I'll let you know if there's a good commission in the wind. Hope you enjoy your hike. . . . Yours, Michael."

"What's 'commission'?" asked Mother.

Dad looked grim. "Money that go-betweens get," he answered.

"Then—'hideout'? Oh, Tom," whispered Mother, "do you think he was hiding from the—police?"

DAD bent over the case. "That's about the strength of it. Here, what's this? Photo of him. In the paper!"

Mother took the scrap he'd picked up from the bottom of the case. It was a picture of George torn out of a newspaper.

"'George S. Maitland, Royal Academy.'" Mother read. "What's this 'Royal Academy'?"

Dad shook his head.

Mother put the things back in the case and closed it, smoothing the leather with her hand.

"It's a lovely case," she murmured.

"You can take it when we go away," Dad said.

Mother looked up, startled.

"Been thinkin'," Dad muttered, a bit sheepishly. "It'd be nice to have a bit of a holiday, Nell. By the sea, eh? Now the harvest's over. You need a spell. What d'you say? Would you like it?"

Mother's eyes were so bright she might have been crying. "More than anything!" she whispered.

Dad patted her shoulder. "That's all right, then. That's settled." He walked out, but at the door he turned. "Hey, Nell—that damn' dado. It's gettin' on my nerves. Er—would you mind if I painted it out? I could do it now. Will I?"

Mother, with those too-bright eyes smiling, slowly nodded her head.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

The F.A.I. rules require the plane to fly across an electrically timed straightaway course of three kilometers (nearly two miles) at an altitude of 250 feet. Four flights must be made over that course, two with the wind and two against, and the average of the four is the accepted figure for the maximum speed of the aircraft. Speed runs like these are terrifically thrilling for both pilot and spectators.

The war made it necessary to develop fighters that could fly fast at high altitudes because the advantage was with the plane that could always be on top, so we got away from measuring speeds at sea level the way the F.A.I. does.

When we said our fighters could fly more than 400 miles an hour it was an understood fact that these maximum speeds were at the best operating altitude of the supercharged engine, which varied from a low of 15,000 feet to a high of around 35,000.

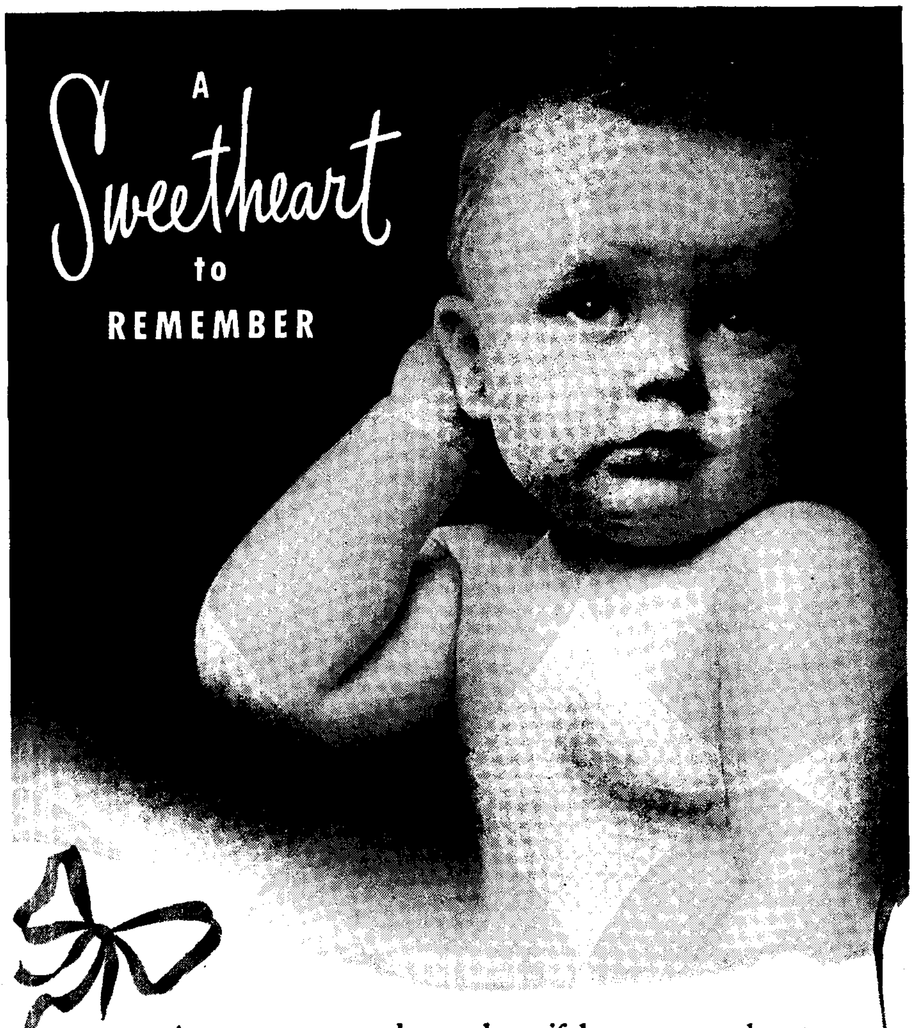
And speeds at those altitudes could not be made over a three-kilometer, visually timed course just above the ground. They were computed from instruments in the cockpit, and the pilot had no sensation of flying in the 400-mile-an-hour bracket.

All of these fast-flying planes would fall below their best speeds if kept to within 250 feet of the ground because their engines and propellers were built to get the maximum speed at high altitudes. Conversely, if they had been built to get the maximum speed at sea level, their speed would fall off the higher they went, for want of supercharging, so, for combat purposes, they would always be the underdog.

Whether the F.A.I. regulations are antiquated, now that jet propulsion is here and supersonic speeds are not far off, is a question that will be taken up when the international association, with headquarters in Paris, completes its recovery from the war. But it will take at least a year to get all the member nations together to work out a new set of rules for aircraft speed, whether at high altitude or sea level, using radar and other electric devices to measure and clock the flights over given courses. Therefore, until better rules are made, we cannot claim parenthood of the world's fastest aircraft unless we make those four dashes over the three-kilometer course and come up with an average figure greater than six-o-six.

The world record for nonstop distance flight, equal in importance and prestige to the maximum speed mark, but not as glamorous, was recovered from England by an Army B-29 on November 19th when it landed at Washington National Airport after a flight from Guam of 8,198 miles. It exceeded by 1,040 miles the flight of two British planes in November, 1938, from Egypt to Australia. America also holds the record for altitude—72,394 feet, made by Army Captains Orvil A. Anderson and Albert W. Stevens on November 11, 1935, in a balloon in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

THE END



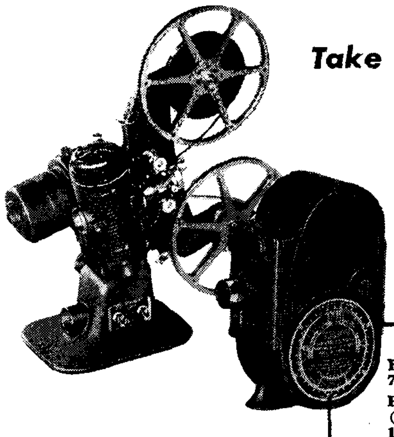
SHE'S very young and very beautiful . . . a sweetheart you want to remember always. But time ticks on, your happy youngster grows . . . and memories dim . . . so quickly.

Capture these precious, fleeting "sweetheart days" in Filmo home movies! Then you can *see* them in fond remembrance again and again.

For making fine home movies easily, there is no substitute for a Filmo, the camera precision-built by the makers of Hollywood's professional equipment. With your Filmo you just sight, press a button, and *what you see, you get*—in true-to-life color or in sparkling black-and-white. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London.

Take This First Step Today!

See your Bell & Howell dealer . . . or send the coupon for complete information on the new, improved Filmo Cameras and Projectors. Ask for information, too, on the thousands of films you can rent or buy from the Filmosound Library, to supplement your own home movies.



See This New Home Movie Equipment at Your Dealer's

The improved Filmo Sportster (*above right*), the 8mm all-purpose movie camera. *Above left*—Filmo-Master 400 shows 400-ft. 8mm reels. See them at your B&H dealer's now!

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY
7102 McCormick Road, Chicago 45
Please send information on Filmo ( ) 8mm ( ) 16mm Movie Cameras; ( ) 8mm ( ) 16mm Silent Projectors; ( ) 16mm Filmosound Projector; ( ) Filmosound Library.

Name..

Address..

City..............................State.......

C-1-12-46

OPTI-ONICS—products combining the sciences of OPTIcs • electrONIcs • mechanICS

PRECISION-MADE BY Bell & Howell

SINCE 1907 THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PRECISION EQUIPMENT FOR THE MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS OF HOLLYWOOD AND THE WORLD

Boy Wonder

Continued from page 21

Subsequently he worked on farms, in coal mines and lumber camps. In 1927 he was so destitute in Eugene, Oregon, that he drank a bottle of milk from a doorstep, but a few weeks later was running a sports shop on the South Oregon Normal College campus. Smith's colossal audacity first appeared at this stage when, after reading a book on golf, he shot his first round with a score of 128, and then started giving lessons in the game.

He appeared next in San Francisco as an office boy in the stock and bond office of Nion Tucker, earning $55 a month.

Smith later graduated to an investment firm, and at 21 was made manager of the New York office at $6,000 a year. The office was closed at Smith's suggestion in 1931, and he hurried back to San Francisco with a newspaper career in mind. Then, as now, the Chronicle was owned by Mike DeYoung's four daughters, known to the Chronicle employees as "The Family." One of them was Mrs. George Cameron, wife of the Chronicle's publisher; another was Mrs. Nion Tucker, wife of Paul's first boss. Thus Smith had an entree, and in the fall of 1931 he went on the pay roll as an assistant financial editor.

Smith's debut had none of the firecracker pops characteristic of his new projects nowadays, and only a few hirelings in the financial department got a preview of his remarkable *modus operandi.* Smith was sent to cover a bankers' convention at swank Del Monte and confounded the staid, blue serge money men by arriving in a snappy light-colored suit. At cool Del Monte this hot-weather raiment is rare, and the diminutive Smith loomed up like the rabbit on a dog track. Indeed, Smith soon "took over" the convention, held conferences and dominated committees.

Differences of Opinion

Unhappily, the Chronicle's financial editor wasn't sold on the performance, and shortly there were disagreements which led to Smith's resignation. He went to Europe and freelanced for two years.

Then, when the financial editor died, the redheaded prodigal returned to fill the vacancy and has been a newspaperman ever since.

Smith's first brain children made their precocious appearance about the time of the national bank crisis. In a Republican paper, Smith's critiques had the virtue of being anti-Roosevelt, and he made some startling proposals on the United States monetary system. At least one Chronicle reader was impressed —the gentleman who had just moved out of the White House.

Hoover buttonholed George Cameron and flourished Smith's columns.

"This is exactly what I think," he said. "I've been trying to put these ideas into words for years. I would like to have Mr. Smith work for me some day."

Cameron was pleased, but when the ex-President made a definite bid for Smith's permanent services, Cameron countered by appointing his protégé executive editor of the Chronicle. Thus, still at the weaning stage by big business standards, Paul Clifford Smith set a new record in the newspaper big time.

Smith first bucked the conservative pressure during the water-front strike in 1936 when, seeing Harry Bridges as a Little Eva in disguise, Smith was convinced the longshoremen were being unjustly shoved around. Employer interests were understandably shocked at the Chronicle's new whiskers. When at last they threatened to cancel lush advertising contracts, Smith pecked out an exposé of the boycott and splashed it on the front page. The San Francisco Opera was opening that same night, and Smith, in tails and top hat, appeared in the DeYoung family box with the special edition under his arm.

"There it is, Uncle George," he said. "It's on the streets right now."

Uncle George Cameron gulped. But he supported his daring young man, and the boycott was broken.

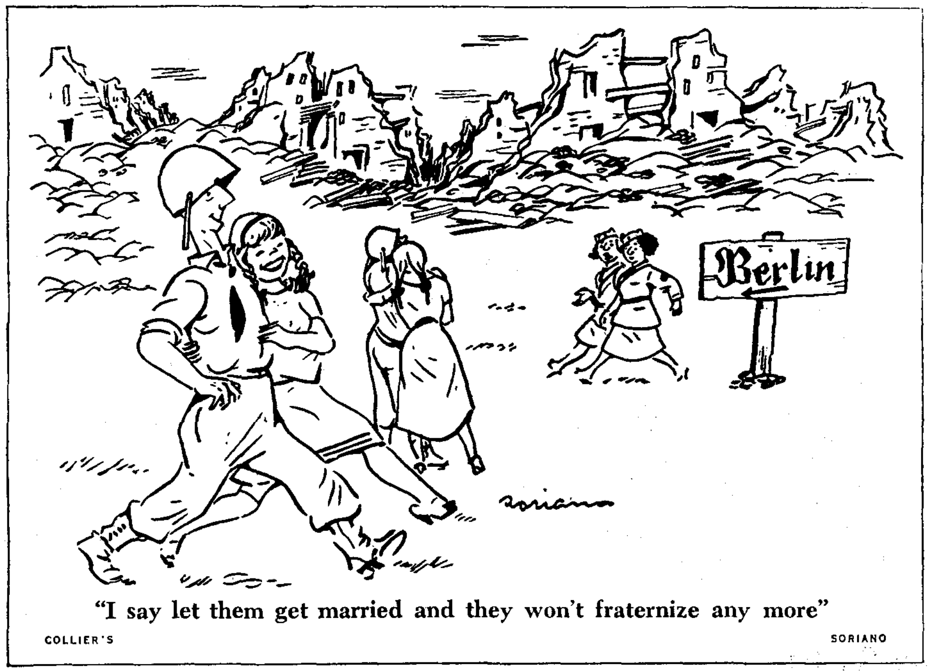
Again, when the bloody lettuce strike broke out at Salinas, the so-called "nation's salad bowl," Smith burned out a bearing when reporters told him the strikers were getting a raw deal. He printed stories by his staff man, Stan Bailey, asserting that tear gas was being used on women and children, and that "deputies" battling the strikers were sluggers recruited from freight trains and hobo jungles. Finally, when farmer mobs talked of lynching Bailey, Paul Smith, and other Chronicle men, the county sheriff "arrested" Bailey and locked him in a hotel room.

Smith chartered a plane, flew to Salinas at midnight and smuggled Bailey out of town.

The following morning, under the chill gaze of armed vigilantes and griping farmers, Smith strutted up and down the main street of Salinas and talked to leaders of both factions. He returned to San Francisco and wrote a scorching series of articles called, It Did Happen Here, and the Chronicle has been anathema to the powerful Monterey County interests ever since.

At this early stage Smith appeared committed to a prolabor policy.

But an appraisal of subsequent events indicates that the honeymoon is over. A transcript of Chronicle staff meetings when the American Newspaper Guild was negotiating a new contract shows the following answers from Smith:



"I say let them get married and they won't fraternize any more"

COLLIER'S SORIANO

On a Guild shop: "My attitude is that there will be no Guild shop on the San Francisco Chronicle. I cannot and will not accede to a Guild shop in this newspaper."

On dismissal pay: "This is the clause that grants severance pay which mounts until, after ten years or so, you can come down and take away the building."

On severance pay being payable to the heirs of an employee who dies: "I will accept this clause if I can dictate the date on which an employee shall die."

Smith lost out on all these points when the contracts were finally signed between the Guild and five San Francisco Bay region publishers.

During this same year, Smith told striking culinary workers that their protests were "a bum beef," and that he personally "experienced a deep disgust." Union leaders promptly sent Smith an open letter which he printed: "We are outweighed, Mr. Smith, by money—lots of it—that stuff the newspapers jump through hoops for." On another occasion, seeing 100 pickets in front of the Manx Hotel, Smith rushed to the Chronicle and banged out an editorial in which he said: "Ladies and gentlemen of the labor movement, get wise to yourselves, or history will explain that you asked for it."

In 1938, however, Smith stepped into the deadlocked warehousemen's strike as arbitrator and bullied both sides into an agreement which was sound and is still in effect.

When Wendell Willkie was campaigning in 1940, Smith was aboard the special train. Willkie's managers had been wooing John L. Lewis for weeks, and finally the United Mine Workers leader said:

"You've got a young fellow on your train I'll talk to—name of Smith."

Smith hurriedly boarded a plane, flew to Washington, and spent eleven hours with Lewis. At the end of this marathon, says Smith, Lewis agreed to swing his United Mine Workers in line for Willkie, and so announced in a memorable radio address.

"When I got back to the train," Smith adds earnestly, "they all gave me their plaudits. I was surprised."

Smith makes these comments with what appears to be a wide-eyed naïveté, but even his most fervent followers admit there is a gargantuan ego behind the boyish front. The feeling that Smith and the Chronicle are being swept irresistibly to some higher destiny is strong in the paper's editorial rooms.

It is no secret that the staff is divided. The antis will tell you the Chronicle is run like a house organ for a journalism school and that the city room is crawling with Smith spies. They allege the Chronicle lost money under Smith until war broke out, and that he recently appointed a managing editor who never covered or wrote a story. The pro-Smiths, who seem to be in the minority when noses are counted, are equally articulate.

They claim the old Chronicle was as exciting as a prayer meeting in the old ladies' home, clinging to the glories of the gaslight era. Smith, they say, breathed life into it, streamlined the paper, dressed it up in new type, added a weekly digest and comment magazine, insisted on a liberal policy and chased the termites out of the circulation department.

Actually, the personality and impact of Smith overshadow any practical appraisals of the newspaper. It is as though only Smith were important, and the Chronicle is merely the mirror for the melodrama of an unique young man.

Ironically, Smith's snow man, which might or might not stand up in a big thaw, was made possible by the one man who could break him—Publisher George Cameron.

Cameron, long a Republican National Committeeman and the voice of the party in San Francisco, was entrusted with the management of the paper in Mike DeYoung's will, and for years ran it with the benevolence and sentimentality of a Daddy Warbucks. The Chronicle was never a great moneymaker, and Cameron kept both eyes on the take to assure the four DeYoung daughters a reasonable income.

Independently wealthy through his cement business, Cameron was never inoculated with the romance of newspapering. Having no children of his own, he developed a deep affection for Smith and indulged his whims and pyrotechnics. Not so long ago, at a banquet for Stanton Delaplane, Chronicle Pulitzer Prize winner, Cameron introduced Smith with a shy and sad little smile and said, "This is my illegitimate nephew."

Consciously or not, Smith has done all right through his quasi-family relationship with Cameron.

He runs the Chronicle with what critics have said is ruthless control. During the war, he had a bias against local news, and violently defended the paper's lopsided foreign coverage. Smith's personal journalistic ideas are expensive, and he has spent thousands of dollars sending Chronicle men to points as distant as Venezuela on stories ordinarily handled by the wire services.

Smith himself is a walking travel bureau, and is frequently out of town surveying conditions in other cities and states. Periodically, in line with his "young blood" theory, Smith has picked up packages of plasma at Eastern colleges and shipped them, directly or indirectly, to California. More than once, ruddy young men have wandered awkwardly into the city room, saying, "Paul sent me," and have been put to work forthwith.

Smith says some of these stories are apocryphal but they are often repeated. One such story is that while Smith was in the East, one of these starry-eyed characters appeared with battered suitcase in hand. "I met Paul and—"

"Oh, sure," the city editor said absently. "Take that empty desk."

The young man sat down, staring blankly at the typewriter. Two weeks later, after he had been switched from job to job, the city editor barged into Smith's offices. "I can't stand this guy any longer," he said. "I don't care how many Phi Beta keys he's got. There's nothing in his skull but a vacuum."

"Why don't you fire him?" Smith said blandly.

"Fire him?" the editor sputtered. "I thought he was one of your chocolate drops."

"Hell, no!" Smith said. "I didn't hire him. He said he came in to see me, and you insisted on putting him to work."

Paul's Peerless Picks

Although the phrase "Paul sent me" eventually became a virulent gag, even the anti-Smiths confess that most of Paul's Peerless Picks developed unusual talent and fully justified their pay checks.

Smith maintains an overtime schedule when he's in town, and there is a steady leakage of adrenalin under his office door which crystallizes into one pep meeting after another. He runs—not walks—and his har heels click with such precision that nigh rewrite men have heard him coming two blocks away, and thus had time to hide the poker deck in the city editor's desk. Smith talks in spasms, like a Dow-Jones ticker, and the perpetual cigarette in his hand punctuates these bulletins with little puffs of smoke. He is a chain smoker, consuming three to four packs a day, tapping each one on a silver case that snaps shut with a sound like a sore alligator.

For a while Smith had an ubiquitous bodyguard, an ex-pug named Benny Barrish who has since melted away. "There was a time when a lot of people had it in for me," Smith says, "and Benny was a nice loyal little guy."

To many non-San Franciscans, Paul Smith is better known for the chromatic aspects of his personal and home life. He lives in a building fastened to a rocky crag on Telegraph Hill, overlooking the water front, and his apartment is about as quiet as a burlesque show in a police raid. Many years ago, sipping wisdom from the late Lincoln Steffens Smith was advised to surround himself with people and squeeze them for the juice of life.

Smith never forgot that. He feels he has a knack for getting along with people and he uses them as a backboard to bounce ideas on. He enjoys seeing what happens when you mix up varieties of people with some sort of amalgam.

Smith's gay parties fall into two categories: the Sunday morning breakfasts, usually confined to hand-picked members of the staff, with some celebrity as Exhibit A; and the soirées, which are full-panoplied affairs for visiting firemen of note. Smith's acquaintance is wide and in the prewar years, actors, authors, statesmen and other distinguished citizens checking into their hotels were apt to find notes from him inviting them to dinner.

In some cases, of course, a Smith R.S.V.P. was a summons not to be ignored, column inches being worth what they are. Also Smith's bouncing backboard technique was always likely to produce good clean froth and fun, with plenty of fluids to soothe cu

TIRES made with RAYON CORD keep them Safer!

LIKE SHATTER-PROOF GLASS

LIKE ALL-STEEL TOPS

tires made with rayon cord stand out today as a great milestone in motoring safety. They'll soon be rolling beneath America's cars in greater and greater numbers.

Proved safer by Army tests, rayon cord tires were demanded by the Army early in the war . . . demanded for bombers, trucks, jeeps, mobile guns, fighter planes.

Many million rayon cord military tires have since proved the Army right. So have countless million miles of war-necessary service of bus and truck companies.

Now, tire makers are preparing to put *all* America on rayon cord tires because they're *safer, more economical on gasoline, longer lasting* and *smoother riding.*

Research engineers at American Viscose Corporation, working with the Government and tire manufacturers, helped develop these special rayon tire cords.

We are proud of our part in raising another great milestone on the road to greater motoring safety.

Why the Army Used Rayon Cord Tires

Rayon cord makes tires stronger, safer, lighter. Rayon is made in continuous filaments, of uniform diameter and strength. Higher tensile strength permits thinner sidewalls, reducing rubber-harming friction heat. Rayon retains more tensile strength at high running temperatures and withstands almost infinite flexing. (Source: Hearings before a Special Committee Investigating the National Defense Program. United States Senate—Seventy-Eighth Congress, First and Second Sessions.)

More Safety—Less Operating Cost

Bus and truck companies report that less friction heat, higher tensile strength, and greater uniformity of rayon tire cords mean more safety at high running speeds. Rayon cord tires give longer life, greater mileage . . . reduce impact failures, blowouts, road delays, tire renewals.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

America's largest producer of rayon tire cord, yarn and staple fiber

Offices: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Charlotte, N. C.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R. I.; Washington, D. C.; Wilmington, Del.

FOOLISH to Neglect Sniffles, Sneezes of Head Colds!

DOUBLE-DUTY NOSE DROPS Now Helping Millions!

A bottle of Vicks Va-tro-nol is mighty handy to have around the house when you catch a head cold because it is a double-duty nose drops that works fast *right where trouble is . . .*

Quickly Relieves sneezy, sniffly, stuffy distress of head colds. Makes breathing easier.

Helps Prevent many colds from developing if used at the first warning sniffle or sneeze.

This Double-Duty Nose Drops should save you much misery. Works fine! You'll like it! Follow directions in the package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing, help loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its famous poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep. **VICKS VAPORUB**

throats and tender skins. One of Smith's melees mixed up Harry Bridges, Gypsy Rose Lee, and Dorothy Parker in a discussion of social economics.

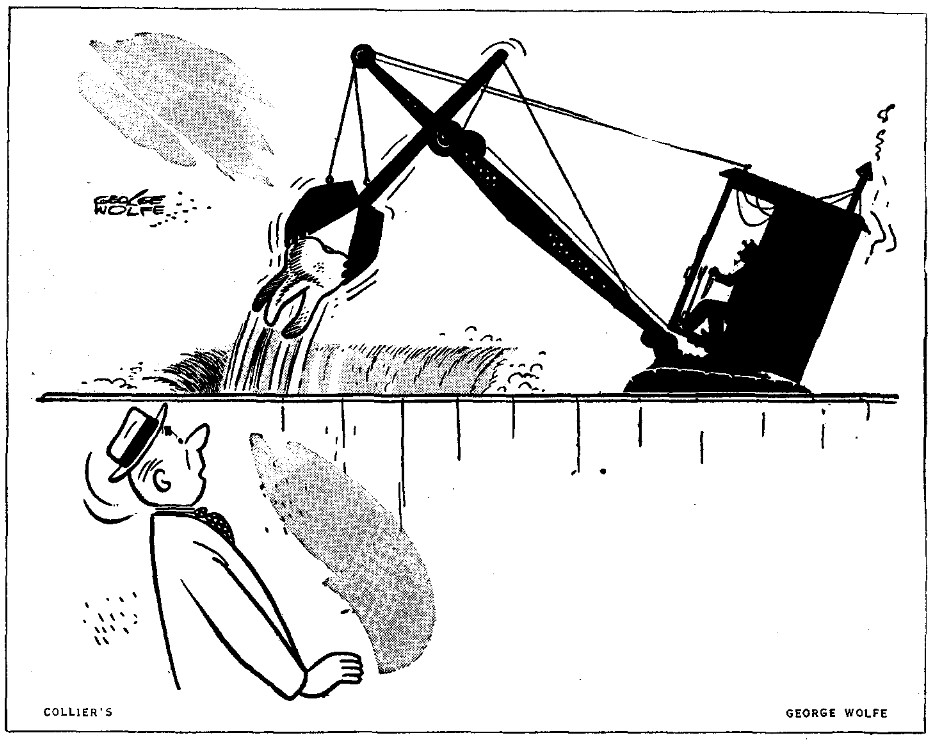
Secretary of the Interior Ickes arrived at a Smith soirée one evening to find that his fellow dinner guests were Attorney Bartley Crum and members of the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission with whom he had been fighting bitterly for months. At 9 P.M., Crum departed hurriedly.

"He's going on the air at nine-thirty," Smith said to Ickes. "And he's going to attack you."

Ickes looked startled, but he sat by the radio and listened intently while Crum diced and fried him in hot oil. Finally, at the sign-off, Ickes grinned at Smith.

"Send your friend to me," he said, "if you want him to take lessons in effective invective."

Wendell Willkie, Herbert Hoover, Alexander Woollcott, Congresswoman Clare Booth Luce, Publisher Henry Luce, Roy Howard, Elsa Maxwell, Carl Sandburg, Lucius Beebe and many another noted American have been whizzed up the hill to the Smith laboratories and scientifically milked in the Smith manner for advice, ideas, and *bons mots* in general.



COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Host to Conviviality

Smith is a lavish host, and the neighborhood tradesmen have been called at night more than once to rush extra cases of Scotch to his home. Smith himself prefers modest slugs of Scotch to any other form of grog, abhors cocktails, and has never been known to fall on his face or even wobble slightly. He likes being a solid bachelor and has brusquely disposed of incipient romances many times. He has been reported engaged to Gertrude Lawrence, whom he calls "Scoop"; to Eve Curie, whom he admires; and to a cluster of debutantes and San Francisco society girls whose eager mothers have used everything short of shotguns in vain.

The Sunday morning breakfasts, which continued until Smith went to war, usually started at 11 A.M. with bacon and eggs as the key dish, followed by the inevitable Scotch. Those who have attended court report that there were always from ten to forty people present, with most of them sitting on the floor in a ring around Smith. There was usually an honor guest, and a sprinkling of Chronicle executives. The Sunday morning breakfasts did not have the glitter and starch of the evening affairs, but in some ways were more significant.

Some Chronicle men insist that Smith's distillations were shop-tested at the breakfasts, with the "young blood" serving as combined guinea pigs and audience. This feeling is so persistent, they say, that editors and subeditors automatically headed for the office bulletin board Monday mornings to see what next week's policy would be.

Smith's predilection for luxury has left him in financial difficulties more than once, and his $25,000 annual salary dribbled through his hands. He used to purchase an expensive convertible once a year, and maintained a princely wardrobe of clothes meticulously tailored to his small figure. His generosities have been on the flamboyant side, such as the time he encountered a panhandler on Telegraph Hill during a hard, cold rain. "Mister," the bum said to Smith, "I haven't eaten all day and I've got no place to sleep."

Smith peeled off his new $150 overcoat. "Here, take this," he said. "You can hock it."

Smith was always prodigal with cash tips for servants, mechanics, drivers and others in his retinue, and signed notes for at least one dipsomaniac reporter for whom he had a sentimental attachment.

All this came to a temporary and sudden end on Pearl Harbor Day, and Smith took off like a P-38.

One year before the European war Smith had gone to Europe with Herbert Hoover and while in this distinguished company, he met Goering, Schuschnigg, Eden, King Leopold, Benes and other leaders. He came home to predict that Hitler would probably not invade Czechoslovakia at least not for some time to come, that Mussolini did not want war and that Hitler would not risk military disaster. Early in 1941, unabashed by the turn of events, Smith went to England and sampled the blitz.

He came home roaring and blazing like a burning oil well, urging immediate United States participation in the war. He rushed all over San Francisco making literally scores of fiery speeches, all of which began: "I am a warmonger." He went to Washington and made a network broadcast accusing Senator Wheeler, Colonel Lindbergh, Senator Nye and William Randolph Hearst of being "emotional supporters of Hitler."

In the summer of 1941 he was appointed a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, and on December 7th he flew to Washington to head the Navy press section under Admiral Hepburn. The Chronicle duly recorded this event, and also told its readers in a United Press dispatch that Smith rented a house owned by Mrs. Lionel Atwill, ex-wife of General MacArthur. Unfortunately, the dispatch added, Smith had only been installed there two hours when some villain stole his smart new uniform and his service revolver.

Wanted a Ship—Given a Desk

He tried vainly to get sea duty, and fumed under Navy red tape, refusing, for example, to answer departmental memos oftener than once a week. In August, 1942, by agreement, he went on inactive duty. He then moved over to the Office of War Information as chief of the domestic news bureau, and again tilted with bureaucracy. Regional directors were occasionally galvanized with teletype exhortations from Smith, and presently were called to Washington to meet him.

When they reached the capital, Smith invited them to attend a dinner at the Carlton Hotel. This affair, which featured informal talks by Davis, Archibald MacLeish, Milton Eisenhower and other OWI executives, cost Smith $369.55. The following day Columnist John O'Donnell of the New York Daily News printed the entire dinner menu, sarcastically translated into French, named MacLeish as the host, and drew a cynical comparison between this fine fare and the food being served to the poor taxpayers. Smith, who had been friendly with O'Donnell up to that point, read the column in a fury and wrote a scorching 800-word letter to the columnist.

Smith endured OWI for two months, then announced his resignation with a coast-to-coast teletype adieu in which he told his men: "I am shoving off for a while. You are a fine bunch and a potentially fine team. Were I to presume to leave any advice behind, it would be simply: Tighten up the team and carry on."

Exit Smith, OWI executive and Navy lieutenant commander. Enter Smith, Marine private.

J.T. BANGS ATTY.
REA

"I'm afraid that if you will consult any good dictionary, Miss Furness, you will find that these letters aren't nearly as impassioned as you think they are"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

HEADACHE? TAKE A TIP FROM ME

TRY "BC"

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS

10¢ AND 25¢

CAUTION: USE ONLY AS DIRECTED

HEADACHE? TAKE A TIP FROM ME

In November, Smith appeared in a Marines recruiting office where the sergeant on duty said, as recorded in a syndicated column in the Chronicle, "Oh, yeah! Paul Smith. Say, Smith, do you think you could do for the Marines what Hargrove has done for the Army?"

Smith's answer does not appear for posterity, but he was sworn into the Marine Corps by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox on November 2d, in Knox's office at Washington. Photographs and newsreels immortalized this event and showed Knox congratulating Smith. This mysterious transition in Smith's career was received with mingled feelings at the Chronicle, where the pro-Smiths said their man had strong convictions about the war and was eager to fight for his convictions.

In Chicago, Colonel McCormick reacted with jaundice and published a Tribune editorial entitled, Slacker's Reform. Smith admits the blow hurt, and said he "cooled off" for six months before writing an answer to Colonel McCormick.

"After all," Smith explains, "you don't go out and get shot just to get publicity."

The publicity accorded Smith's entry into the Marines singled him out for special treatment at the Parris Island boot camp. He lost twenty pounds and was laid up in the hospital for some time. He took the hazing without a squawk, was accepted for officers' training school, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in October, 1943.

Shipped overseas, Smith participated in the Bougainville campaign, spent five months at Guadalcanal and was in the first assault wave at the Guam invasion. He was one of three officers in his battalion who were neither killed nor wounded, and he personally knocked off his quota of Japanese soldiers. Indeed, his impressions were so vivid that on one leave to San Francisco, Smith described his views of the war for Chronicle employees on five different occasions. One of these speeches, augmented by a big map which he pinned up and thereafter forgot, lasted five solid hours.

During the 27 months he spent in the Marine Corps, Smith retained control of Chronicle policies and operation.

His managing editor moved to San Diego while Smith was stationed there, and remained three weeks. He was in constant communication with his editors from all his overseas stations, and received confidential reports from them daily. Letters from Smith were retyped by his secretary, Dorothy McCarthy, and distributed to executives whose names were on an accompanying list. Periodically Miss McCarthy walked silently through the Chronicle offices and distributed air mail envelopes stamped and addressed to Smith overseas, with the result that he probably had more mail than the generals.

Smith himself said casually that one day, in the same mail, he received a letter from Wendell Willkie complaining that there was a plot against him, and one from Herbert Hoover saying there was no plot against Willkie.

The Cinderella climax to Smith's wartime career came late in 1944 when he was literally jerked out of a foxhole and flown into Washington on orders from Secretary of the Navy Forrestal. There, to the open-mouthed befuddlement of old-time Navy men, the Marine lieutenant was given three stripes and appointed a Navy commander.

Chronicle men read the news with raised eyebrows and to this day do not know how he got the glass slipper. Nor does anyone else. Smith suggested that, because of his previous Navy public relations experience, he was needed at the time the Navy altered its press policies in the Pacific. In any case, Smith was shipped out to the battle zone and was on duty under Admirals Nimitz, Mitscher and Turner at Iwo and Okinawa until May 23d of last year. He returned to San Francisco by plane, was assigned to the Western Sea Frontier for a while, then went back to sea as a member of Admiral Turner's staff.

Late in August, en route to Japan with occupation forces, Smith was awarded the Bronze Star by Admiral Turner for his "meritorious services in public information phases of the operation." Meanwhile, before rejoining Turner's fleet, Smith kept office hours at the Chronicle, working on his postwar plans.

Smith was dicharged from the Navy in November. When last heard from he was busier than the stick man in a crap game—quieting enthusiastic friends who want him to aim for the White House, perfecting circulation and news ideas to beat the Hearst competition, criticizing newspaper wartime ethics and worrying about the West's economic future.

Repair Job Necessary

"But I have a whole new conception about the dissemination of news," he says. "The ethics of the press need serious overhauling. They have been inadequate during the war in the handling of war news. There have been few newspaper heroes in the field, and too many beating their chests about the power of the press. I'm a sinner, too.

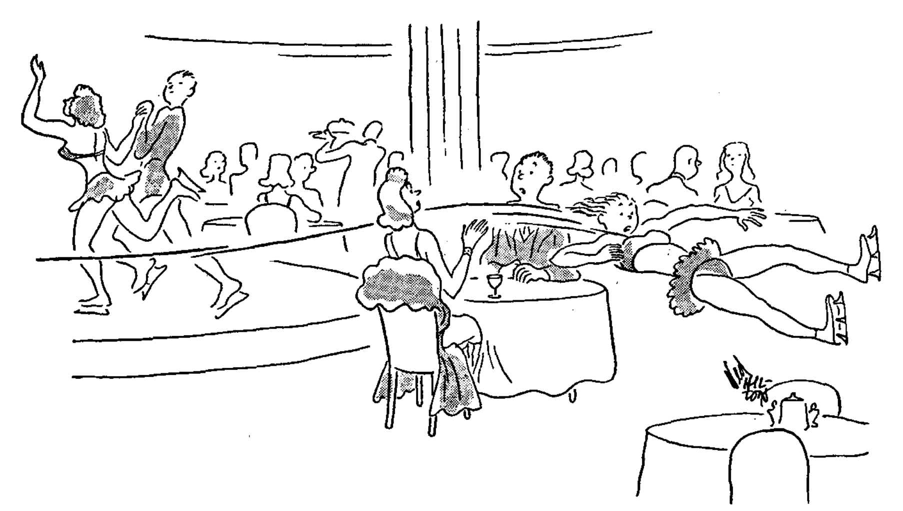
"I would like to publish a newspaper that would face the responsibility of analyzing the news and meeting issues squarely on the editorial page. Radio should have a part in this, too; and films and weekly papers. I am trying to have the Chronicle build up a global point of view, intellectually as well as emotionally.

"I'd like to have a hand, for instance," Smith suggests simply, "in the business of increasing by twenty cents a day the standard of living of all the peoples around the Pacific, and I believe in our own country and will do my level best to have a say in the future of our country."

Smith also believes in Smith, and he has plenty of support. The trend was inadvertently revealed by the Chronicle's managing editor one day when a hapless reporter suggested the paper should run a front-page editorial of friendly challenge and support to Mayor Roger Lapham of San Francisco.

"Lapham?" the editor said in a shocked tone. "You should realize we aren't going to build up anybody until the Chief gets back. This will be a veterans' town. The Chief will be a veteran, and he can do what he wants to do. But until then we boost nobody."

THE END



"Miss Matterson—Martha—isn't there some place where we can be alone?"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

TRAVEL WITH

TRAV-LER

ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPH

Roll up those rugs! Here comes Trav-ler Electric Phonograph... for your dancing and listening pleasure. Lightweight, portable, efficient, with power to spare... and what tone! See and hear this new Trav-ler now at leading department, music, radio and appliance stores.

TRAV-LER DE LUXE MODEL No. 7003
Features specially designed built-in Power Amplifier, Variable Tone Control, large six-inch Speaker, Crystal Pick-up; operates 110-125 volts, 60 cycles AC. Covered with handsome two-tone simulated rawhide leather. Plays 10 and 12 inch records with lid closed. O. P. A. Ceiling Price, Inc. Fed. Tax, only $31.85*

**Slightly higher west of Rockies*

For Name of Your Nearest Trav-ler Dealer Write Dept. C

TRAV-LER KARENOLA RADIO & TELEVISION CORP. • CHICAGO 6, ILL.

Too bad she can't wear FORMALS But you know she has—

PSORIASIS

Many attractive women — whom Formal Gowns will make even more lovely—must forego such attire because of disfiguring psoriasis blemishes. Is this *your* problem? If so—try *SIROIL*. It may alter the picture for *you* as it has for thousands of others. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

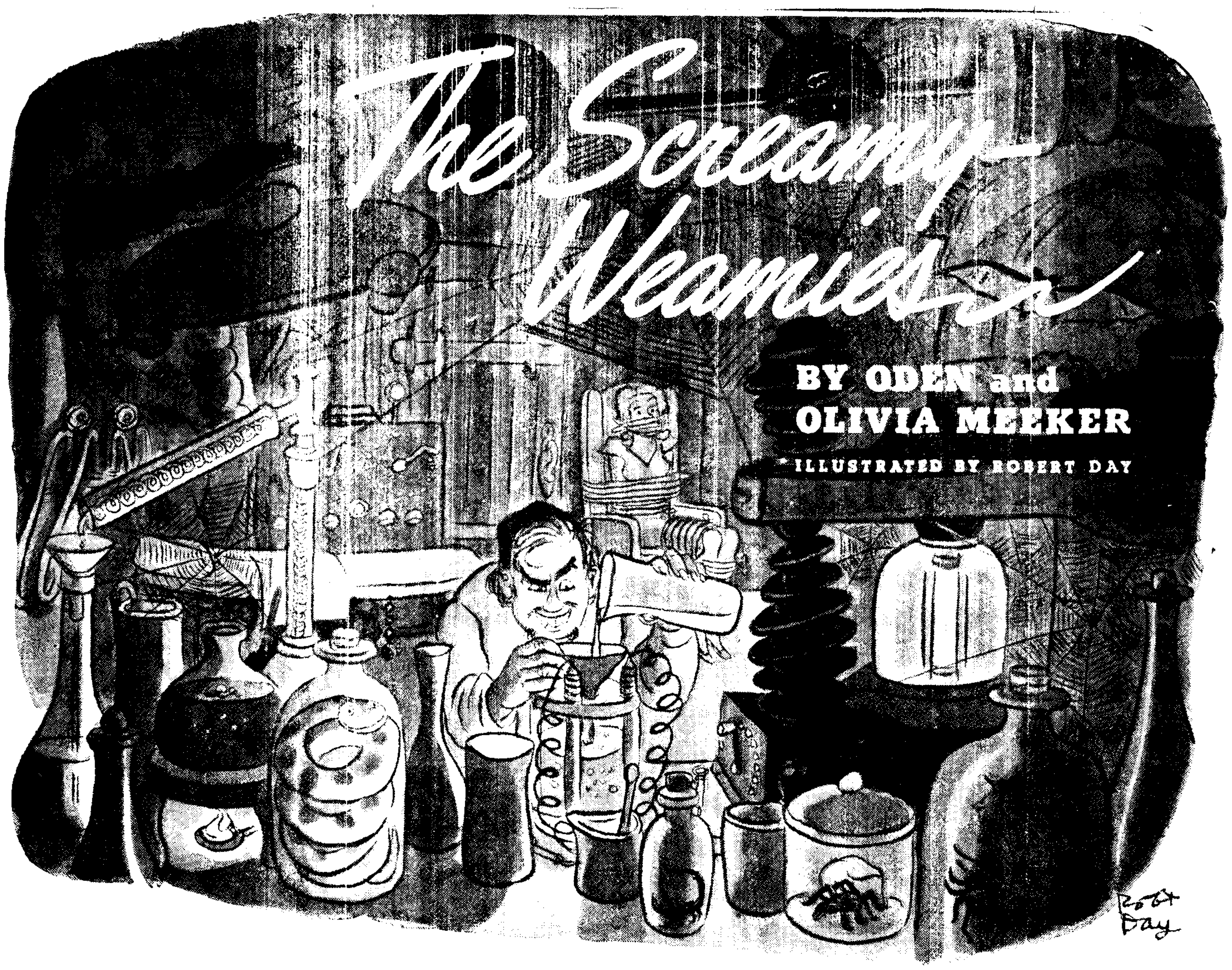
Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. C-46, Detroit 26, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY______ZONE____STATE____

The Screamy Weamies

BY ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DAY

The horror-film studio hired women to faint at the opening of the movie of Dracula. But the publicity agents were pleased to see that more bodies were carried out than they had paid for



"Hollywood madmen are surrounded by equipment that runs into the zillions"

"WHEN the first horror films were made at the bottom of the depression, the producers were horrified at what they'd done," said Mr. Eustace, a mild-mannered gentleman who publicizes assorted horrors for Universal Pictures.

For fifteen years now the studio has been ministering to the American public's apparently insatiable appetite for ghouls, werewolves, zombies, vampires and mad scientists.

"They figured people had enough real troubles on their minds without any imaginary ones," Mr. Eustace went on. "So they got out a lot of advertising that had nothing to do with the picture—like Colonel Blimp, billed as The Man Who Fought to the Death for the Woman He Loved. We started hailing Dracula as The Strangest Love a Man Has Ever Known! The man who got us out of that rut was Andrew J. Sharick. He threw the book away."

Without a quiver, Universal's Mr. Sharick began to promote horror as horror. When Dracula and Frankenstein were released in 1931, he bet his reputation and his job on the theory that the American movie-going public likes to be given the business. All earlier publicity plans were scrapped.

"Dracula opened in Cleveland," said Mr. Sharick. "We sold that picture with all the horror we could put on it. We had an ambulance in front of the theater. We had the house full of girls in hospital uniforms, and signs saying: See the Doctor—Nurses in Attendance. In the papers we ran ads made to look like tombstones, daring people to see the picture and warning people with weak hearts to see their doctors first. We hired women to faint. The funny thing was, we got as many real ones as plants. People lined up in the lobby could see the limp bodies of the patrons being carried out. Pretty soon they were fainting themselves.

"But," Mr. Sharick continued proudly, "Frankenstein was where we really turned on the horror. Fortified with our Dracula experience, we gave it everything we had. We sat down and mapped out a strictly horror campaign: leather badges to the customers for courage, faint routine, gravestone motifs in the advertising. We got thirteen real faints in one afternoon.

"When the picture was playing the State-Lake in Chicago, we put an actor on the street as the Frankenstein monster, reproduced exactly, with the bolts sticking out. We did a beautiful green and purple paint job on his face with a spray gun. Jack Kelley was the actor. He was supposed to work when his wife walking behind him pulled a string attached to his buzzer. You could hear the wheels turning inside. One lady turned the corner, saw him, fell down and sued the theater. I rented him out all over the territory. That was a beautiful job.

"By that time, things really began to drip. We invited people to sit through the picture at midnight. We got a boy and a girl student from the University of Chicago in there before breakfast and hitched up their pulses to a lie detector. It made the front page on the Chicago Daily News. We paid a babe to sit all night in a cemetery after seeing the picture, and then recount her experiences.

"Actually, we had the public pretty well promoted by the time they walked in the theater. Then we flicked on the lights and had people run across the stage screaming. We created all the pandemonium we could. The picture had to be good to back it up. When the monster came to life in the first one, you could see his hands starting to move. It was a sensation.

"Then we introduced The Mummy at the Mayfair in New York. We had a real mummy in a sarcophagus in the lobby, and a mike inside the mummy's wrappings. People could walk in off the street and ask the mummy questions. They were answered by a girl we had there behind a two-way mirror."

Any mad doctor in a horror film is a bear for work. Nothing stops him. Inevitably, just as the fiend is about to mince the heroine into hamburger, some other player in the film remonstrates: "But, Doctor, you can't do this! It's *too* horrible!"

Whereupon a wild light comes to the doctor's eyes as he grabs his hypodermic.

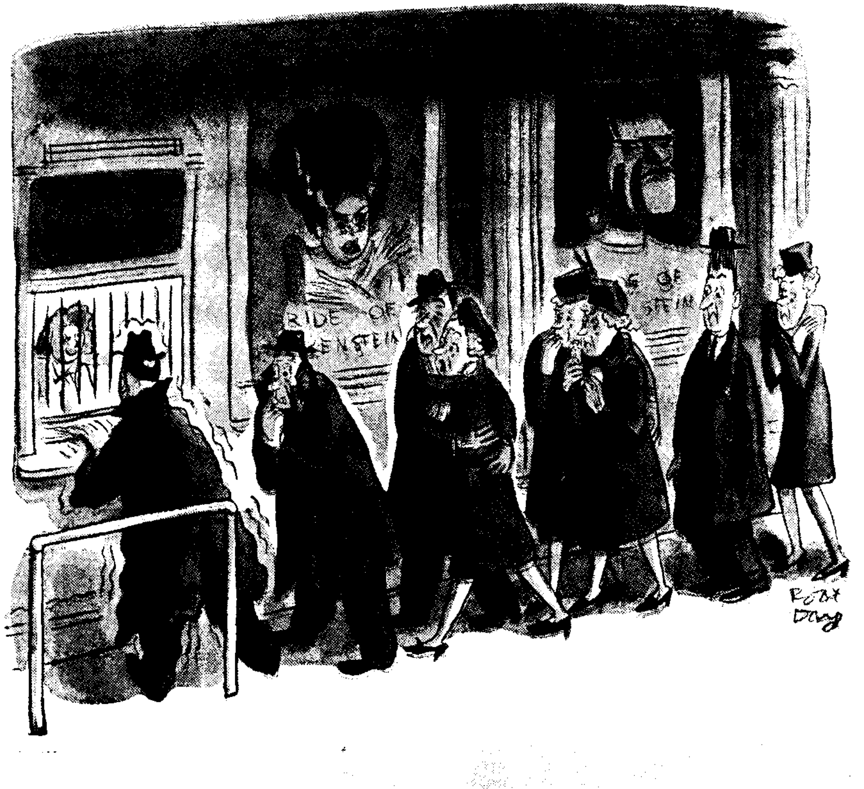
"This," he howls, "is *science!*"

Another curious phenomenon is the apparently inexhaustible supply of ready cash available to demented scientists. Most doctors outside the movies make a modest living, but the Hollywood madmen are surrounded by equipment that runs into the zillions. The front office usually contains a couple of well-articulated skeletons, several skulls, a stuffed bat and several jars full of preserved snakes. When the camera pans to the laboratory itself, it turns out that the man is using everything but a cyclotron and a seismograph.

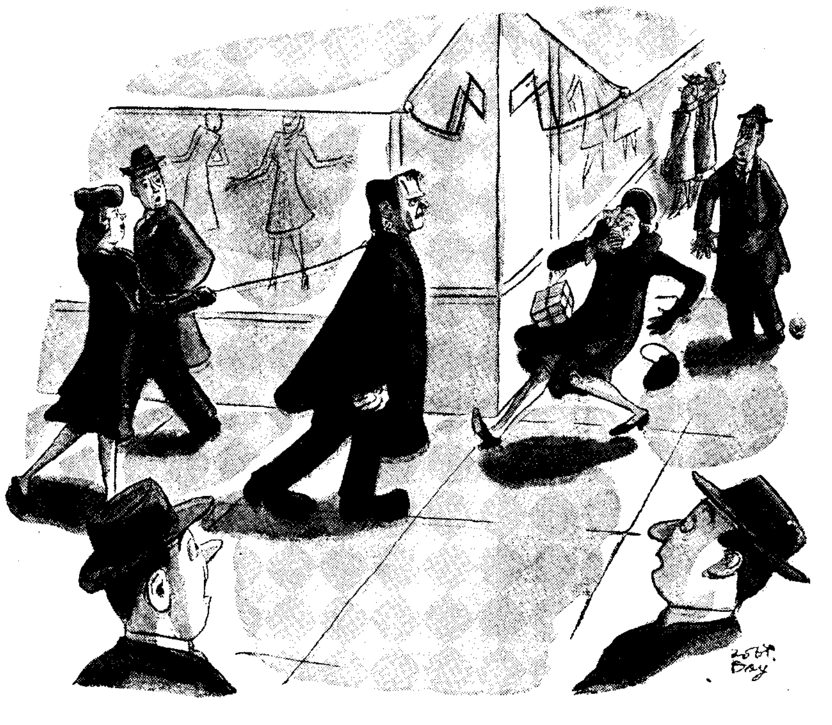
One reasonably average script calls for

(Continued on page 55)

"We had the public pretty well promoted by the time they walked into the theater"



"One lady turned the corner, saw him, fell down and sued the theater"



"Now, thank goodness, we can switch to a silent Servel,"

says Joan Bennett *starring in Walter Wanger's* "SCARLET STREET"

Joan Bennett has been looking forward, like a lot of other folks, to the day when she could replace her noisy old refrigerator with a new one. "It's here," she says, "and this time our family is getting a Servel Gas Refrigerator! Friends who've had their Servels for years never have any noise. And no big repair bills. That's the kind of refrigerator I want." If that's the kind of refrigerator *you* want, too, maybe you'd better look into Servel today. Because . . . it stays silent, lasts longer.

You can't hear a thing! That's because a tiny gas flame does the work in Servel. It circulates the refrigerant that produces cold and ice. There's not a single moving part in the freezing system to cause noise, wear or need fixing.

Stays silent . . . lasts longer

Servel

GAS REFRIGERATOR

Other Servel Products

SERVEL ALL-YEAR GAS AIR CONDITIONER
SERVEL AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER
SERVEL UNIFIED GAS KITCHENS

See the new models today—at your Gas Company. You'll be amazed how roomy they are, how they'll save you hours of shopping time. Look, too, at the ingenious way they're arranged inside. There's just-right temperatures for meats . . . for vegetables . . . for frozen foods. And remember—like the more than two million Servels that fortunate families are enjoying right now, your new Servel will give you also exclusive operating advantages. Permanent silence. Longer service.

For Farm and Country homes, there are models that run on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene. Write for complete details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Indiana, or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King Street, W. Toronto 1, Ontario.

Murder Haunts the Ship

Continued from page 17

knew everything; someone must have had time to tell her, to explain. She came to Marcia and said quickly, "Everything is all right. Your—your friend slipped on the deck and was hurt but not seriously; Major Strong—that's the doctor who was here—took him to the other dispensary to dress his wound; he struck his head against the bulkhead but it is nothing serious. Do you understand?"

"Someone was there—"

"Major Strong said you were not to talk and not to worry. I'm to stay here with you. Are you warm?"

"There by the lifeboats, in the shadow. I heard something move. I felt it—"

"You're not to talk." The young nurse smiled; her face was young and pretty; her eyes were firm. She pulled up the blanket again. "I'm going to sit here by you. Don't talk."

"Who was it?" whispered Marcia, searching the nurse's face for knowledge. But the nurse shook her head; her face was unreadable. And suddenly drowsiness and calm seemed to enter the shining room, with the nurse in her crisp uniform and cap, sitting on the foot of the cot within reach of Marcia's hand. She seemed to Marcia everything that was normal and stanch and American; her very presence denied the nightmare that had reached out of the fog, there on the black curve of the deck.

Murder had been in the lifeboat; not here, thought Marcia drowsily; not here. Her eyes closed heavily against the light.

Actually, of course, she had not yet recovered from the horror and strain of the previous night. Actually she was still unutterably weary with nerves strained and taut. She slept suddenly, like a child, secure again in the presence of the nurse and in the things the nurse had said; Mickey really was all right.

Only it hadn't been an accident.

The nurse must have moved quietly to turn off the ceiling light. When Marcia suddenly aroused, the only light was from a small, green-shaded desk lamp on the table at the opposite side of the room. She was drowsy from the pill the doctor had given her; she had a confused sense of much time having passed. The nurse was beside her saying quietly, "Miss Colfax—Miss Colfax—"

SHE sat up, blinking; there were other people in the room. Captain Svendsen was removing an oilskin that glistened with moisture, Josh Morgan was there, too, still in uniform, and another man also in Army uniform—a tall thin man, forty or so, with a thin face and very intelligent, quick, brown eyes who looked at her sharply and came over to the cot to put his hand on her wrist. He wore a lieutenant colonel's insignia, and the medical caduceus. She had not seen him before but there was an air of authority about him which was instantly recognizable. He said, "Miss Colfax, I am Colonel Wells. I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to see you before; I've been busy." His fingers were delicate and sure on her wrist; his eyes were extraordinarily perceptive and swift; he said, "Pulse seems to be steady enough."

The nurse said, "She's been sleeping, sir." She glanced down at Marcia. "Colonel Wells is our medical commanding officer, Miss Colfax."

Captain Svendsen, his thick white eyebrows glistening with fog, too, sighed, and sat down. Josh Morgan leaned against an examining table; Colonel Wells said quietly, "Miss Colfax, Captain Svendsen wishes you to tell us what happened to you." He looked at the captain. "I think she's able to talk, Captain. She's had a bit of a shock, I imagine, but that's all."

She glanced at Josh Morgan, who was looking at her, soberly, his eyes very intent, yet somehow encouraging.

Captain Svendsen ran his hand over his thick fair hair impatiently. "I've got to get back to the bridge. Now then, Miss Colfax, what happened? Colonel Morgan says he found you on the deck and then found Messac, knocked unconscious. Messac says he slipped and hit his head on the bulkhead. But Colonel Morgan said that you claimed somebody tried to put you overboard. Now then, what exactly do you mean?"

She could still feel the movement of a presence in the shadow near her; she could still hear the rushing of the black water in the wake of the ship, far below.

Colonel Wells, watching her keenly, said, "Take it easy, Miss Colfax."

Obviously there was a skepticism, which was quite natural. So she must keep her voice even; tell them briefly and quietly what had happened.

She tried to do so: she had found André—she remembered to say André—unconscious on deck; she had gone for help and become confused; she had come out on the port side of the deck, opposite the way she had entered, had decided to go back to André, had hurried along the deck, intending to go around it and, just as she entered the shadow around the stern, had been—her voice faltered there and she was aware of a tense and strained silence on the part of the others—had been caught and forced toward the railing.

PERHAPS the break in her voice, as much as her determined self-control, shook their skepticism. There was a short silence while Captain Svendsen frowned at her. The nurse made herself a very quiet but very alert piece of background, the medical commanding officer studied the toes of his shining brown shoes, and Josh Morgan got out cigarettes. Captain Svendsen shook his head at Josh Morgan's offer of cigarettes and said heavily, "Do you mean somebody attacked you? Who was it?"

JANUARY
Clearance Sale!
SALE!
LADIES HANDBAGS
Thurston Gentry

COLLIER'S "Is this one supposed to be full of Christmas bills?" THURSTON GENTRY

"I don't know. I couldn't see anything. It happened so suddenly."

"But that would be a deliberate attempt to murder you."

Put like that, in the slow, hard voice of the captain, it was not conceivable; it could not have happened. Yet it was not conceivable either, that murder had struck in that small, plunging lifeboat, before their eyes and yet unseen. She met Captain Svendsen's cold blue eyes without speaking.

He said, "Who on the ship would want to murder you?"

That, too, came up against a wall of incomprehension. Attempted murder implies a deep and frightful intimacy.

"No one," she said. "No one."

The big blond master of the Magnolia seemed to brood for a moment; Colonel Wells continued to study his boots, and Josh Morgan lighted a cigarette with considerable care and deliberation.

Captain Svendsen said, "See here, Miss Colfax; you may not understand the discipline of our ship. I needn't explain to you the details of the routine; but I cannot believe that any of the ship's staff or personnel, or any of our patients, could have tried to murder you."

"Someone was there—"

"If you please; hear me out. This is a hospital ship; details are important to the care of the men we are bringing home. We have been operating in war zones and we are still operating under the discipline required by that fact; we have not relaxed it in a single instance. So while obviously it is not possible to check on the whereabouts of every person at every minute, yet in this case we can do so at least for a number of people with a fair amount of accuracy. When Major Strong reported this to Colonel Wells, and Colonel Wells naturally informed me, I had the deck searched and I had a quick check made of ship's personnel and wards. As I say, it is impossible to make a complete check of every person on board a ship. But the fact remains that it is extremely unlikely that anyone of the Magnolia should attack you. You do understand this?"

"Yes. Yes, but—"

"In view of the fact that you had a very painful and exhausting experience in the lifeboat, and also that the man, Alfred Castiogne, was murdered, don't you think it possible that you are only nervous and frightened? Perhaps you slipped, perhaps you struck something there on deck. I don't doubt your good faith; but I think it possible that your nerves deceived you. Don't you?"

She shook her head but before she could speak he went on, "You admit that you were frightened when you found Mr. Messac. Don't you think it possible that in the darkness and fog, and in your confusion you actually imagined this attack upon you?"

"No," said Marcia. She thought of the black water so near and so loud it seemed already to beat in her ears and choke her throat. "*No.* There was somebody, Captain. It was—horrible."

AGAIN there was a small, tense silence. Then Captain Svendsen turned to Josh Morgan: "You say you didn't see anybody near her when you found her?"

Josh Morgan took a long breath of smoke. "No . . . of course, it was very dark there—at least it seemed very dark coming out of the lighted portion of the deck; my eyes didn't adjust themselves to the darkness right away. But I only saw Miss Colfax, or rather I only saw that somebody was there, on the deck. I ran to her and picked her up. I thought she'd slipped—the deck is very slippery with the fog—and hurt herself."

"You came from which side of the deck?"

"The port side. I thought I'd have a last cigarette before going to bed."

The medical commanding officer gave him a brief, cool glance: "Of course you're not supposed to be on deck at this hour, Colonel."

"I know that; Colonel."

For an odd fleeting instant their punctiliousness seemed too polite and too formal; then Marcia caught the fractional grin they exchanged. Ranking officers probably conceded certain privileges to one another. Captain Svendsen rubbed his forehead impatiently again. He said, "If anybody had been there, Colonel Morgan, could he have heard you coming along the deck from that direction?"

"I suppose so, sir. Or he could have seen me. I was silhouetted, I imagine, against the lighted portion of the deck. The fog made everything rather hazy."

"But you didn't actually hear or see anybody escape?"

"No, Captain. It's as I said: I only thought somebody had slipped and been hurt. Then I realized it was Miss Colfax and helped her inside. Major Strong took care of her and I went to find Messac. Major Strong joined me and we got Messac to his cabin."

"In all that time did you see anybody else on deck?"

"Nobody."

Captain Svendsen turned back to Marcia, his blue eyes very bright and blue in his broad, weathered face. "If anybody attacked you, Miss Colfax, it seems to me that almost certainly it was one of the people who were in the lifeboat with you. As I say, on a ship it is simply not possible to check on the exact whereabouts at all times of everybody on the ship. Nevertheless I cannot believe that any of the medical staff, any of the nurses, any of the ship's complement, any patient could be involved in this. The trouble began when we brought the Lerida passengers aboard. I am convinced that one of them is responsible for it. You insist someone actually tried to murder you. So which one of the Lerida passengers was it?"

THE light in the room seemed suddenly unbearable and too green; the cabinets and walls and instruments glittered too brightly. Marcia's thoughts touched all the people from the lifeboat—Gili, Daisy Belle, Luther Cates, Mickey—two unknown seamen. None of them could conceivably have wished to murder her.

Yet murder had been done in the wildly pitching lifeboat, in the darkness and confusion, during that battle for life. Again she thought as the captain obviously thought, that they had brought murder with them, an unseen and dreadful companion upon that ship.

But murder cannot exist alone, as an intangible, untetherable presence; it must have physical form.

She said slowly, "None of them could have done it. None of them—"

"Castiogne was murdered," said the captain, watching her.

"But there is no motive for anybody to wish to murder me. There is no one—"

"Yet you say it happened."

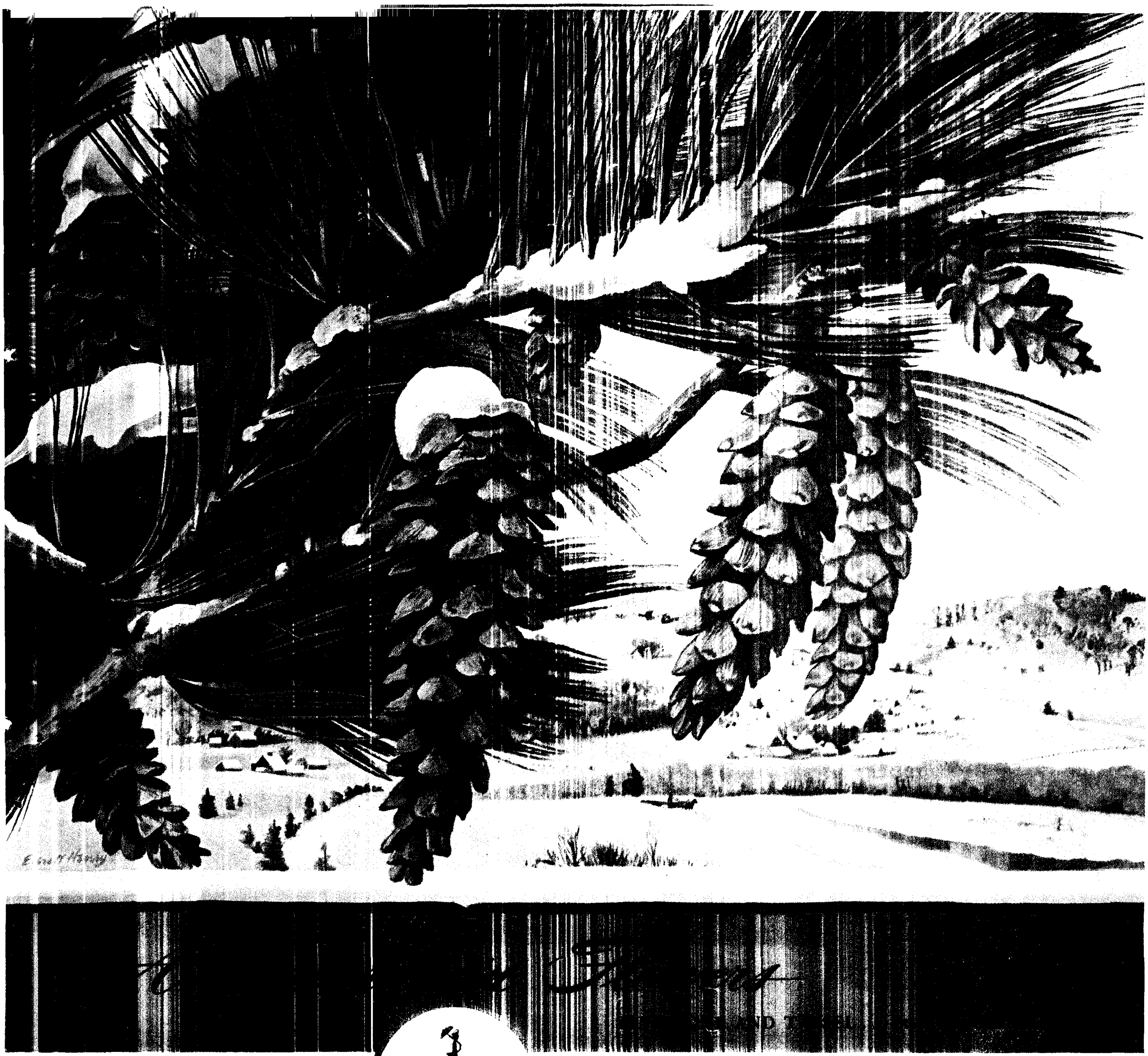
"Yes, it happened." She felt drained of strength; as if even her thoughts could not function reasonably and clearly.

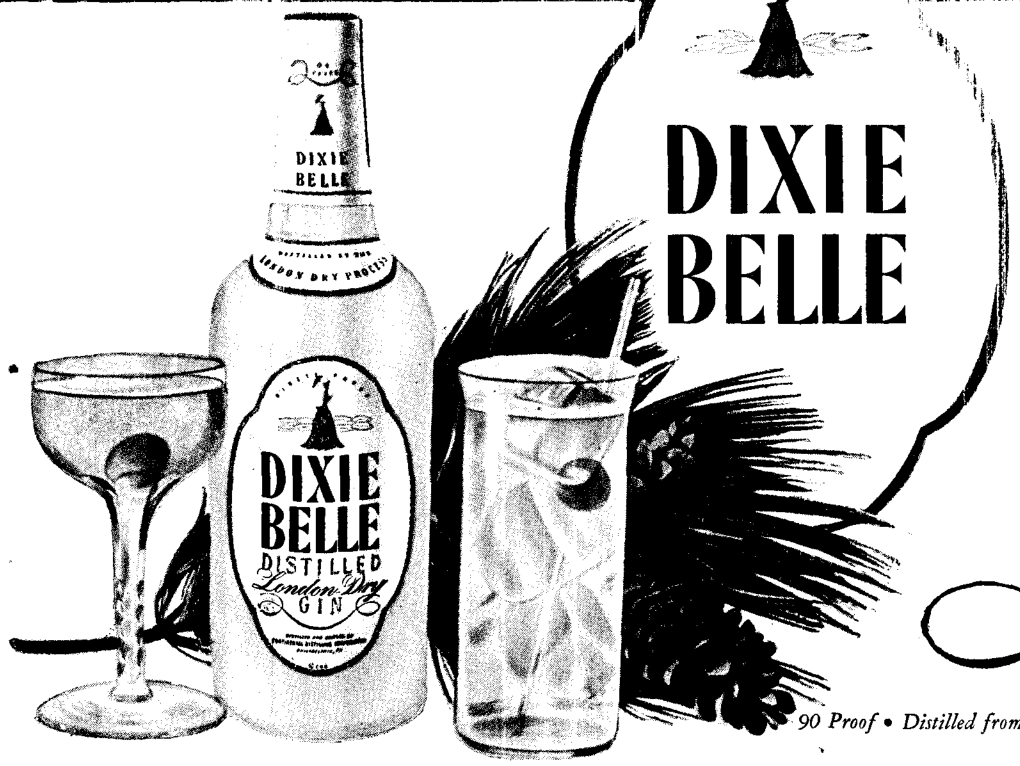
Josh Morgan put out his cigarette with a sudden gesture. He said, "By the way, Colonel, I suppose you took a look at Miss Colfax. If she was struck—"

Colonel Wells looked up quickly. "An excellent suggestion," he said and got up and came to Marcia. "If you don't mind," he said kindly and tipped her head back, turning her so the light from the green-shaded lamp fell strongly upon her. Again she was aware of the tensity of the silence in the shining little room and of the faraway vibration of engines. The motion of the ship was slower and yet heavy. Josh Morgan had taken a quick step or two nearer and was looking, too, carefully, down into her face. Colonel Wells touched her chin and temples lightly. "Does that hurt? Did you strike your head—here . . ."

She could remember only that swift knowledge of motion somewhere near her and then a crash and roar as if of water, and blackness. "I don't know. I don't know—no, it doesn't hurt."

His sensitive, professional hands explored



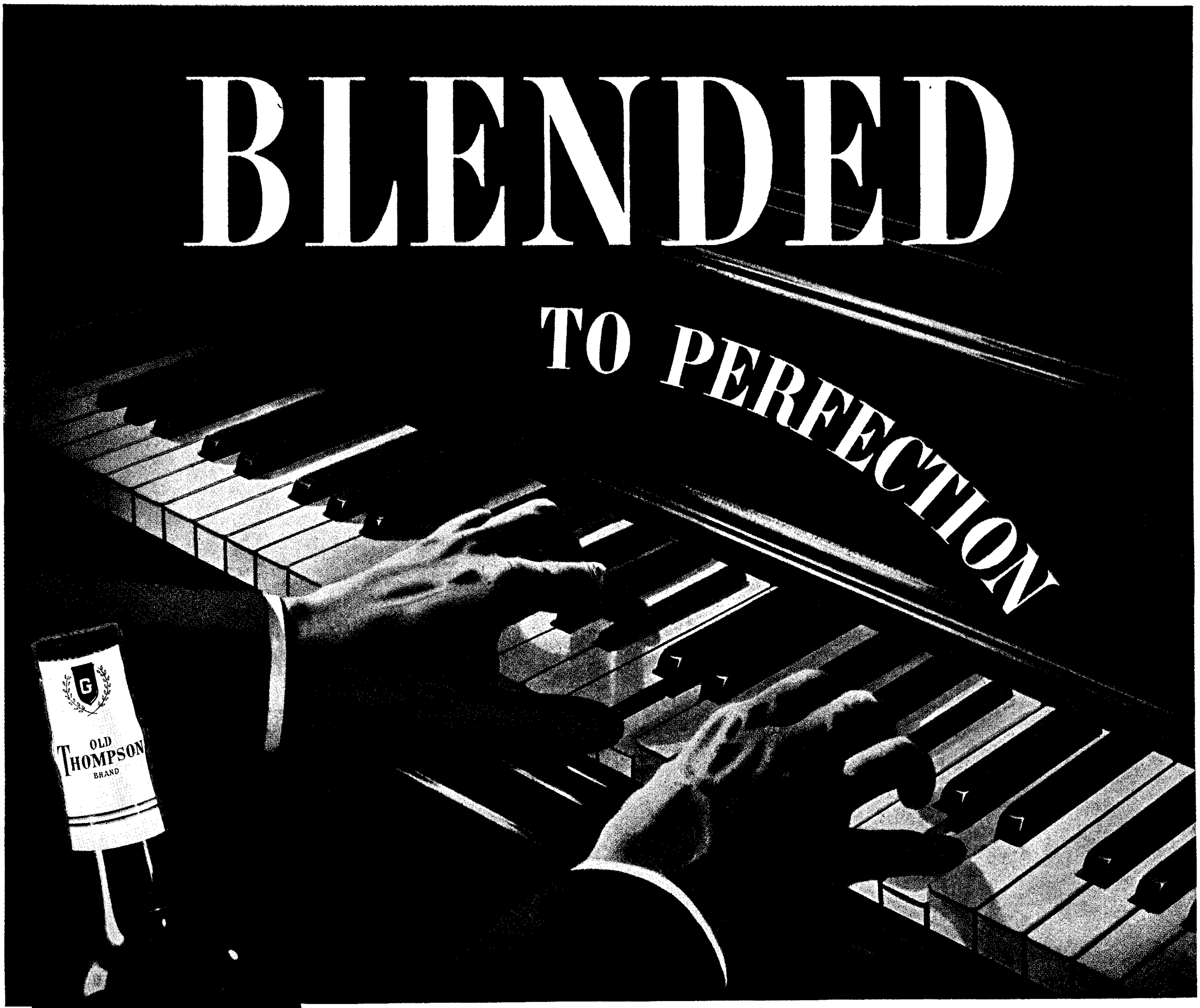


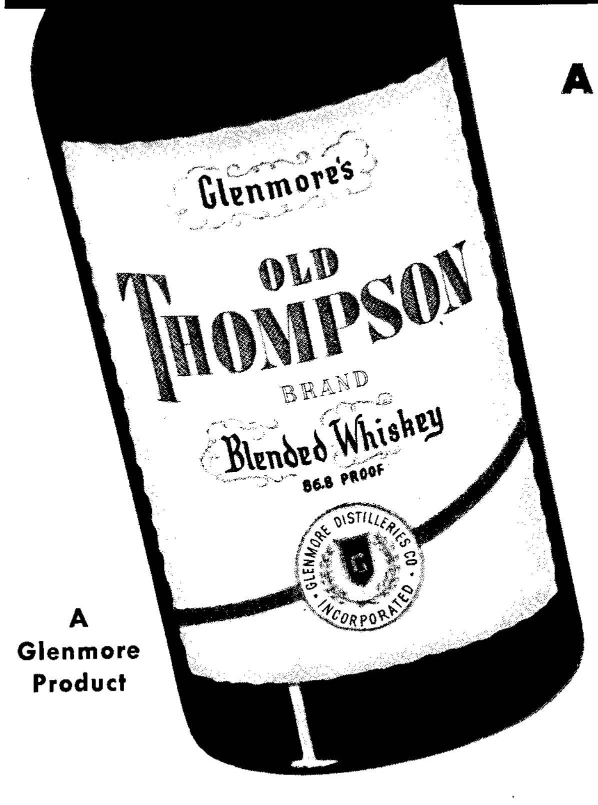
DIXIE BELLE

Among flowers, universal in their charm, there are certain outstanding favorites. So it is in gin! DIXIE BELLE has that over-all superiority which makes it a favorite. Suave, subtle bouquet, clean, bright flavor . . . the result of expert distillation of choice grain neutral spirits and Nature's finest fruits, herbs and berries. Truly a superb GIN.

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.


BLENDED
TO PERFECTION
G
OLD THOMPSON BRAND


Glenmore's
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED

A
Glenmore
Product

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

OLD THOMPSON, the whiskey to serve, is blended by Glenmore in Kentucky. That's why its taste and bouquet are always rich without being heavy—why its quality and character are always preferred when a better blend for better drinks is called for. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof—65% grain neutral spirits.

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • *Incorporated* • LOUISVILLE, KY.

deftly, pushing back her hair, tilting her head again so he could observe her throat. The nurse's coat that had been loaned her lay across the end of the cot, its scarlet lining bold and gay. The doctor pushed the crisp collar of the nurse's uniform back from her throat and looked for a long moment. Finally he said, "It's hard to tell. Were you wearing a coat?"

"Yes."

"Does this hurt—or this—?" Again his deft fingers moved delicately over her.

"No—no—"

"The sedative would have dulled any pain. The coat would have protected the flesh."

Captain Svendsen said rather gruffly, "Well—" Josh Morgan turned abruptly away.

Colonel Wells, a queer, thoughtful look on his thin face, gently rearranged her collar and turned to Captain Svendsen. She could not see his face; he said, "I think Miss Colfax might take another sedative—will you see to it, Lieutenant?" He glanced at the nurse who nodded, her face as still and unreadable as the wall. "And the nurse will see her to her cabin. I'll just go along with you to the bridge if you don't mind, Captain. I know you're anxious to get back—"

Josh Morgan said rather suddenly, "I'll turn in, too, I think, sir. If you don't mind, I'll stroll along with Miss Colfax and the lieutenant."

Captain Svendsen got heavily to his feet and picked up his oilskins. "We'll have some coffee sent up," he said. "I've got to stay on the bridge the rest of the night. I've not run into a fog like this since the summer of 1936. After you, Colonel—"

But the colonel carefully waited for the captain to precede him out of the dispensary. This was his department, his courteous and formal manner seemed to say; the ship's administration was the captain's. The young nurse said pleasantly, "Here's another pill, Miss Colfax. You might take it now; I'll get some water."

Colonel Wells glanced back from the doorway. "Good night, Miss Colfax. Try to sleep. If you need anything, Lieutenant Hale will be glad to help you."

He disappeared behind the captain. The nurse—Lieutenant Hale—turned on a faucet across the room. Josh Morgan waited without speaking as she came back and held the glass and another small white pill toward Marcia, who automatically accepted them.

"Thank you." She swallowed the pill and handed the glass back to the nurse. She said to Josh Morgan, "There are marks on my throat, aren't there?"

Josh Morgan glanced at the nurse who quickly said, "Now, now, Miss Colfax, don't try to talk. We want you to get some rest."

Marcia got up unsteadily as the ship rolled, so Josh who was nearest put out his good arm to support her; she said, looking up into his face: "Tell me—"

Lieutenant Hale, her uniform rustling crisply, bent to pick up the red-lined coat and went to the door and turned the latch on the lock. Josh Morgan said, "What do you know about that affair last night?"

"That—"

"The murder of Alfred Castiogne."

"I know nothing of it—"

"You see, if you do know something, something that might be evidence against the murderer, somebody might try pretty damned hard to push you into the sea."

AGAIN the deep vibration of engines, chugging slowly along through fog and heavy, hidden seas, seemed to fill the small room. Lieutenant Hale, her face disapproving, yet intent, tried the latch to be sure the lock was turned. Josh Morgan was so close that Marcia could see the brigh dark pupils of his eyes, the few scattered gray hairs in the vigorous black over his temples. He said slowly, "You could have hurt yourself, accidentally, so as to make a red mark there. Or hands could have—"

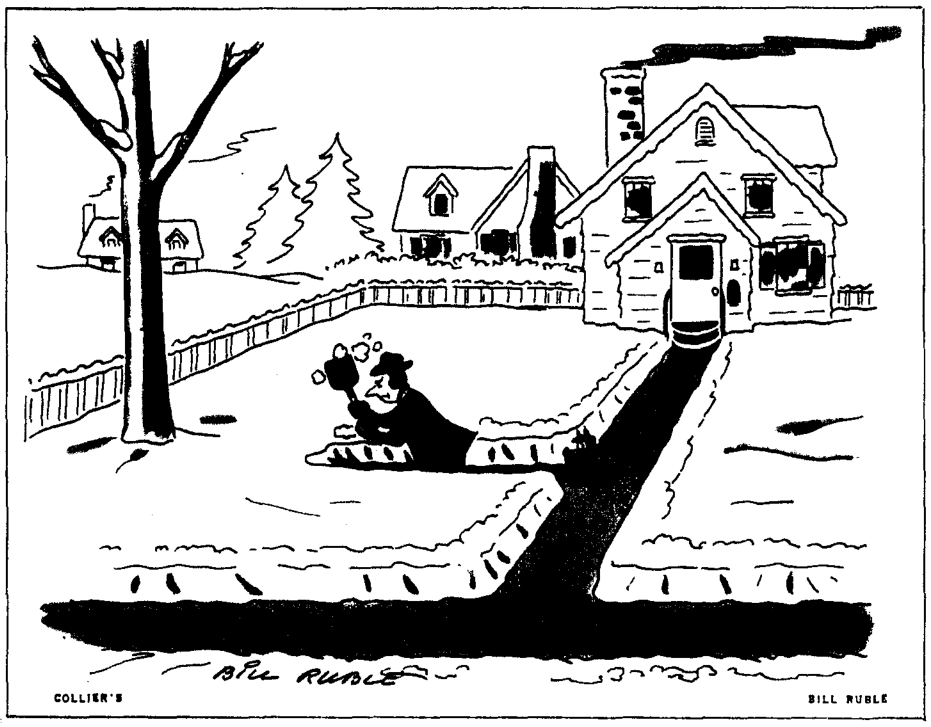
Lieutenant Hale said rather sharply, "I beg your pardon, Colonel. My orders are to see Miss Colfax to her cabin."

"You are quite right, I'm sure, Lieutenant. We'll go at once. Would you be kind enough to pick up my cap? I'll help Miss Colfax."

His brown cap with its leather strap lay on the examining table. The nurse took it up, waited for them to go into the hall, straightened the blanket over the cot, turned out the light and followed them, closing the door and trying it to be sure she had locked it.

All that took a few seconds. They were perhaps ten paces ahead of her along the narrow, lighted passageway when she emerged. Josh Morgan, holding Marcia steadily with his left arm, said in a low voice which the nurse could not possibly have heard, "There's a queer contagion about murder. Perhaps it is terror of being discovered; perhaps it's—something else. The man last night was murdered. You were in the lifeboat when he was killed. Captain Svendsen and Colonel Wells are very able men, they'll do things their own way: we'll know about it *after* they've acted. That's the Army and that's sea discipline. But—if somebody tried to kill you tonight—" He stopped and they could hear the click of the latch behind them as the nurse tried it. Her light footsteps came along behind them. Josh Morgan said, "Don't take any chances. If anybody tried to kill you tonight, he'll try again."

NOTHING that had happened since the storm began seemed real; perhaps nothing that happened since the war began seemed, now, real; yet all of it had happened. If the murderous attack upon her in the darkness and fog were connected with the tiny, sinister lifeboat from the Lerida and its occupants, then what about Mickey?


COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

She knew that, with her, it was not an accident; someone had actually been there. Josh Morgan had come barely in time to save her, as perhaps she had approached barely in time to save Mickey. For it could not have been accident with Mickey either; the ugly resemblance between the two incidents was too close—darkness, fog, a slippery deck. A sudden murderous attack, so sudden and so stealthy that, for Mickey, there was not even the split second of warning that she had had.

She said, "I have to see André. Now—"

The nurse was coming nearer. All around them lay the hushed ship; they neared a bisecting passage. Josh said in a low tone, "Messac was given a stateroom on the next deck above and forward; on the port side—three doors this side of the officers' lounge."

He left them both at the door of the cabin. Marcia herself would not have been able to find it; the narrow gray passage looked to her exactly like every other. The nurse, however, knew the ship probably as she knew the palm of her hand. She had led them along intersecting passages, through doors, across an entrance to a ward, into another passage and another, stopped before one of the closed doors that lined it and opened the door briskly. The interior of the cabin was dark.

Josh Morgan said briefly, "Sleep well," took his cap from the nurse and went away.

The nurse put the coat over Marcia's arm. "Are you sure you're all right, Miss Colfax? Or shall I stay?"

"No, no. Thank you. You've been very good. I'm keeping you from other things."

"I'm on night watch. So I'll go along and get my supper before I go back to my ward. Two other nurses are on duty there and two corpsmen. We take turns in going down for supper. If you're sure there's nothing I can do for you—"

"No, thank you."

The nurse smiled briefly, turned away and Marcia entered the cabin.

She closed the door. She'd wait until the nurse was out of sight and then find her way to Mickey's cabin.

MARCIA groped for the light switch. Then it occurred to her that the other nurse, Lieutenant Stoddard, had told her earlier in the evening that Gili and Daisy Belle Cates shared the cabin with her; probably they were already in their bunks in the tiny room, and already asleep by now, and it would be better simply to wait for a few minutes, until she was quite sure the nurse had gone and then slip out again without turning on the light and rousing them. She wondered what time it was. Something about the ship, the hushed atmosphere, the quiet empty stretches of corridors and closed doors had given her a sense of lateness. The nurse had spoken of supper; that would be, she supposed, at about midnight as in a hospital.

There was no sound except the distant throb of engines and the rush of water beyond some open port. She waited, her hand on the round knob of the door, listening, because in the darkness one does listen, and counting. In two minutes, when she had counted twice to sixty, she could safely leave the cabin without being observed by the nurse.

She had reached thirty when an odd thing happened: she had heard no sound except the mingled sounds of a ship at night—certainly she heard no footstep in the corridor outside—but the handle of the door turned under her fingers.

It turned very quietly and very steadily. Unconsciously her own hand tightened, resisting that pressure. For an instant there was a queer small combat, silent and firm, one pressure against the other. Then as suddenly and as silently as it had begun, that stealthy, steady pressure stopped.

She knew when the hand outside relinquished its hold, for the handle gave to her own. Her heart was pounding so heavily that she could hear nothing else.

If anybody tried to kill you tonight, he'll try again. Josh Morgan had said that—only a few minutes ago.

But she was safe here, inside the ship with all its lights, with all the nurses and corpsmen and doctors awake and going about their tasks. With Daisy Belle and Gili in the cabin; so she could call them.

Were they in the cabin?

Her fingers still gripped the handle of the door as if frozen; she scrabbled along the wall with her other hand and touched a switch and the cabin sprang into light and nobody was there.

The bunks were made up, flat and neat. Night clothes borrowed from the wards, pajamas and bathrobes, lay across each bunk above the neatly folded blankets.

Where was Gili, then? Where was Daisy Belle Cates? And who had turned that handle so silently and so stealthily—and then, aware of her own resisting hand, had stopped?

If it had been Gili or Daisy Belle she'd have insisted, knocked, called out. Either of the other two women had a right to enter the cabin openly.

She must look into the corridor; quickly. Already seconds had passed.

Again something Josh Morgan had said caught at her for an instant: "There's a queer contagion about murder—perhaps it's terror of being discovered; perhaps something else."

But there was nothing she knew; nothing that could make her a danger or a threat to anyone. Yet she had not imagined the attack upon her, in the shadow on deck. And she had not imagined that slow, furtive pressure on the handle of the door. Suppose someone knew that Gili and Daisy Belle were not there; suppose someone knew that she was alone in that tiny empty cabin.

She realized that thoughts like that alone were dangerous; you could think anything—yes, and fear anything, if you let yourself be conquered by panic. She took a long breath and opened the door.

The passage was lighted and perfectly empty. No one moved anywhere along it; no one stepped furtively out of sight into some doorway; there was no sly flicker of motion anywhere.

THERE were doors all along the passage. She had an impression, although she was not then sure, that the cabin was in a section of the ship reserved for women patients, military or Red Cross workers, and that it adjoined or was in the same section with the nurses' quarters. In any event the doors were closed and no one was there.

She would go to Mickey.

She dropped the coat on a chair and then, leaving the lights on, closed the door quietly behind her and started along the passage to the right, in the direction of the main, square corridor and the nearest stairs. Up one deck, Josh Morgan had said, on the port side, the third door this side of the officers' lounge.

The ship seemed very large, after the tiny Portuguese ship, again very bewildering with its multiplicity of doors and passages. And while passenger ships conform to a certain pattern, a hospital ship has its own pattern, one that to Marcia was new and strange. She knew that she was now in the forward portion of the ship, and that when she had come from the deck to find help for Mickey, she had been aft. There were offices here too, but this forward passage seemed to be a lively and frequented portion of the ship. She came out into the lobby and there were bulletin boards, a divan, a door opening upon a lounge, heavy doors at each side leading to the deck. The offices here were not quite deserted even at night; from somewhere along a lighted corridor branching likewise from the main corridor, but back along the port side, came the subdued sound of some machine, a typewriter or a teletype, working away in the night.

It was a heartening small sound, indicating the presence of other people.

The Magnolia appeared to be a converted passenger liner. A closed wide desk opposite Marcia was like a purser's desk, the cabins were exact duplicates of small passenger staterooms; probably most of them had been torn out to make wards. The large salons and lounges would have been easily adaptable as wards. It was now literally a floating hospital.

All hospitals at night have a certain atmosphere, a hush and stillness, indefinable yet almost tangible. It touched her now so that she thought, climbing the stairs, what feet have climbed these stairs; what hands have slid over this railing—what hopes and fears and tangled human destinies have lived for the space of a voyage within these solid bulkheads? Only a hospital ship was different in that the patients were soldiers—men who had gone to war in order to give people like her and Mickey a chance to live in peace and freedom.

She reached the top of the stairs, the port side, Josh Morgan had said, and forward.

She turned, moving very quietly as one does in a hospital at night. There was a faint, clean smell of antiseptics and medicine and soap, and through a distant opening she caught another glimpse of a night-lighted ward. Two corpsmen in white were standing in the light of a doorway near at hand, drinking coffee; beyond them a nurse put a capped head from a ward office and glanced at her questioningly, then withdrew. Marcia turned again, crossed to the left, found a narrow lighted passage there and went along it.

THERE were again rows of closed doors and, at the very end of the passage, an open doorway and a lighted room beyond, showing red lounge chairs and a table stacked with magazines. This, then, must be the officers' lounge, so Mickey's cabin was very near. She walked on lightly, but Josh Morgan apparently heard her footsteps; he appeared in the doorway of the lounge, quickly put down a cigarette and came toward her. He'd changed to pajamas and the dark red bathrobe in which she had first seen him; one sleeve of the bathrobe hung empty. "I was waiting for you," he said. "Messac's room is here." He knocked at one of the narrow gray doors.

There was a feeling of sudden stillness in the cabin; he knocked again, more firmly; there was the sound of quick movement, and Mickey opened the door. He was still in the uniform that had been loaned him, and there was a white gauze dressing across his temple.

"Marcia!" He gave a surprised glance at Josh Morgan and said, "Come in—" and stood aside so they could enter. Gili was sitting on the bunk opposite, perfectly composed, her long, beautiful legs crossed, her slanting green eyes bright and curious.

"I expect you don't remember me," said Josh Morgan to Mickey. "You were in a pretty dazed condition when we found you on the deck. The doctor and I helped you to the dispensary."

"Oh, of course, Colonel Morgan. The doctor told me." Mickey closed the door. "Gili—Miss Duvrey, Colonel Morgan."

Gili's eyes were suddenly very luminous and warm; she tossed back a lock of her long golden hair and smiled slowly and leaned forward to put her hand in Colonel Morgan's. He said rather briskly, "How do you do," and let go her hand. "Did Major Strong fix you up, Messac?" he inquired of Mickey. "He was just starting to work on you when I left."

Mickey's scarred fingers touched the dressing on his face. "Oh, yes, I'm okay. I've only got a thumping headache—stupid of me! I was looking for you, Marcia, when it happened; I got back to the deck where I'd left you; the captain was busy and I couldn't bother him just then so I wasn't gone very long, really. You weren't there and—do sit down. Here's a chair."

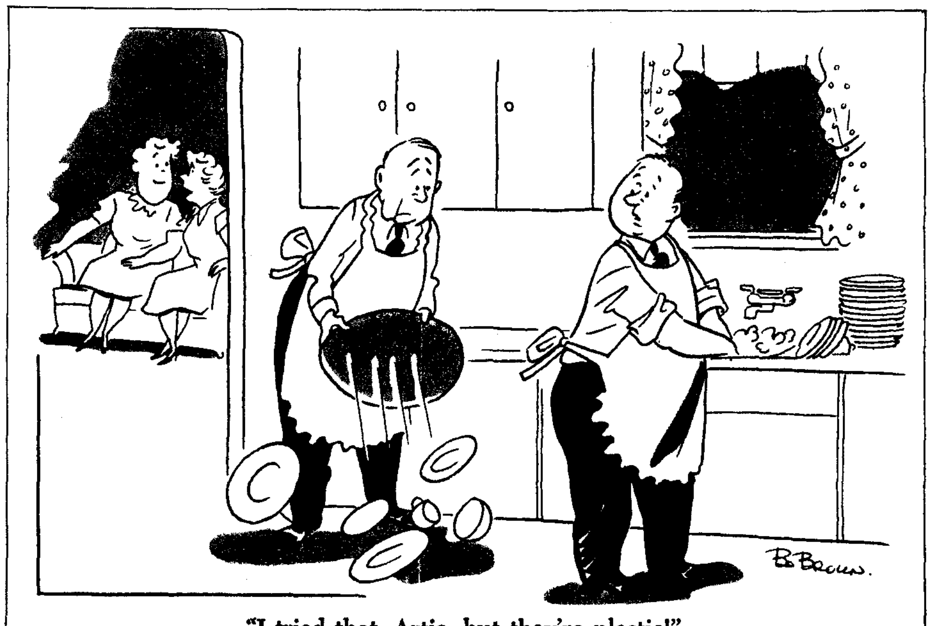
"There's room here. Sit by me, Colonel Morgan," said Gili and put her large white hand invitingly on the bunk beside her.

"Thanks." Josh Morgan sat down, leaning forward, below the upper bunk.

Marcia took the chair Mickey had pulled out. She said, "I had walked around to the port side; I met Colonel Morgan and we talked a while. Then I came back and you weren't there; after a few minutes I walked aft and found you."

"I don't see how I could have given myself such a knockout blow. I certainly wasn't tight," said Mickey with a shrug. "It's as if somebody had hit me."

The ceiling light cast a white illumination directly down upon them so every face and every detail was very clear and sharp. Gili seemed to have moved imperceptibly nearer Josh Morgan; her shoulder almost touched his. She was sitting crouched forward a little, too, to miss the upper bunk, but relaxed and graceful with her long legs stretched out, and one hand spread out on the bunk backward so as to support her. She had loosened her hair from its heavy knot and it fell now over her shoulders, bright gold at the ends and darker along the part; her eyes were not made up as usual but were brilliant and green and her mouth was crimson. The severe neatness of the nurse's uniform that she was wearing seemed alien to her, as if she were dressed for a masquerade. She was at ease, yet as always with Gili, there was a suggestion of latent power, of muscles able to spring at an instant's notice, as with a slumberous cat. She was watching now and listening—and shifted just then, gracefully and deliberately, a little nearer to Josh Morgan.



COLLIER'S "I tried that, Artie, but they're plastic!" BO BROWN

Josh himself under that strong, downward light looked rather white and ill; his mouth tight, with a curious look of tension and his gray-blue eyes rather narrow and dark. He shifted his own position, only perceptibly, appearing to move in order to give his arm, supported by its sling, more comfort. The move was, however, a little away from Gili. And Marcia thought quite sharply and unexpectedly: Sometime I'm going to slap Gili.

Which was an absurd thing to think—a fleeting, childish bit of irritation, altogether silly. Josh Morgan eased his arm again, his shoulders looking very wide and solid under that crimson bathrobe, his hair very black and curling upward a little over his ears. He said to Mickey, "*Did* anybody hit you?"

MICKEY'S face, too, was too brightly illumined; it showed the sharp lines those years had brought, the hollows around his gray eyes. He went to sit on the edge of the opposite bunk and said slowly, "I don't know. I was walking along the deck—I just suddenly knew I was falling, that I'd hit my head, that everything was black and confused and—that's all."

"Didn't you see anybody?"

Mickey shook his head. "I tell you there was nothing." He brooded for a moment and said, "I—fainted once or twice. Maybe more. I mean while I was in prison." His words and voice were matter of fact and even; his hands, as if they had a secret frightened life of their own, went out of sight, behind him, holding to the mattress. "Everybody did—from various reasons. That's in the past. But that's the way it seemed to me there on deck tonight. I simply blacked out. But it was with a kind of crash. I suppose that's when I hit my head against the bulkhead. That is—understand me, I'm not sick. I'm perfectly well. But it was like that."

Gili said, "Don't, André. Don't think of those horrible things. They are gone." Her voice was warm and full of life and strength and yet was casual as if she had bestowed a pat to a wounded dog.

Marcia linked her own hands on her knee and said steadily, "André, there was someone on the deck."

Josh Morgan cut in, "Miss Colfax had rather a bad experience, Messac. She came inside to get help and then decided to return to you, and on her way around the deck she either crashed into something there in the darkness or there was someone on deck who seems to have tried to—well, to push her overboard."

Gili sat up and gave a queer, small scream and clapped her hand over her mouth.

Mickey jumped up and stared down at Marcia. "What happened? Who was it? Marcia, tell me—" He put his hand hard on her shoulder; his face was as white and drawn as a wrinkled sheet.

Josh Morgan said quickly, "Oh, she's all right. The doctor looked her over. But it was rather a shock. The point is, Messac, if somebody tried to kill her, it was somebody from the lifeboat. At least—" He paused while Mickey's white face blazed down at her, and his hand dug into her shoulder and Gili sat there with her hand tight over her mouth and her eyes wide and dark as a cat's shining over it. Then Josh Morgan said, "At least nobody else on the ship could have done it. Nobody else on the ship would have a motive. Or so the captain says."

"He was a great halfback, but I'm afraid he just isn't for basketball!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

Gili slid out of the bunk in one, long, sinuous movement; her face was glistening queerly and so white that it had a greenish tinge around the shadows of mouth and nose; her eyes were blank and bright. She cried jerkily, "It is the murder. None of us are safe! None of—he was killed. Alfred. He was big and strong and—then he was killed. Just like that. In a moment—under our eyes, he was killed. We are not safe. We—" Her eyes darted around and around the cabin, her head moved to and fro like a panther's seeking a way out of its cage; a horrible kind of claustrophobia seemed to possess her; she cried, still gasping and hoarse, "I know who killed him. I know why—"

Josh Morgan rose suddenly and André said, "Gili! What are you saying? What do you know?"

"What do I—" Gili's searching, bright eyes reached him and stopped and she caught her full lower lip in strong white teeth and held it so hard there was a tiny smudge of blood suddenly upon it.

Josh Morgan said, "Go on. Who killed him?"

Gili, still staring, let go her lip slowly: "That—American woman did it. The Cates woman. She—she was afraid of him. She was a friend of the Nazis. Alfred Castiogne knew it. She's rich. He'd have got money from her. She killed him."

THE little cabin was perfectly silent for a moment, so again the ship made itself manifest, and throbbed and pulsed around them. Humans might talk, might move and speak of murder but the Magnolia had to go sturdily on her way, nosing along through the fog, meeting the heavy, rolling sea.

"You'd better explain that, Miss Duvrey," Josh Morgan said. "What do you mean?"

Gili whirled around toward him; she shot one bright, cornered look at Marcia; her long, strong hands doubled up as if they were claws, as if she might have to defend herself. She tightened her full lips stubbornly, shot another glance at Josh Morgan and said, "I won't talk. I didn't mean to *talk*. You can see for yourself it is dangerous. Murder—"

Josh Morgan said coolly, "Oh, come now, Miss Duvrey. You'll have to explain all this to the captain. You may as well tell us."

This time those lambent eyes flashed green and frightened fire. "Do you mean you'll tell him?"

Josh Morgan shrugged. "You can't make statements like that and just stop there. Why did you say that the Cateses were friends of the Nazis? How do you know?"

She eyed him sulkily now. "Because they were. And he knew it. Alfred Castiogne."

"How did he know?"

Mickey's hand released Marcia's shoulder; he gave a kind of weary sigh and went back to sit on the edge of the bunk. "Don't talk nonsense, Gili," he said. "Don't invent. Don't embroider."

Gili spoke English with such ease and fluency that you felt she must have lived in Continental hotels all her life; yet once in a while, Marcia had already discovered, some colloquialism, some idiom or metaphor baffled her.

She turned now a puzzled look toward Mickey. "Embroider?"

"He means you should stick to the truth," said Josh Morgan.

Her green, lustrous eyes slid toward him. "Oh. Well, but naturally. And I'll tell you exactly how I know." She stopped, bit her lip again but this time in a perplexed way as if arranging certain events in her own mind and choosing her words. Then she shot another veiled glance at Josh Morgan and said, "I was with him. With Alfred, I mean. We heard them talking. It was on the other ship." She bit her lip again and looked at the floor. "It was at night."

The light was bright and too clear directly

When tempers need
to be controlled...

CLARK AGNEW

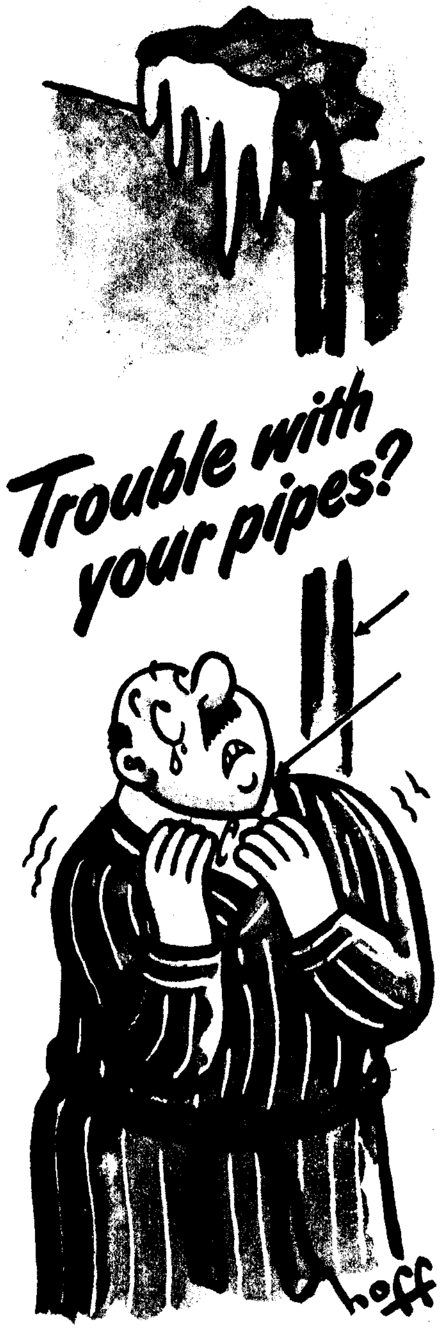
Why be Irritated?
Light an Old Gold

It's the *extra details* that make Old Gold a treasure of pleasure *extras* for you! There's the friendly plus of Apple "Honey"* for mellow-moist freshness . . . the plus of world-choice tobaccos, blended to perfection . . . the plus of rare Latakia tobacco, added for extra flavor. Even the snow-white cigarette *paper* . . . made from virgin pure flax . . . adds a special luxury to your smoking enjoyment. Enjoy Old Gold's *extras* yourself. Try a pack . . . today.

Old Gold
CIGARETTES

LISTEN TO
FRANK SINATRA
Wednesday Evenings CBS
and
MEET ME AT PARKY'S
Sunday Evenings NBC

Made from the juice of fresh apples, a special moisture-guarding agent we call Apple "Honey" helps keep Old Golds free from cigarette dryness.

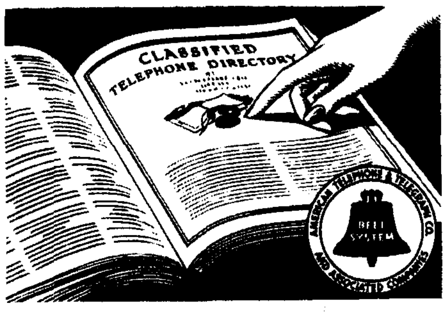


Find a plumber . . . or a doctor in the Classified

You'll get real help from the Classified Section of the Telephone Directory. It's always useful for household and emergency needs.

Why? Because it contains easy-to-find buying information. For products and services alike — the Classified helps you find the dealer or service man nearest you.

In it you can also locate authorized dealers for many trade-marked brands.


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

above her so the lines on her face were deeply etched and she seemed older and her skin shone with that faint, sudden dampness. Marcia knew that Mickey's hands again had gone behind him; it was a mannerism, one of many sad and dreadful souvenirs that were like scars and that gradually she must heal. Gili said, "If you must know, we were sitting in a lifeboat! They didn't know that we were there; they thought themselves alone."

Mickey said impatiently, "You've told nobody about this before now—"

Her green eyes flashed his way.

"But I—" she began, and Mickey said less sharply, "This is a very serious accusation. You don't realize how serious. If I were you I'd keep it to myself."

"*But—*" she began again, explosively, and then checked herself. "Perhaps you are right," she said unexpectedly. "Yes, I'm sure—but it can do no harm. I mean if they *are* Nazis—"

"They?" said Josh Morgan.

"The Cates two. The husband and wife. They were talking."

Her voice sounded reluctant. Josh Morgan said abruptly, "What exactly did they say?"

She shot him a sullen look. "They—oh, they talked."

"What about?" His voice was easy, his eyes inexorable.

Gili looked at her hands. "They—well, they said that at last they were on a ship. One said to Buenos Aires; the other said, yes, and they might better stay there forever than return to America—they meant to the United States."

As she talked, staring down at her hands, either her seeming reluctance to tell the little story diminished or her inventiveness speeded up. She went on more rapidly and with a certain defiance: "Then she said, but there was nothing else for them to do. She said what was money, what was anything. Then he said, quite clearly, 'But we were actually collaborationists; we were friends of the Nazis; nobody will ever forget it. We can never go home.' And after a long time she said in a quiet voice, it didn't sound like her, it sounded as if she had—" Gili fumbled for words "—as if she had a plan; as if she wanted to persuade him, she said, oh, so softly, 'No one need ever know!' "

She stopped and examined one fingernail.

THERE was another silence. Mickey's face was a mask, white and stiff; his eyes lifted to Gili's face as clear and deep as the sea. Josh Morgan, seeming very tall and big and solid in the red bathrobe, said suddenly, "Did they say anything else?"

"No. No, I think they saw us then."

"Why? What did they do?"

"Well—Alfred made some motion, some movement; he understood English, you see, he heard the word Nazi. They were standing by the railing; they were very still for a moment and then they seemed to whisper and they walked away. But I think they knew it was Alfred. So I think they killed him. For fear of—of—" she hesitated, fumbling for a word.

"Blackmail?" said Josh Morgan.

"Blackmail. Yes, yes. Money from her to keep silence."

"Did he ask them for money?"

Gili's face clouded. "I don't know that. I think he meant to."

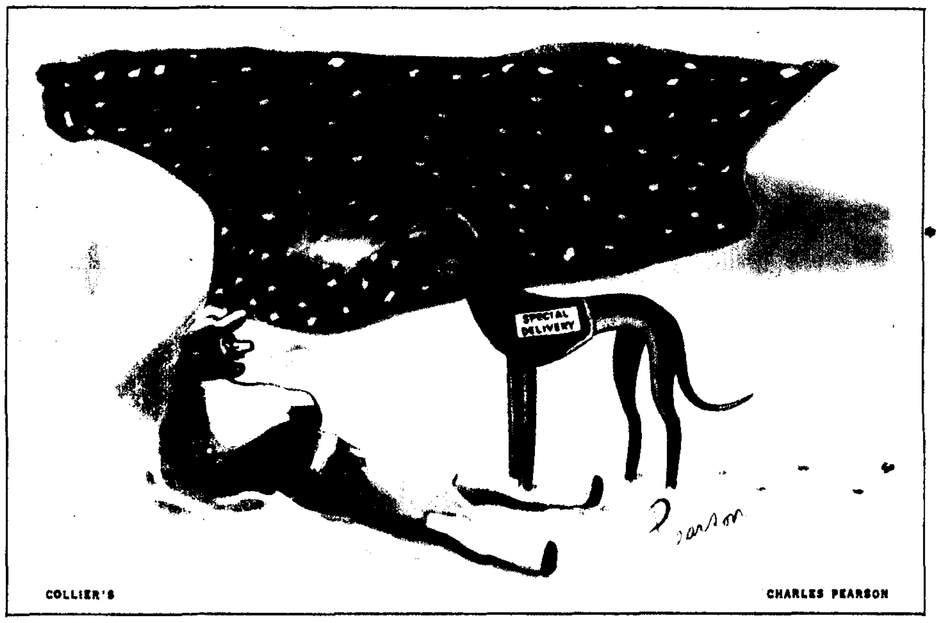
"Why do you think that?"

She shrugged. "Oh, I think so."

"Did he say he intended to try to blackmail them?"

"N-no. But he said they were very, very rich. And he said, to himself you know, as if he were thinking aloud, something about money; he used the word money. He said they'd never miss it. Then he thought of me, I suppose, and laughed and talked of something else. . . . But that is what happened. She killed him; the husband wouldn't have the courage to do it. He is a mouse, that man. She has the strength; she could have killed him. I think they knew I was there. I—" She hesitated and then said rapidly, "So I was afraid just now. I was frightened when you said someone tried to push you into the sea."

She turned to Marcia, flinging out her hands, speaking still very rapidly and somehow all at once, theatrically, so her words took on a falseness they had not previously had: "So you see, I screamed. I was terrified. I am afraid. Of the Cates woman. She killed him. She did it when she saw that this was an American ship; she knew that it was going to the United States. They are people of importance and of money. If their friends find out they were Nazis, if it is in the papers, if anyone tells—well, they are kaput. Finished. All their lives. Do you see?"



COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

That, at least, was, of course, true.

It did not square with anything Marcia had perceived or felt instinctively about Daisy Belle Cates, or about Luther. Yet it did square suddenly with certain other small facts. Daisy Belle had given the extra coat to Gili—and when Gili had said, "But then, you'll have all the coats you want," or something of the kind, Daisy Belle had replied with a queer, bleak look in her face that she doubted it. Yet they had had money; a great deal of money; theirs was one of the famous, moneyed families and had been for several generations. Did she doubt whether or not they would be permitted to enjoy that money?

There was the care Daisy Belle took of her jewels; not somehow as if she liked them as ornaments, but rather as if they might represent—well, food and clothing and shelter; the necessities of life. She had not struck Marcia as a woman who would actually care for jewels as jewels; it was a small, faint impression; but now it took on a certain validity. And there was Daisy Belle's solicitude about Luther. She plainly loved him, and cared for him; but there was something else, something dimly felt that suggested trouble and anxiety.

But mainly there was the fact that they had worked so hard to get passage on the ship to Buenos Aires. With their money and connections, with their prominence as American citizens it would have been reasonable to expect them simply to stay on in Lisbon until their passage directly home and in comfort could have been arranged. Marcia realized suddenly that there had always been to her something incongruous, something a little questionable and mysterious about their presence on that ship, bound for Buenos Aires.

All those things bore out Gili's accusation in a way that had a certain ugly authority. Yet, to offset that, there was Marcia's belief in Daisy Belle.

Neither of the men listening, of course, could have that belief. Mickey's recent experiences had been such as to lead him to suspect everybody. To doubt everybody; to question every motive—every impulse, every word. It would be a long time before Mickey could possibly recover any sort of faith in such simple things as goodness and honesty.

But he believed her. He had come to her; he had made her, he told her, a symbol and a talisman. Marcia turned to him: "Daisy Belle is honest. She couldn't have been a Nazi. Ever."

Mickey got up, his white face taut and lined. Gili said with quick anger, "I heard it. That is what I heard. You don't believe me," flashed Gili.

"Oh, yes," said Mickey, "we believe you. But—" He moved restively. "Accusations, threats, all that—if only there were a little peace somewhere."

"The man was murdered, Messac," said Josh Morgan. "Someone attacked Miss Colfax; someone may have attacked you."

Mickey rubbed his face wearily. "I don't really think anyone attacked me. I think I slipped. And as for the Cates couple, I—well, I think Gili's mistaken. She may have got things confused."

"I didn't," flashed Gili furiously. "I'm telling the truth—"

MICKEY said quickly and peaceably, "I didn't say you were lying. I only meant it's better not to do anything hastily."

Gili subsided with another sulky flash of her green eyes.

Josh Morgan said, "If whoever murdered Castiogne thinks that you saw it, Messac, or have evidence against him, he might attack you. Or Miss Colfax for the same reason. Don't you think we should tell Captain Svendsen Miss Duvrey's story?"

"No," cried Gili, rousing abruptly and changing her mind again. "No, I won't—I'm afraid to. You made me tell you; but I won't tell the captain. I won't tell anybody. I'll deny it if you do."

And Marcia said suddenly, "No, please don't. Please wait. We can't do anything tonight anyway."

Josh Morgan said, "What about the two seamen? Who are they? Where are they? There were two seamen in the lifeboat—isn't that right?"

"Oh, yes." Mickey looked at the Air Forces colonel somberly. "There were two seamen. Their names are Para and Urdiola. The captain questioned them first. I don't know what he did with them."

Gili somehow knew; she said with a sullen look that they were quartered with the seamen of the Magnolia.

"Still at liberty, then," said Josh Morgan.

"Yes," said Mickey. "I suppose so. I asked Captain Svendsen about them; it seemed to me that one of them must have killed Castiogne. He said he did not have proof of motive or means."

"He's trying to be fair," said Josh Morgan. "He was a common seaman himself once; he told me. He came up the hard way. He's not going to railroad them for murder until he's pretty damned sure."

"It was the Cates woman," said Gili sullenly. "It was the Cates woman. She's as strong as a man. She did it."

Josh Morgan started toward the door. "We'd better all go to bed," he said coolly. "It's very late. As to the Cates couple—I don't know. There may be some mistake—let's wait."

"I agree," said Mickey. "We'll keep it to ourselves and no harm done."

"And be murdered in our beds," flashed Gili. She did not, however, actually look frightened, now; her skin had lost that sudden look of dampness, her eyes their flat, bright look of fright; she seemed indeed rather pleased and complacent. It was a singular small change, yet perceptible, so it puzzled Marcia. She could not, however, try to solve it—if there were any real solution beyond Gili's childish and yet cunning and devious instincts.

She rose and Mickey rose, too, and put his arm lightly around her. "I feel sure you are right about Luther and Daisy Belle," he said. "Besides—anything you say is right with me."

Gili gave a short, hard little sound very much like a snort and flounced out of the cabin. Josh Morgan said, "Good night, Messac. By the way, doesn't Cates share this cabin with you?"

"Yes," said Mickey. "I don't know where he is—I suppose he'll be along soon."

Josh said slowly, "It's odd rather that he is not here. I mean—the decks were searched. He wasn't in the officers' lounge when I was there just now."

"Oh, he's somewhere around," said Mickey. "We've all got a Cates bee in our bonnets."

"Maybe," said Josh. "But there aren't really many places to go on a ship."

Mickey shrugged. "There are hundreds of places! He'll be along any minute," he said. "And I'm not afraid of him, if that's what you mean. I can't exactly see him rising out of his bunk to murder me."

THAT, of course, thought Marcia suddenly, was the trouble; perhaps it was always impossible to say to one's self, and believe it: This face I know is that of a murderer. These eyes have seen and approved a frightful thing.

Mickey bent his blond head over Marcia's hand and kissed it and then smiled at her, wearily but comfortingly: "Things will come out all right. Good night, darling."

Josh Morgan at the door said rather dryly, "I'll just stroll down to your cabin with you, Miss Colfax. I'm—going that way."

He wasn't, of course. His stateroom was almost certainly in quite another section of the ship. But he had found her as Mickey had not found her, there on the black and foggy deck; he was at least partially convinced as Mickey was not, that someone had been there; that someone had meant to murder her, and that if they had tried it once they would try it again.

She said good night to Mickey and, because there was nothing else to do really, went along with Josh Morgan.

She heard Mickey's door close. Gili had gone on ahead, the skirt of her curiously incongruous uniform flounced swiftly around the end of the passage. Already probably she knew the ship from stem to stern. Why had she been in Mickey's cabin?

Obviously to talk to him. As obviously as when Josh Morgan, an attractive and somehow very masculine man, had entered, Gili had instantly, instinctively, made room for him at her side, leaned near him. Again it was childish and simple—and in its way, cunning. How long, though, had she been there? Had Mickey or someone else told her what had happened in that dark band of shadow on deck?

And where, actually, was Luther? And Daisy Belle?

They reached the central passage and a bell sounded clearly yet very far away somehow as if striking against the curtain of fog. Josh Morgan said, "One o'clock. It seemed later—"

Again the capped head of a nurse peeked at them from the lighted ward office; a corpsman in white passed them on the stairs. He was whistling softly between his teeth and gave them a curious glance and then, appearing to recognize the colonel, stood aside respectfully to let them pass.

When they reached the deck below, Gili had disappeared. The typewriter was still ticking busily away in some office along the farther corridor. Josh Morgan said, low, "Who shares your cabin? The luscious blonde? Anyone else?"

"Mrs. Cates."

"Oh." They crossed the main passage and entered the narrow one; this time she counted and recognized her own door; he paused just before they reached it. "Look here," he said, and put his hand lightly on her arm, his eyes very direct and intent. "You're going to be okay, you know. Only—remember what I said. If anything—anything at all seems to you wrong or out of place or—oh, the least bit odd—run. Run and yell like hell." The flicker of a grin touched his mouth; his eyes remained, however, very grave and intent. "Will you? There are always people around."

"Yes. But there'll be the three of us. And it was a seaman. It must be one of the seamen."

He understood her, of course; he had suggested it himself; but he replied obliquely: "Captain Svendsen knows what he's about. He's an able man— By the way, you and Messac are to be married; is that right?" He hesitated and added quickly, "I hope you don't mind my asking. I only thought—" He stopped and did not say what he thought.

Marcia said rather stiffly, with an odd sense of crossing some boundary, of making a decision that, certainly, was already made and had been made for a very long time, "Yes. We—that's why we were going home."

The line of his jaw stood out squarely and firmly: "By way of Buenos Aires?"

Again she said yes. "We could get passage; otherwise we'd have had to wait."

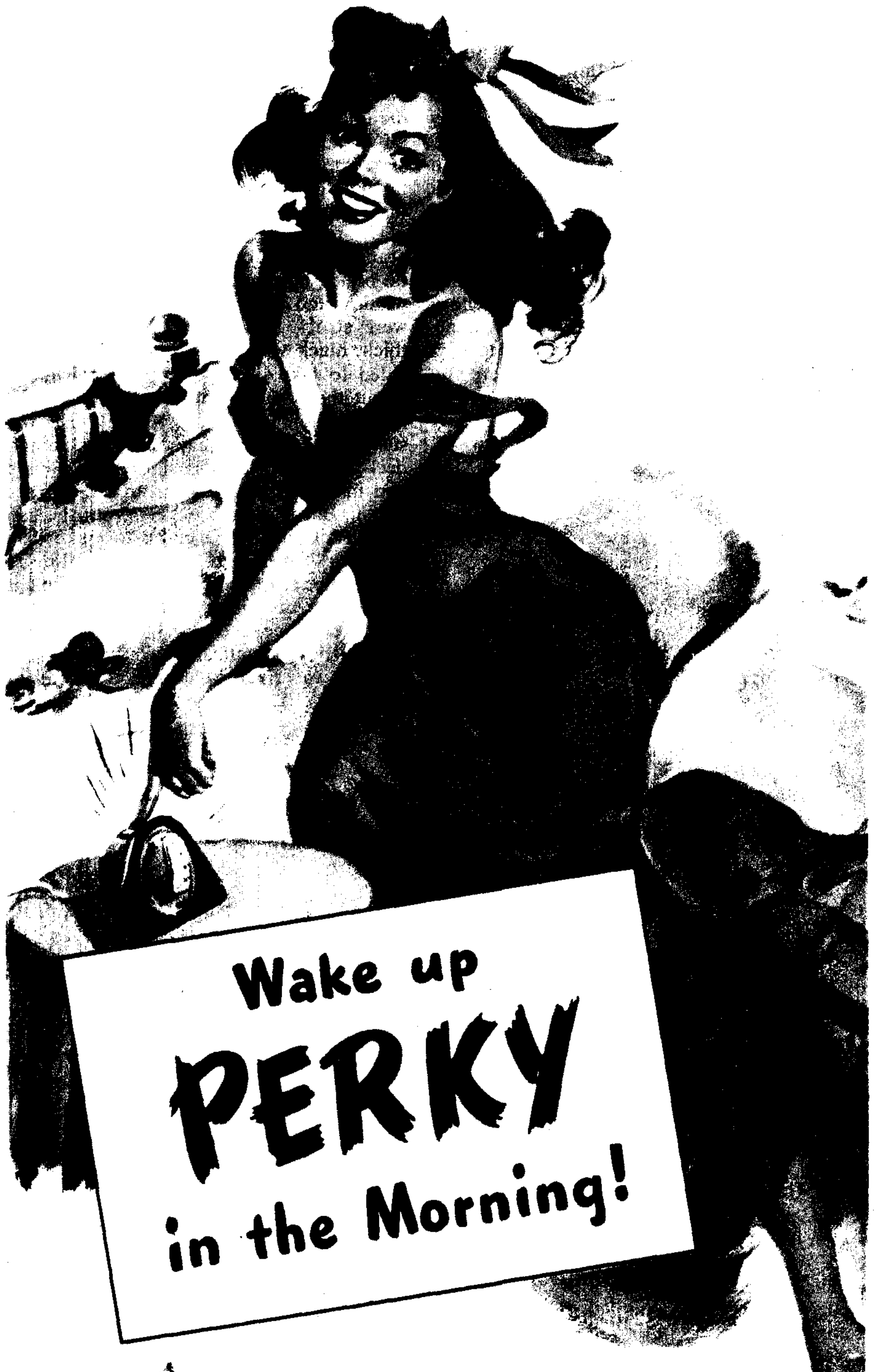
"Of course," he said after a moment. "I see. Well—here we are." They reached the door to the cabin; he said good night, pleasantly and impersonally and turned rather quickly away.

She wished for an illogical and unreasona-

BACK TO NORMALCY

THE LOCALE	THE MOVEMENT
San Francisco	Rear Admiral Byrd announced he was planning another trip to the South Pole.
Sydney, N. S.	Two men made arrangements to cross the Atlantic Ocean in an oversize beer barrel.
Buffalo	A bank installed a drive-in window for the convenience of motorist customers.
Lexington, Ky.	A poultry association offered a $5,000 prize to the farmer who first bred a superchicken conforming to their specifications.
Chicago	The editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica announced he would include an exhaustive history of the night club in the next edition.
Philadelphia	The Municipal Zoo put on exhibition a bright blue frog.
Buffalo	A convention of hoboes voted that the Miami jail had the finest accommodations in the country.
Worland, Wyo.	A woman reported that one of her best hens had laid an egg with a dime in it.
Reno	The secretary of the State Bar Association announced plans to inaugurate a New York-to-Reno airplane service for the divorce trade.
Pasadena	A minister announced a definite date for the end of the world (September 22d last).
Atlantic City	An octogenarian woman matriculated in a high school.
Salt Lake City	High-school girls adopted the "skunk lock" hair-do—only one lock of hair bleached.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



Just try this at bedtime tonight!

SOUNDER SLEEP FOR THOUSANDS —A cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime promotes sleep in these natural ways. It has the power to relieve inner tension—and certain types of digestive unrest that often disturb sleep. Supplies food elements known to be needed for sound, restful sleep.

TO BUILD VITALITY DURING SLEEP —Ovaltine gives you food elements to repair worn-out body and nerve cells. But that's not all! While you are sleeping it supplies these important foods in a specially-processed form—so you can get the fullest good from them—to restore vigor and energy.

There's no point in waking up worn and listless—not when there's a simple, pleasant routine that's brought radiant morning freshness to thousands. So why not try it—see if *you* don't get your youthful sparkle and vitality back again!

All you do is drink a cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime each night. For Ovaltine does these things, to bring fresher, brighter, happier mornings:

First, it promotes sound sleep, in a safe, natural, drugless way.

Second, it furnishes important food elements to rebuild vitality while you sleep.

Third, it supplies extra vitamins and minerals most of us need—in a newer, more modern, more natural way for abundant good health.

So why not try Ovaltine for awhile —starting tonight? See if you don't go to sleep quicker, sleep more soundly and see if you don't feel more refreshed and vital in the mornings. It's a way lots of people use to get a lot more fun out of life!

OVALTINE

PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

ble moment that he had stayed. And then she opened the door.

The cabin was still lighted. Daisy Belle Cates in gray pajamas lay in the upper bunk, smoking thoughtfully, her thin, red-gray hair was done up in little tight wads of curls and tied with a piece of white gauze dressing. Any other woman would have looked ugly and grotesque. Daisy Belle even then had an irresistible air of elegance and dignity. Gili was in a corner, undressing furiously, flinging off her clothes, her face sulky and angry.

Both women looked at her, Gili sullenly, Daisy Belle coolly and pleasantly; yet, Marcia felt, more than casually. (Daisy Belle a Nazi! With her proud, old, American name, her niceness—her civilized, forgiving decency. Impossible!) Daisy Belle said, "Oh, there you are. I was beginning to worry. I turned in ages ago, right after I talked to you. Did my hair and went straight to sleep." She yawned. "I don't think I'll ever quite catch up with sleep."

Gili gave her a hidden, venomous look from behind a swinging lock of bright yellow hair.

MARCIA thought with a kind of sick stab: But you weren't here, Daisy Belle; you weren't here and you weren't asleep and you're lying. Why?

She could not just then question her. It was indeed Gili who, hurling out the words jerkily, told Daisy Belle what had happened.

But in the telling Gili either intentionally or unintentionally gave an account of her own actions during the two or three hours just past.

"I was in the nurses' lounge," she said. "I was there all evening. That is"—she bent to strip off a stocking—"for an hour or so. Then I strolled around to André's cabin. He wasn't there and I waited. I didn't know anything about it until he came with his head bandaged. It was terrible." She shivered and stripped off the other stocking.

Daisy Belle, sitting up, her face shocked, cried, "*Marcia!* I can't believe it! Are you sure it really *was* somebody? I mean—well, not just nerves and imagination?"

Marcia said yes, she was sure, and turned to hang up her coat beside Daisy Belle's, hanging in the shallow closet—and Daisy Belle's coat was damp and dark around the shoulders, as if wet with fog.

Yet they had searched the decks; they had found no one.

They did not talk much after that. Daisy Belle, her fine face troubled, lighted a cigarette and smoked it with quick nervous puffs.

Gili crawled into pajamas, muttering about their discomfort, and then into the bunk opposite Marcia. Marcia undressed quickly too, and turned out the lights. In the silence of the cabin, again, the ship herself came to life, sighing, throbbing, steadily forging ahead as if she were conscious of the precious cargo she carried.

Marcia, staring into darkness that presently became faintly less dark so she could see the grayish round outlines of the open ports, thought again of the sinister, unwelcome and unwanted cargo that they had added to the ship.

Suppose the murderer had been Daisy Belle? Suppose it was Gili herself? But that simply could not be. Again the feeling of incredulity overwhelmed her; and this time gave her what she knew might be a false security but which nevertheless was for the moment security.

Still, why had Daisy Belle offered a gratuitous, flat lie as to her whereabouts that evening?

Just before Marcia went to sleep a memory of the night, a small thing, unnoticed at the time, came floating out into her consciousness. When Josh Morgan had found her, there in the fog, he had called her Marcia. "Do you hear me?" he had said and held her. "Do you hear me, Marcia—?"

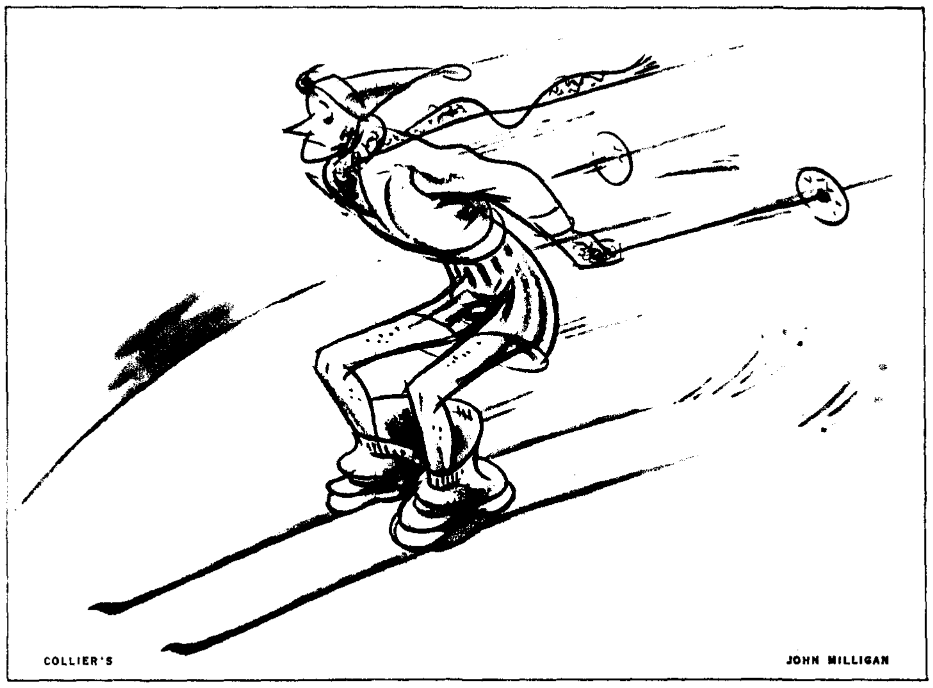
It was as if he had known her, somewhere, for a long time; it was as if the sense of security in his arms were an old and familiar one, too.

But that, she thought suddenly and sharply, was like disloyalty to Mickey. She loved Mickey; she was to marry Mickey. Not Josh Morgan. And not that there was anything at all that required even a denial!

She turned on her side and suddenly fell into a deep sleep. The fog was thicker now; it lay all around the Magnolia; it was an impenetrable yet yielding wall, surrounding her, setting her off from the rest of the world. Quietly the night life of the ship went on. Somewhere a man turned in his bunk and dreamed of home; another lay awake planning and mapping a war-free life; another in pain moved restlessly, and a nurse observed it and came to lean over the bunk and rub his back.

Up in the chartroom Captain Svendsen drank more hot coffee from the vacuum bottle beside him and peered ahead through the window and could see nothing; beams of light were struck back upon themselves by that thick, black veil. Staring into the fog he decided to take decisive steps in the morning about the boatload of survivors he'd picked up from the Portuguese vessel. He wasn't sure just what had happened that night on deck; it was his first business to get his ship and his patients safely through that fog and home. But if the passengers from the storm-wrecked Lerida were going to make trouble he'd stop it if he had to put them all in irons.

He'd better question the two seamen again; he'd better question them all again. In view of what Colonel Wells had told him he'd have to question practically everybody on the ship. It was all troublesome; it was all exasperating. His stern mouth tightened.



COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

Then he thought of the body of Alfred Castiogne as he had seen it, with the ugly, gaping knife wound in the back. It was so vivid a picture that it almost seemed to float there, against the fog ahead. Captain Svendsen was not afraid of anything; but he didn't like that picture against the thick, wet night. His stern mouth tightened.

The fog entered the ship.

IT WAS kept out of sick wards; lights and warmth and activity kept it at bay. That morning was, so far as the sick wards were concerned, exactly like any other. The nurses in their neat uniforms—slacks instead of skirts, to facilitate the constant running up and down stairways, and perching on the edges of the upper bunks to care for patients there—went briskly and quickly about their prescribed routines. Breakfast trays, which hooked neatly onto the sides of the bunks; charts, baths, the doctors' rounds—warmth and jokes and inexhaustible good spirits on the part of the patients. Which was not surprising at all; which is natural and real because these men were soldiers.

But the rest of the ship was at the mercy of the fog.

It crept into the main passageways, it darkened the day, it permeated everything; the decks were gray and slick with moisture; the Magnolia proceeded slowly, and very carefully, nursed along through a gray wall, which ever yielded and yet ever enclosed. That morning the foghorn began to sound, at long intervals. They were not on a heavy shipping lane; the Transportation Corps officer knew the exact location of every ship within miles of them. But a fog like that was a hazard, just the same; visibility was cut down to feet; the raucous blast of the foghorn seemed the only thing able to penetrate that thick gray wall and even it was flung back in diffused multiple echoes upon the ship.

The sound of it woke Marcia.

It was late. Daisy Belle and Gili had already left the cabin. The ports were gray with fog and all the metal latches and bolts had a faintly misted look as if some invisible presence had breathed upon them.

Marcia's long, heavy sleep, the daylight look of the cabin, the secure feeling of being on an American ship, all of it was like a mantle of common sense protecting her from things that were not sensible—that were outrageously out of place. By the time she'd had a hot shower, with all the fragrant soap she wanted, and had dressed in clothes that were faintly damp from fog but incredibly fresh and new in contrast to the nondescript odds and ends of clothing that she'd taken aboard the Lerida, she was ready to deny all the suspicions of the night before. If Castiogne had been murdered, one of the seamen had done it and, by then perhaps, had confessed. Daisy Belle Cates was no more a Nazi than she was a man-eating tigress. The hand that had silently turned that now faintly blurred doorknob had been merely a hand, somebody mistaking that cabin for another. Gili had been in Mickey's cabin simply because she was Gili and she'd wanted to talk to Mickey and had done so. Why not? Everything, that day, would be straightened out and restored to the normal order of events.

She was even ready to accept Mickey's accident as an accident, and nothing more. And if the attack upon her had been what it seemed, then it was obviously one of the seamen, afraid for some unfathomable reason that she had seen him kill Alfred Castiogne.

One of the nurses had placed a little horde of toilet articles beside Marcia's bunk—a comb, toothbrush and powder, lipstick. She combed her dark hair back to a smooth roll, low on her neck, and put on lipstick. There was a small, feminine satisfaction in the fact that it was a gay, soft red; her blue eyes seemed more deeply blue. She caught up the nurse's coat again and the lining almost matched her red, half-smiling lips. Everything was going to be all right.

She went down to breakfast, past wards and through passages and stopped at the door of what proved to be the nurses' lounge—a large, comfortable room with deeply cushioned chairs and sofas, a piano and card tables and a gay mural of the skyline of New York painted on the walls—to ask directions. A nurse, sitting under an electric hair dryer and reading, looked up pleasantly and directed her to the nurses' mess, one deck down.

This, too, was a large, low-ceilinged, pleasant room—white walls, white ceiling and red chairs. The nurses ate at two long tables at one end of it, the officers at two round tables at the other end, so a messboy told her. And then he brought her orange juice and pancakes with butter and all the milk and coffee she wanted.

She was finishing when Major Williams, the young officer who had been present when the captain first interviewed her, came into the room, saw her and came forward. The captain, he said, would like to see her again; but she must finish her breakfast, he added politely, and he hoped she had had a good rest and was no worse for her experience.

The sense of well-being, of being restored, somehow, to the right world (her world, the little sensible and normal world that Marcia Colfax had known before the war), still held good. She smiled at the young major and finished her coffee and went with him to the captain's quarters.

CAPTAIN SVENDSEN was waiting for them. He looked tired; his ruddy face had a grayish tinge and there were deep pockets around his eyes; a vacuum bottle of coffee stood on the table before him. He turned at their entrance. "Oh, there you are, Miss Colfax. Come in. Bring in the two men, Major—"

"Yes, sir."

The young major vanished again. Captain Svendsen turned back to his desk and busied himself with some papers. He said over his shoulder, after a moment, as if he'd forgotten her, "Sit down, Miss Colfax."

The arms of the red chair felt slightly moist; the fog was everywhere, even here. The foghorn sounded again, long and slow and hoarse. When it died away Major Williams returned, ushering in two men.

They were small, dark, active-looking; they were wearing obviously borrowed clothes gathered up from the Magnolia seamen. They looked about them with suspicious eyes under heavy black eyebrows. One was thin and wizened like an elderly monkey; the other, very short and thick and sturdy. It was he, she thought, remembering the lifeboat, who had tried to revive Castiogne. Their swarthy faces were only faintly familiar to her. She stared and they stared. Major Williams said cheerfully, "Here they are, sir," and Captain Svendsen shifted his solid, big body about and looked at the two men.

"These men were in the Lerida lifeboat. Their names are—" He glanced at a paper on his desk, "Manuel Para and José Urdiola. Now then." He turned to her. His shrewd, deep-set eyes were very direct and urgent. "Was it either of these two men last night?"

The two men shifted uneasily; their dark eyes angry, suspicious—and altogether impenetrable. She felt a curious embarrassment under that dark suspicious scrutiny, but she looked at them, thinking back, trying to dredge up some distinguishing mark, some sound, some clue. There was none. She only vaguely remembered their faces, here and there about the Lerida. She remembered them merely as black figures bending over oars, shifting about, huddled in the lifeboat.

She shook her head. "I can't tell. There was nothing I can remember. But—"

The captain cut into her speech: "You told me that one of them tried apparently to revive Castiogne." He glanced at the short, sturdy-looking man, and said shortly, "Para. Step forward."

He did so quickly. "Yes, sir."

"Was it this one, Miss Colfax?"

"I think so. I could not see his face."

Para burst out in fluent and vehement English, "But, sir, I told you. I tried to revive him, yes. I did not know he was dead. I thought exhaustion, yes. A collapse. I told you. I did not know he was dead. I told you—"

"That's enough," said the captain. He nodded at Major Williams. "Take them away."

Para, looking worried and angry, followed the other, who had said nothing, to the door. Major Williams closed it smartly after them. The captain said directly, "What do you know of the Cates couple?"

She stiffened. Had someone already told him of Gili's story? She replied warily, "I met them in Lisbon while we were waiting for passage."

"What do you know of them before they reached Lisbon?"

Suddenly and disconcertingly she remem-

HENRY J. KAISER
and JOSEPH W. FRAZER
Announce

The First Public Showing of
the Two New Motor Cars
Bearing Their Names

The Amazing New
KAISER
KAISER-FRAZER PRODUCT

JE SUIS PRET

The Sensational New
FRAZER
GRAHAM-PAIGE PRODUCT

These great new automobiles, built at Willow Run, will be exhibited in principal cities of the United States, beginning with premier showings in New York and Los Angeles this month. See your newspaper for announcements of time and place.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION · *Willow Run, Mich.* · **GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION**

Why Winter-Weary MUSCLES rely on SLOAN'S

When outdoor work and chilling winds leave muscles aching and sore—take the tested way to fast, happy relief. Just pat on *Sloan's Liniment,* warm away those stabbing muscular pains. No slow, painful rubbing. You'll feel this "heat treatment" go to work—penetrating instantly, stimulating circulation, relaxing tight muscles. Your handy way to glorious comfort.

- Tired Muscles
- Stiff Joints
- Strains
- Sprains
- Bruises

What you NEED is
SLOAN'S LINIMENT

bered Daisy Belle's words: "We stayed with a—a friend; in a château in the hills back of Nice!" What friend? *And why had Daisy Belle lied*—so needlessly, apparently so pointlessly, the night before?

The captain's eyes were too observant; for an instant she felt that he could read her thoughts. She said quickly and firmly, "They were caught in France and remained there; he was ill. I think they lived somewhere along the Riviera—"

HE LEANED forward, resting his elbows on the table, his blue eyes very piercing and determined and also, queerly, impatient. "Look here, Miss Colfax. I've no time for evasions. I'd better tell you some things that you may not know. For one thing Alfred Castiogne was murdered; you don't seem to be able to realize it. His body is in the morgue now; we never have a burial at sea. We've never, in fact"—pride came into his voice for an instant—"we've never had a death at sea. We've a proud record. But the point now is: This Portuguese third officer *was murdered*. There is no question in my mind as to whether or not one of you in the lifeboat murdered him. But—" he hesitated; a sort of reluctance touched his straight, hard mouth. "But I have to be fair. Colonel Wells is the medical officer in command. He examined the body; and he went to considerable trouble to investigate all the circumstances and facts available. And—to make it short—considering, he says, a question of *rigor mortis* and the length of time the man was dead when he was discovered, there is no proof that he was killed in the lifeboat."

"You mean someone else could have killed him! Someone, here on this ship—" She half rose to her feet.

"Wait! I didn't say that," snapped the captain. "I don't believe anyone on my ship did it. I know my ship. My men are, as you know, of the Merchant Marine. I took on some new men last trip but I investigated them thoroughly. I don't believe that Castiogne was murdered on the Magnolia. I believe—and so does Colonel Wells—that he was murdered in the lifeboat. But—" The captain sighed, and said rather wearily, "We've got to be fair. As far as I can discover, this man Castiogne was assumed to have collapsed. Manuel Para, as he admits, tried to revive him. As you heard, he claims not to have known that he was dead—which is perfectly comprehensible, but does not prove anything. Castiogne could have been dead then, already murdered; or he could have been in a state of collapse and murdered later. Two Magnolia seamen—whom I have questioned, I assure you to my own satisfaction—carried Castiogne up the Jacob's ladder and put him down for a moment or two on the floor along the companionway. There was some excitement and haste about getting you all aboard; the sea was running rather heavy. They were bringing litters for those of you who could not walk. There were, in short, several minutes during which I can discover nobody who actually had his eyes on the man Castiogne. Naturally there was a certain amount of going and coming, hurrying—trying to save you all," said the captain, looking for a moment rather as if he wished he had not undertaken saving any of them.

"But then somebody—anybody on the ship—"

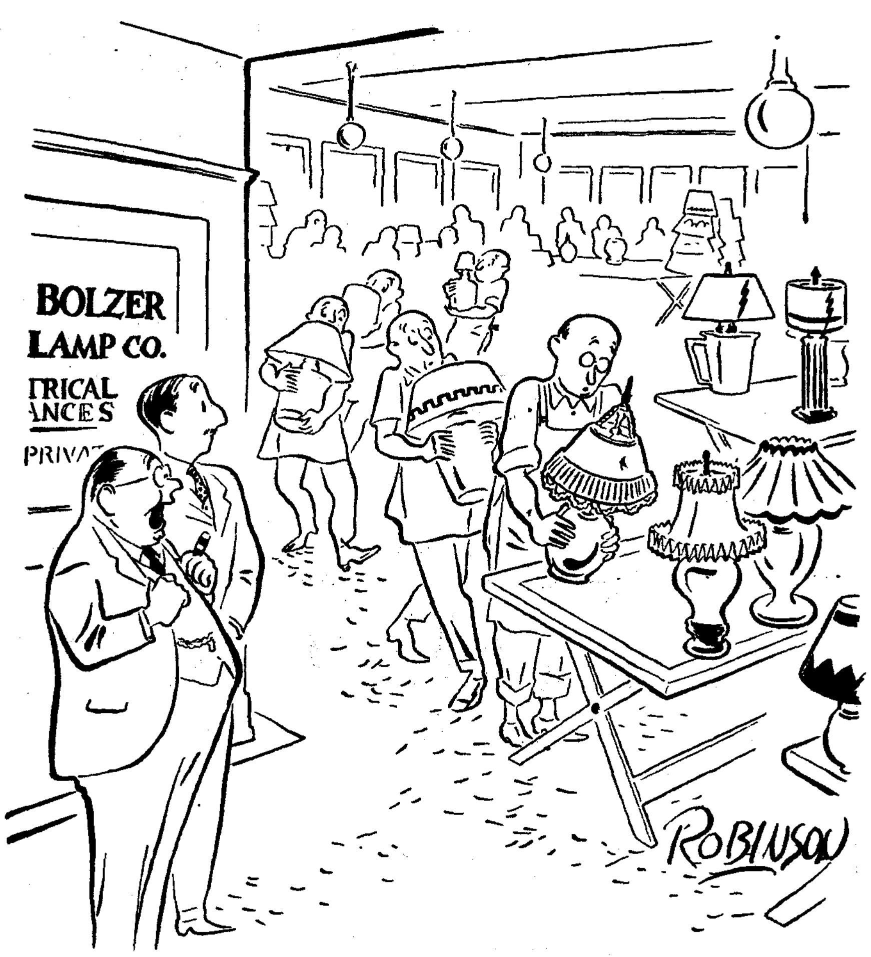
"No, Miss Colfax, not anybody on the ship. Nobody in the wards, none of the patients could have done it. And I do not believe," he was suddenly sarcastic, "that any of the nurses would be very likely to creep up to the man and stick a knife in him; or any of the doctors. For one thing I've seen all of them under fire; what they've done is save lives—hundreds of them—through their own personal bravery. You can keep the nurses and doctors—and the patients—out of your calculations. And so far as I'm concerned, I don't believe any of my ship's personnel had anything to do with this. But the fact is"—he paused again and said in a sort of angry, but honest concession—"the fact is there is a period of time on the Magnolia during which he *could* have been killed. He wasn't killed then," he said stubbornly. "I'm sure of it. But he *could* have been. So—" he shrugged; angry, stubborn, exasperated but honest. "So there you are. The simple fact is that he could have been killed in the lifeboat, or during the half-hour or so while he was on the Magnolia, before the corpsman seeing to him discovered that he had a stab wound. It hadn't bled much; flesh had closed over it so the hemorrhage was inside."

He glanced at the watch on his thick red wrist and said, "I'm only telling you all this, Miss Colfax, because it's the truth. Because I want you and everybody else on the lifeboat to help, not hinder—my investigation."

He shoved back his chair with a quick motion and got to his feet; he was reaching for his oilskins. "I'm going back to the bridge," he said. "I'm risking my ticket to leave it for a moment in a fog like this. Think it over, Miss Colfax. Try to remember—"

He held the door open for her courteously and then walked faster than she along the passage, so she followed the rustling oil-skinned figure with its shock of light hair. He disappeared around a curve ahead of her.

Thinking again of Daisy Belle Cates it seemed suddenly childish and unfair to give her no chance to defend herself against the nagging little question in Marcia's own mind. There could be a dozen reasons for Daisy Belle's absence from the cabin the previous night; a dozen reasons for the damp coat; a dozen reasons for a merely careless misstatement—all of them innocent.



"Not many are broken now. They learned to be careful when we were making bombs!"

COLLIER'S ROBINSON

She came to a main lobby; Daisy Belle was not about, neither was she in the cabin on B deck. Marcia wanted to talk to Mickey too; probably he would be on deck. She put the nurse's coat around her shoulders again and climbed the stairs again to the lobby of the deck above which on the Magnolia corresponded to, and in practice was, the boat deck. Still she saw none of the Lerida survivors. A door was near and she went out on deck, and instantly, it seemed to her, she entered a remote and secret world. Thick gray fog was everywhere; the ship seemed to lie quite still in it, unmoving, except for that deep faraway pulsation. The railings were beaded with moisture; she could scarcely see beyond them. But Gili was standing at the railing. She too wore a nurse's thick, warm coat; her golden hair was uncovered and looked rather lank and wet. She turned quickly and saw Marcia.

"Oh," she said; a flash of expectancy in her face changed to quite frank and open disappointment. "Oh, it's you."

Marcia said, "Have you seen André? Or Daisy Belle?"

"No." Gili's voice was sullen. She waited a moment and shivered a little and glanced rather swiftly back of her, along the deck both ways, her green eyes sliding here and there. She said, "I don't like the fog. I feel all the time as if somebody is near me; somebody I can't see or hear or—I don't like it."

Marcia, suddenly, didn't like it either. She said however, lightly, "Why don't you go inside then?"

Gili did not reply; instead she tugged at a pocket and got out a cigarette case and clicked it open. She offered it to Marcia. "Cigarette?"

"Thank you, I—" Marcia stopped.

The case was Mickey's. She knew it and remembered it well: the thin, plain gold; the design around the edge. She stared at it and saw, besides the case, tables in restaurants with rose-shaded lamps, tables in the sun, along the walks, below the bronze-leafed trees of the Bois—she could almost hear the squawking taxis and smell liqueurs and coffee.

She said stiffly, "Where did you get that?" and looked at Gili.

Gili was looking at her. Her face was secret, her eyes uneasy. She licked her mouth, and said, "Oh, that. The case. I—I borrowed it. It belongs to Mickey."

Fog was so close it seemed to drift between them. For an instant Marcia thought only: How odd! She knows his real name. Mickey.

Then Gili's green eyes changed; and Marcia could see that change. Uneasiness was suddenly shot with brilliance, with triumph.

GILI gave a kind of shrug; she bit her full red lip and looked away. Marcia said in a voice she did not recognize as her own it was so stern, so queer and hard, "Where did you know him? How long?"

Gili bit her lip again; she shot a sidewise glance at Marcia; she said, "All right. We may as well understand each other, you and I. I knew it would have to come sometime; it may as well be now. Mickey belongs to me. He only came back to you for your money. We wanted to leave Europe, you see, and we have no money." She smiled. "He knew he could get enough for both of us from you."

(To be continued next week)

The Screamy-Weamies

Continued from page 42

"porcelain insulator-conductors; Tesla generators to rotating spark gap; some sort of medical-type electric generator; a ball-type switch; and high-frequency terminals." As the writer explains, "In foreground are laboratory tables and switchboard, with high-frequency apparatus near by. Veils of cobweb stretch over everything."

Universal Pictures may be looked upon as the First Family of Virginia of the horror industry. Not only did Universal make the first real horror films; they have maintained almost a monopoly on frenzied scientists, phantoms with operatic ambitions, mad ghouls and Frankenstein monsters of both sexes. All this has put a pretty penny in the studio's poke. The atmospheric demands of horror films have brought about considerable progress in the use of make-up, lighting and sound. Universal's wizards behind the scenes are John Fulton and Jack Pierce who handle electricity and make-up, respectively.

Fulton is responsible for all the little lightning gadgets that moan and whine and go *b-z-z-z-t! b-z-z-z-t!* in the mad doctor's laboratories. Pierce made hunches for Lon Chaney (in The Hunchback of Notre Dame) that weighed 72 pounds, and out of thin air created a Frankenstein monster that was seven feet tall, had thick wooden shoes and a tin head.

The highly conventionalized techniques of horror films have been developed over a number of years. Perhaps the first of the prototypes were old silent serials like The Iron Claw, cliff-hangers that featured masked villains, opium-den conspirators, and hands that groped out of the wall. As early as 1920, Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Lon Chaney had the idea of doing Dracula. They believed the American public was 90 per cent superstitious and just about ripe for a short snort of terror. But in this country the idea didn't bear fruit until eleven years later. Although in 1923, Lon Chaney made The Hunchback, following it up with The Phantom of the Opera, these were made as unusual stories suited to Chaney's talents. The great horror epidemic was yet to begin.

It came in 1931 with the release of Frankenstein and Dracula. Bela Lugosi, who played Count Dracula, turned down the part of the Frankenstein monster on the grounds that it was dumb show, all make-up and no dialogue. He recommended Boris Karloff for the part. From that time on, Karloff has rarely been seen in human form. Lugosi has since played the part of the monster, as has almost everyone else on the Universal lot.

Most of the roles have been created by Karloff, then passed on to Lon Chaney, Jr., who has been following in his father's footsteps.

Universal insists that its horror operas are produced in dead earnest, prides itself on its architectural and folkloric researches, and maintains that Bela Lugosi accepts the part of a deranged chiropractor with the same seriousness he would that of Romeo.

Mr. Eustace, Universal's horror expert for the Eastern seaboard, came up with a few interesting trade sidelights on the players of horror films and their parts:

"We've had a Spider Woman, an Ape Woman, a Brute Man, a Creeper, a Wolf Man and a Mad Ghoul. The Mad Ghoul was David Bruce. The Ghoul had to have the blood of a chorus girl to keep going. When he couldn't find 'em fresh enough, he used to kill his own. He murdered several, but when he got to the heroine, we couldn't have that, and we had to dispose of him. Mr. Bruce is now Deanna Durbin's leading man.

"Then we've got the Mummy—Amenhotep or something like that is his legal name. He's usually Mr. Chaney. He lives on tana leaves, and when he gets enough of them he gets up out of his grave and strangles people—with one hand.

"The Bride of Frankenstein was one of our most gruesome efforts. The monster spoke for the first time, but we found he had a small vocabulary. Now he just grunts a little from time to time."

The Habit of His Profession

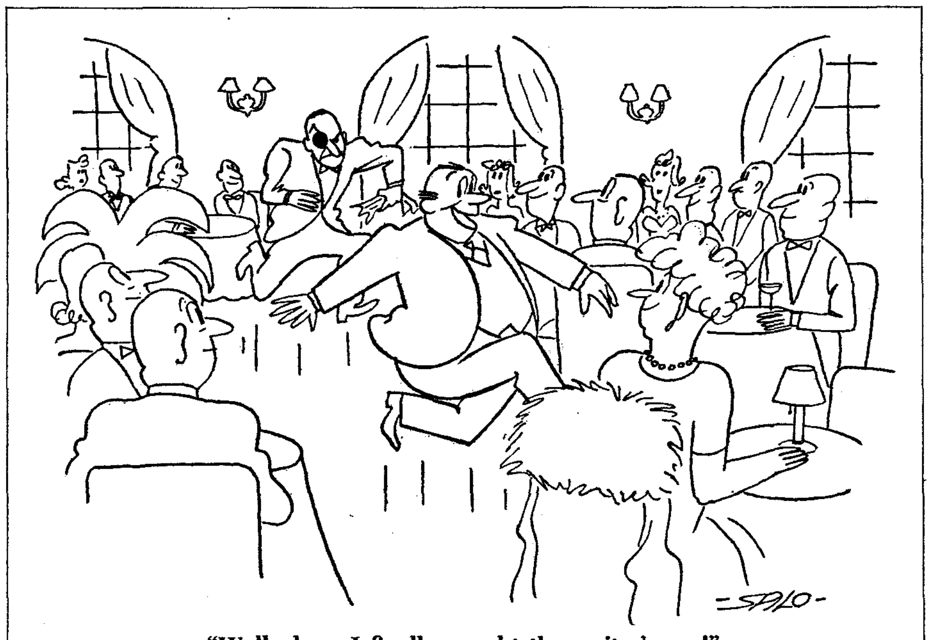
Mr. Eustace beamed pleasantly through his old-fashioned glasses. Perhaps out of deference to his profession, he dresses all in black—a black suit, a soft black hat and a long, thin black bow tie. But it is obvious that he finds the monsters good fellows.

The writing of horror scripts has come to be as peculiar an art as publicizing them. In writing for a mummy, for instance, it's scarcely necessary to tailor the part to the actor when he's a foot deep in old bandages. One must, on the other hand, include several conventional but absolutely necessary scenes. Most important of these is the beauty-and-the-beast combination, usually a head-on shot of the monster lurching through a miasmal swamp, carrying the unconscious heroine in his arms. The heroine must be dressed in a diaphanous nightshirt, and is allowed to have no more than one hair out of place. Sometimes a large, perfectly symmetrical black smudge is rubbed on the center of her forehead for the sake of realism.

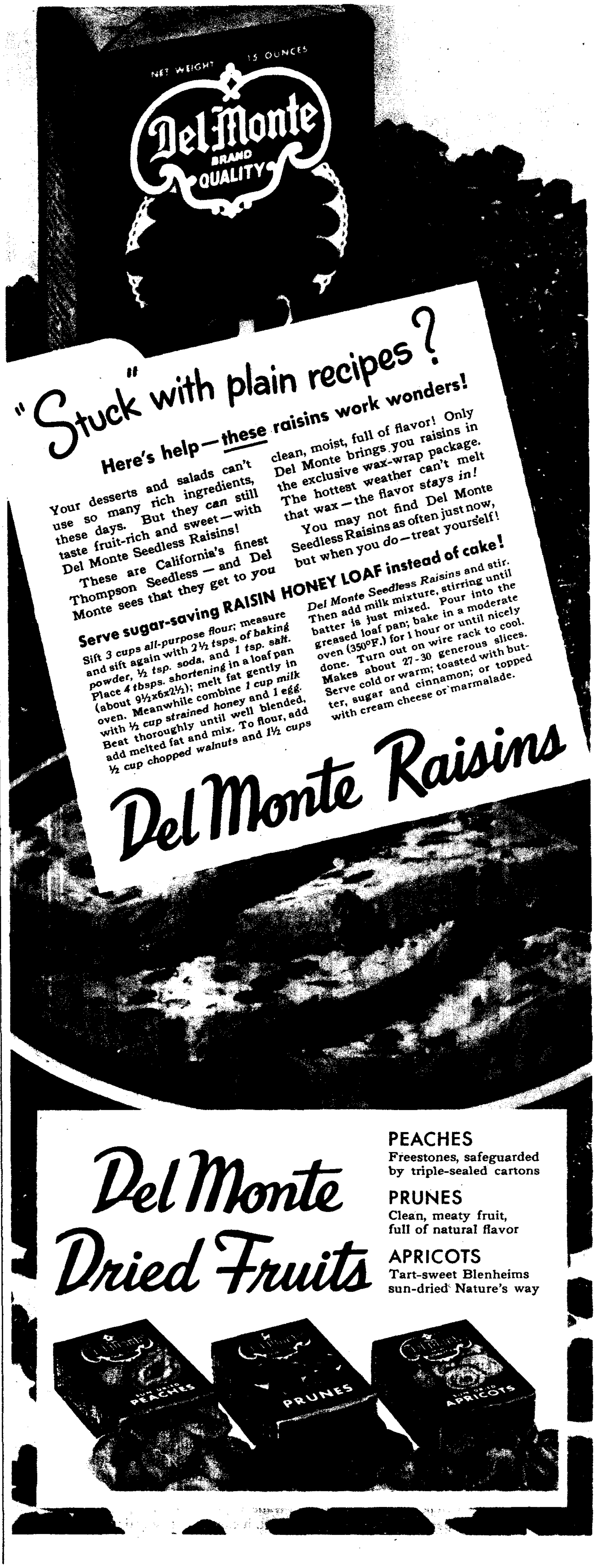
An Eeek! scene must be included, too. This is nothing more than a meeting of the heroine and the monster. The heroine is sleeping gently in her bed (if possible this should resemble a swan boat in an amusement park), when she is roused by the shadow of an inhuman form. Taking in the situation at a glance, the maiden cries, "Eeek!"

Sometimes there is an echo from the audience.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Well, dear, I finally caught the waiter's eye!" SALO ROTH


NET WEIGHT 15 OUNCES

Del Monte BRAND QUALITY

"Stuck" with plain recipes?

Here's help—these raisins work wonders!

Your desserts and salads can't use so many rich ingredients, these days. But they *can* still taste fruit-rich and sweet—with Del Monte Seedless Raisins!

These are California's finest Thompson Seedless—and Del Monte sees that they get to *you* clean, moist, full of flavor! Only Del Monte brings you raisins in the exclusive wax-wrap package. The hottest weather can't melt that wax—the flavor *stays in!*

You may not find Del Monte Seedless Raisins as often just now, but when you *do*—treat yourself!

Serve sugar-saving RAISIN HONEY LOAF instead of cake!

Sift *3 cups all-purpose flour*; measure and sift again with *2½ tsps. of baking powder, ½ tsp. soda*, and *1 tsp. salt*. Place *4 tbsps. shortening* in a loaf pan (about 9½x6x2½); melt fat gently in oven. Meanwhile combine *1 cup milk* with *½ cup strained honey* and *1 egg*. Beat thoroughly until well blended. To flour, add melted fat and mix. To flour, add *½ cup chopped walnuts* and *1½ cups Del Monte Seedless Raisins* and stir. Then add milk mixture, stirring until batter is just mixed. Pour into the greased loaf pan; bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 1 hour or until nicely done. Turn out on wire rack to cool. Makes about 27-30 generous slices. Serve cold or warm; toasted with butter, sugar and cinnamon; or topped with cream cheese or marmalade.

Del Monte Raisins

Del Monte Dried Fruits

PEACHES
Freestones, safeguarded by triple-sealed cartons

PRUNES
Clean, meaty fruit, full of natural flavor

APRICOTS
Tart-sweet Blenheims sun-dried Nature's way

Is handsome Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., big enough to hold his own among the hard-bitten diplomats? His friends say yes

This is a moot question in Washington, and it doesn't apply to his height and weight. Many wonder if he is big enough to be the U.S. member of the United Nations Security Council. His record indicates he'll handle the job with ease

THE SIZE OF STETTINIUS

BY GEORGE CREEL

WASHINGTON

WHEN President Truman eased Edward Reilly Stettinius, Jr., out of the State Department into the Security Council of the United Nations, there was much lifting of eyebrows and great wagging of heads. It was a gracious gesture, generally approved as a deserved balm for bruised feelings, but was "Junior" big enough for the job? True, he had handled himself well in San Francisco, and his abundant charm and good looks were beyond dispute, but setting him up as a "world ruler" was something else again.

As the representative of the United States on the supreme executive body of the new world order, Mr. Stettinius would be empowered to pass on matters vitally affecting the future of his country and the lives of its people. Was it not even probable that his vote might decide between amicable settlements and armed conflict, between peace and war? Were hearty handclasps and gleaming teeth adequate qualifications for a post of such magnitude?

Sitting with him on the Security Council, and pitted against him, will be the best that other nations have to offer in the way of brains and wide experience in global affairs. Granting a pleasant personal appeal, would dental displays and caressing massage for whatever shoulder blade happened to be within reach enable him to hold his own in that hard-bitten company? Just how much was under the snowy thatch that contrasts so effectively with coal-black eyebrows?

These are all important questions, of course. But after all, are they in order? Has Mr. Stettinius been vested with absolute authority? When he takes his place with ten other members of the Security Council, will he have the right of independent action? In voting on matters involving peace and war, will he be permitted to follow his own judgment with only his conscience as a guide? Is there ground for Senator Vandenberg's sweating fear that he will make decisions on "his own responsibility"? Until the job is clearly defined, how can it be decided whether Mr. Stettinius is big enough for it?

On the face of things, the Security Council does possess vast powers. For example, when trouble breaks out anywhere in the world, it can call on the disputants to settle their quarrels by negotiation or arbitration. In event of failure, it can conduct direct investigations and render verdicts. If peaceful means prove inadequate, the Council can take nonmilitary measures, such as economic boycotts, cutting off all communication and trade with the offending state. As a last resort, it can authorize action "by land, sea and air forces," using the armed contingents put at its disposal by member states.

Power to burn, but is it conceivable that Mr. Stettinius will function independently? Can anyone imagine that the President and the Secretary of State will not be glued to the long-distance telephone when decisions of tremendous moment are debated? And that the admirals and generals of the High Command will not be on hand for suggestion and advice? When any balloting involves the possible use of a single American soldier, sailor or Marine, what is more certain than that Mr. Stettinius will vote under precise instructions from Washington?

A Question of Who's Boss

Consider also the matter of "trusteeships." When decision is made with respect to the establishment of land, sea and air bases in the Pacific, will their administration be our own particular business? Or will the Security Council have the right of supervision, with authority to send commissions into these "strategic areas" on periodic visits of inspection? As the United States has veto power, along with other members of the Big Five, Mr. Stettinius' vote will decide. And will he cast it as he sees fit? Not while Harry S. Truman and Secretary Byrnes retain any power of speech.

To mention just one other thing of importance, out of many, the Security Council will have the last word in selecting the permanent seat of the United Nations. The commodious plant of the League of Nations in Geneva represents an investment of more than $30,000,000, but due to strained relations between Russia and Switzerland, Moscow insists on a change of site. When the vote comes up, is it likely that Mr. Stettinius will be guided by his personal preference? Not a chance!

At no point, in fact, does the representative of the United States on the Security Council possess an atom of independent power. Instead of being a world ruler, he has no more freedom of action than an ambassador, minister or chargé d'affaires, and they have almost none. He will report regularly to the President and to the Secretary of State, and both his speeches and his votes will be guided at all times by explicit instructions from the White House and the State Department. Only by a Constitutional amendment can Mr. Truman be divested of his responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs.

Mr. Stettinius, for that matter, does not even hold his job in fee simple. It is the United States, not the individual, that has permanent membership in the Security Council, carrying with it the right of veto. Moreover, there is the further provision that the body "shall hold periodic meetings

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT-PIX

GEM OF NATURE'S BLENDS

Nature taught us care in little things

When she designed the humming bird, Mother Nature certainly had the little fellow's best interest at heart! She gave him lightning speed, a streamlined bill to dip deftly into flowers, and plumage gay enough to blend with the blossoms he marauds.

Like Nature, we take a lot of care to overlook none of the little things that will make William Penn a really good whiskey. Our experienced distillers take the essences of finest grains—age them fully and blend them at the very peak of flavor. Maybe that's why so many say William Penn is extra smooth and mellow.

Just taste William Penn and discover for yourself why thousands of others who try it keep right on buying it.

For more than a century we've been making fine whiskey. We know William Penn is an honest whiskey—and sincerely believe it's the *"Gem of the Blends."*

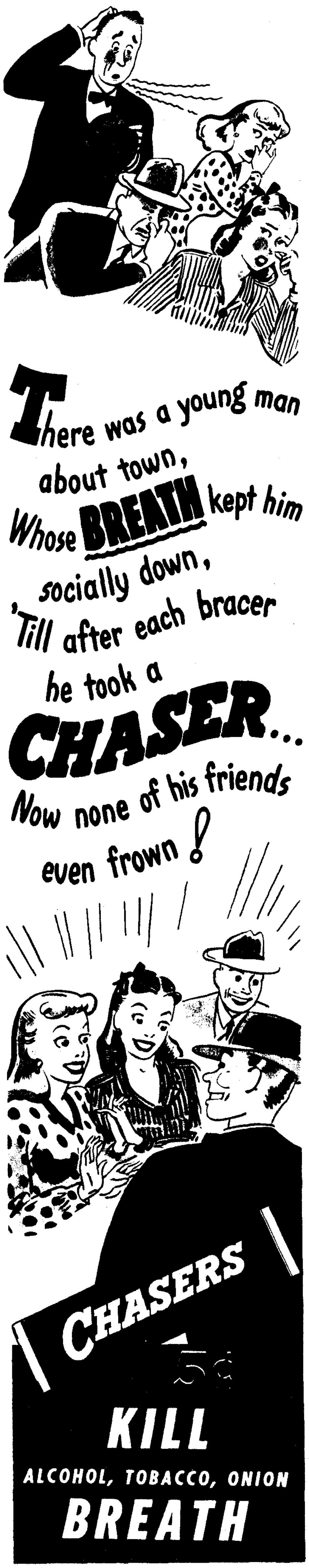
GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS

William Penn
ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED
PEORIA-ILLINOIS

Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits



at which each of the members may, if it so desires, be represented by a member of the government or some other specially designated representative."

It is the *seat* that is permanent, not Mr. Stettinius. When vital decisions are under discussion, it is distinctly possible that a switch may be made. The President himself, or the Secretary of State, under certain circumstances, may decide to push Edward out of his chair and take over until the debates are ended and the ballots counted.

Even with all of its limitations and restraints, however, Mr. Stettinius' job *is* a big one, calling for bigness in the man that fills it. The success of the United Nations depends in large measure on the continued unity of the great powers, and just as the Security Council brings them together, so it is the one hope of keeping them together. Where else is there opportunity for the development of the common understanding, mutual confidence and co-operative attitudes that lie at the heart of unity?

How the eleven members get along with one another will have a large bearing on international relationships. If a representative is courteous and mannerly, open and honest in his approaches and ready to assume good faith until ill faith is proved, his country will reap rich benefit. If, on the other hand, he is meanly contentious, quick to suspect and quick to quarrel, always seeking grounds for disagreement, his country will suffer hurt, for his associates are bound to think that it is a national attitude rather than the expression of purely personal qualities.

Although Mr. Stettinius will act at all times under orders, his reports will have much to do with determining instructions. The President will not be there, nor will the Secretary of State, and it is through Mr. Stettinius that they will see and hear. What more vital than that he paint a true picture of each situation as it arises? As the man on the ground, what he tells them by word or pouch will have great weight in determining decisions, and any touch of bias, any lack of clarity, may misinform and mislead.

Weighing the Qualifications

Now for the $64 question: Is Edward Reilly Stettinius big enough for the job? What better way of finding out than to go over his career, step by step, year by year? Not difficult, fortunately, for it is as open as a city directory. Born to wealth and position, and always a colorful figure, the whole life of the man has been spent in an aquarium. Few American records, in fact, afford less chance for speculation, or better opportunity to appraise and judge.

The "silver spoon" charge, of course, cannot be denied, for Stettinius, Sr., was one of the country's greatest industrialists and financiers. A "Morgan partner," he was picked by the Allies to handle their purchases prior to 1917, and bought $3,000,000,000 worth of materials at rock-bottom prices. After that, another brilliant performance as special assistant to the Secretary of War, a dollar-a-year job. The son, however, likes to point out that his father was an orphan who started from scratch, and it is also worthy of mention that his mother, a Carrington of Virginia, worked on a Richmond newspaper before her marriage.

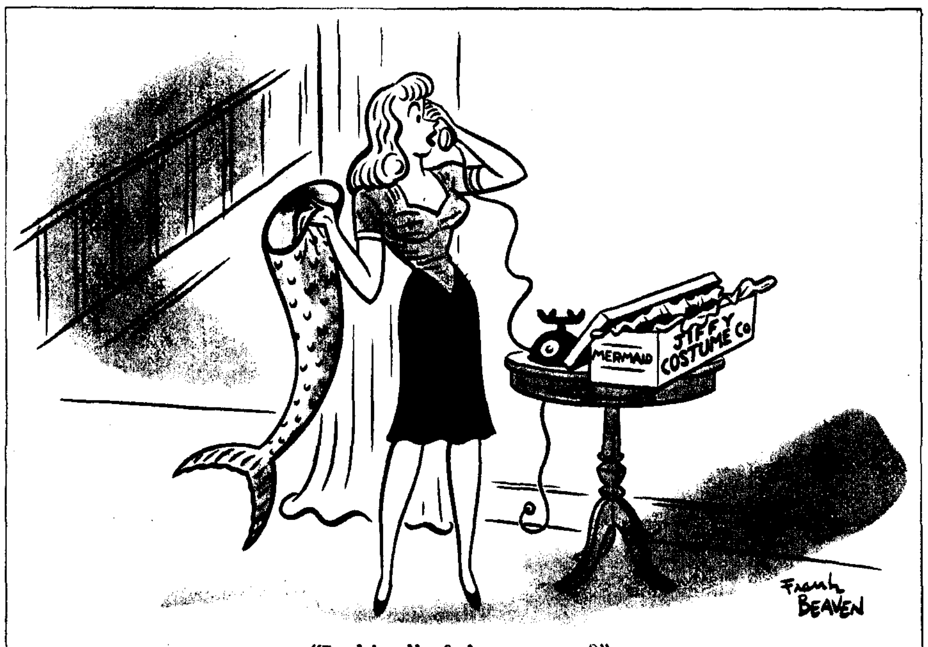
After unostentatious early schooling, "Little Stet" entered the University of Virginia in 1919, when he was nineteen years old. Faculty members and former classmates recall him with affection and regard, but all agree that he showed every sign of being a prize misfit at the start. It was not only that he didn't drink or smoke, and cared nothing for football, tennis, golf or cards. What put him most apart, and set teeth on edge, was an absorbing interest in what the gay company of undergraduates slurringly termed "good works." To quote one fellow student: "Ed was plain hell on do-gooding."

The "rich man's son" lived simply, attended church with every evidence of pleasure, taught in the Sunday school, and worked so enthusiastically for the local Y.M.C.A. that he rose to the presidency. On top of these strange activities, he organized and operated an employment bureau, covering town and countryside in a battered jalopy, bedeviling merchants and farmers for jobs that would enable needy students to stay in college. Worse still, in his spare time he ranged far and wide over the Ragged Mountains, conducting religious services and interesting himself in the education, sanitation and living conditions of the hill people.

These were weird performances, judged by university standards, and yet the record shows that he came to be Charlottesville's most popular student, sought after by fraternities and "ribbon societies," and the leader in every undergraduate affair. He was elected president of the Academic Department and chairman of the Honor Committee, the two highest offices attainable by a member of the student body.

"We found," said another classmate, "that Stet was *regular*. His Christianity was without priggishness, and his welfare stuff proceeded from generous and warmly human impulses. And you couldn't help admiring his courage in bucking college custom."

Considerable mention has been made of the fact that Mr. Stettinius left the university without a degree. So he did, but faculty members provide an explanation. At the time of his attendance, the college still ran on lines laid down by Thomas Jefferson. Education was the important thing, not diplomas, and a student could take as long about it as he chose. Four years, five or even six, and if he didn't want a degree, none was insisted upon. At the end of his fourth year, Little Stet fell sick as a result of overwork, what with his many extracurricular activities, and decided on a European jaunt.



COLLIER'S "Is this all of the costume?" FRANK BEAVEN

His companion was Billy Pott, a budding professor of philosophy, now president of Elmira College, and the two junketed gaily over the Continent in an ancient Fiat. On his return it was expected that he would take some soft berth provided by his father, the accepted course for a rich man's son. Instead of that, he plumped for the ministry, and might be gracing a pulpit today but for the intervention of John Lee Pratt, vice-president of General Motors. This shrewd gentleman, having read about the Stettinius employment bureau in his Alumni News, had kept track of him as a good man to hire.

"Why the ministry?" argued Mr. Pratt. "With luck you may build up a congregation of five hundred, perhaps more; but here in GM you'll have two hundred thousand—and no danger of nonattendance. What better field do you want?"

Young Stettinius—twenty-four at the time—took the dare, and in order to learn something of his "flock," went to work as a laborer in the factory of a New Jersey subsidiary at 44 cents an hour. Two years of it, getting up at six every morning, hustling heavy materials from dawn to dusk, and wolfing his meals in the cafeteria with others of his crew. A tough apprenticeship but useful when Mr. Pratt lifted him up into the white-collar class as employment manager.

It was just as useful a little later when Alfred P. Sloan, head of General Motors, called him upstairs to be vice-president in charge of industrial and public relations. Here again he made good in a big way and is still given credit for having eased many management-employee strains by his eager sympathies and sound understandings. Not the least of his achievements was a group insurance plan—life, health and accident; the $450,000,000 policy covered every GM worker.

A full-time job, but with the depression in full blast, Mr. Stettinius found time to whoop it up for a "Share the Work" plan. Then Franklin D. Roosevelt burst upon the scene, pulling the NRA out of his hat, and straightaway young Mr. Stettinius was called to Washington to work as liaison between the Blue Eagle and big business. There he matched energy and enthusiasm with General Hugh Johnson, and at the end won admiring comment from Old Iron Pants.

Another equally impressed was Myron Taylor, head of United States Steel, and when the Blue Eagle folded its wings in 1934, he lured Mr. Stettinius away from General Motors by painting larger opportunities. A far-flung plan for reorganization was under study, and Big Steel's labor policies needed a going-over. Although the vice-chairmanship of the finance committee might not sound alluring, there was the promise that it would carry the right of interest in the corporation's human relationships.

Still suffering minimization as a rich man's son, there were many ill-natured jokes about "white-haired boys" and "window dressing," but the answer was given when Mr. Stettinius succeeded to the chairmanship of the board on Mr. Taylor's retirement in 1938. Hard-headed businessmen are not in the habit of intrusting their investments to dummies, no matter how handsome or engaging. By way of further disproving the stooge insinuation, the young chairman sturdily upheld Mr. Taylor's organizational reforms and helped to beat off a determined drive for wage reductions when steel prices fell.

The European war, breaking out in 1939, brought a hurry call from the White House. Nothing would do but that Mr. Stettinius, long tabbed by the President as an "enlightened businessman," take charge of a War Resources Board and work out plans for the industrial mobilization of the country. Months of drudgery followed, but what was done and how well, will never be known. As a result of interdepartmental wars that gave the New Deal so much of its color and excitement, the Board was disbanded and its report deeply buried.

The President, however, increasingly appreciative of the need for men with know-how, drafted Mr. Stettinius again in 1940, this time as member of a seven-man Advisory Commission to the Council of National Defense. Another effort to co-ordinate the activities of industry, transportation, finance and labor in an over-all preparedness program. Accepting for the duration, the head of United States Steel resigned his post, giving up a salary of $100,000 a year. More than that, he quit every directorship and sold every security, completely severing all relationship with business.

The Advisory Commission, utterly without executive power, was soon an acknowledged failure, and then came the ill-fated Office of Production Management with "Big Bill" Knudsen and Sidney Hillman as the two ring-masters—another resounding flop that soon went the way of its unhappy predecessor. Mr. Stettinius suffered through both, and while the harrowing experience did much to turn his hair snow-white, never once did he let out a yawp. Patiently, cheerfully, loyally, he performed a bewildering succession of chores as intelligently as the setups permitted.

Late in 1941 came a transfer to the management of Lend-Lease—a commutation of sentence doubtless earned by good behavior—and how he delivered in that trying job is not a matter of speculation or debate. An irritated and suspicious Congress, all set to pounce on him, received his report with wolfish cries, confident that it could be torn to pieces. After microscopic examination, however, and a third degree that lasted for days, Mr. Stettinius was praised to the skies. Nor was that all. When appointed Undersecretary of State in 1943, the Senate confirmed him by acclamation.

This created another difficult position, for Little Stet was a White House choice. There was quite a chill in the air for some time, but Secretary Hull soon came to hold his young associate in affection and esteem, and to this day speaks warmly of his loyalty, competence and rare abilities. And then when sheer exhaustion compelled Mr. Hull's resignation, lifting Mr. Stettinius to the high post, there was the sneer that Junior would be no more than a figurehead, the appointment plainly proving that Mr. Roosevelt meant to be his own Secretary of State.

Hard to take, and even harder when the press badgered and ridiculed his "team" likening it to something that had been won at a raffle. Why he hung on was the wonder of his friends. Down in Culpeper County, Virginia, spread out along the banks of the Rapidan, was a 500-acre farm that he loved. Not a show place, but a real farm where he raised turkeys and beef cattle, offering a refuge from the heat and quarrels of Washington. Sneers and laughter, however, were not new experiences for the rich man's son. He had known them in Charlottesville when he roamed the Ragged Mountains with his Bible, and in Big Steel before he proved himself. And with the same force that drove him then, he squared the firm jaw too often overlooked, and set about another of his uphill struggles.

He was winning it, just as he had always won, when out of the blue came a spine-jarring wallop. A new President took over, and straightway all Washington buzzed with the rumor that Junior would be the first Cabinet official to be put out. It was with this sword above his head that Mr. Stettinius went to San Francisco—his task almost without parallel for importance—and from the first day of the Conference to the last, some 2,000 newspaper correspondents watched and waited for the sword to fall.

Authority was his imperative need, and yet he was robbed of it by the uncertainties of his position. Many delegates from the smaller powers, none too well disposed, to begin with, accepted the rumor of his dismissal as a settled fact and treated him with a casualness that bordered on actual discourtesy. Even the big fellows wondered whether dealing with him was worth-while, and on top of everything else, a hundred and one groups bayed at his door, demanding the settlement of grievances that had nothing whatsoever to do with the purpose of the gathering.

An Undaunted Man

No man was ever more beset, and yet with a resolution and courage that never wavered, he addressed himself to the herculean task of gaining the agreement of fifty nations to an international concert for world peace. Others helped, but ask any member of any delegation—even Herbert Evatt, the battling Australian—and he will admit that the success of the Conference was primarily due to the day-and-night labors of Mr. Stettinius, backed by the liking, respect and trust that he won through the continued display of honesty, integrity and human understanding.

In the hour of supreme accomplishment, and when every signature to the document had been duly appended, the question arose as to America's representative on the Security Council of the United Nations. There were scores of men who would have given their eyeteeth for the appointment, many of them high in Democratic councils, close to the President and backed by party leaders. The white-haired boy, on the other hand, had no political background, and there was even the malignant whisper that he was an independent.

With his ultimate responsibility, however, and after careful balance of requirements against the proved performances of all candidates, Harry Truman picked Edward Reilly Stettinius above all others, not only convinced that he *was* big enough, but that his whole record fitted him for the job as skin fits the hand.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

THE real trouble in Washington, according to Mr. Ernest D. Chernuppe of Tallahassee, Florida, is that it is limited to three kinds of people—those who bore you, those whom you bore and those who are just bored anyway.

WITH proper timidity, Mrs. J. J. Mickie of Limestone County, Alabama, wonders whether we might do something or other for children in her part of the country and at the same time "continue to be generous to the kids in devastated Europe." For example, says she, in Athens, Alabama, recently two children, fourteen and fifteen, were sentenced to the State Penitentiary for five months at hard labor for petty larceny. In addition, the court fined each of these desperadoes $28.50, which means an additional thirty-eight days. "We stamp out crime here particularly when committed by our young," says Mrs. Mickie. "We also do our best to stamp out our young at the same time."

AND Mr. John Van Cronkhite of Harlingen, Texas, was unrestrainable after reading in this magazine that a University of Illinois scientist was feeding prolactin to roosters and thereby robbing them of their ability to crow. Furthermore, that four out of every five cows have hay fever. Mr. Van Cronkhite reports that Cameron County is demanding a Congressional investigation of this scientist. Furthermore, he and county officials have not found a single cow with even a common cold, much less hay fever. All this, he says, is more evidence that the Communists are overlooking no opportunity to shake our faith in Democracy.

A FRIEND of ours called up a member of Mr. Truman's Cabinet. The Secretary's secretary answered. No, she feared, the Secretary could not be interviewed by our friend. "The Secretary," said she, "is very unwilling to tell people what he is thinking of doing at any time in the future." Our friend then asked whether it would be proper to inquire what the Secretary was thinking of doing "at this time." She said: "He is thinking of going fishing but it is not yet official."

AND getting back to that government resignations theme for a moment, we've just been notified that a member of the State Department has quit. He wasn't a truly big shot but he has quit anyway. Without notifying him they moved his desk five times in five weeks—from one office to another, from floor to floor and finally into a corridor. So he took the hint. . . . W. D.

A Rousing Drama of Romance and Excitement
Men and women who made our nation great . . here's their stirring story . . . vital, true, gripping . . . brought to life by a magnificent cast of stars . . .
DAKOTA
starring
JOHN WAYNE
THE SCREEN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE STAR
with VERA HRUBA RALSTON
THE SCREEN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
and WALTER BRENNAN
THE SCREEN'S OUTSTANDING CHARACTER PLAYER
featuring WARD BOND · ONA MUNSON · HUGO HAAS
Associate Producer and Director JOSEPH KANE
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Hit Me!

Continued from page 22

hall to get a drink. On his way back he saw a woman with an armful of bundles trying to unlock a door. "It don't work," she said, smiling at Orlo.

The woman was quite good-looking and wore a lot of make-up. Orlo took the key and tried it. He was looking into the keyhole, when the door opened and a man dressed in a union suit peered out.

"Oh!" the woman said, laughing. "I forgot you was in, dear!"

"You get stuff for them sangwidges?" the man said.

THE woman walked in, and Orlo got a look at the man. He had dull bluish eyes and brown hair that was thin on top. Orlo was puzzled to see that he also had a large cabbage ear. "You use to be a fighter?" Orlo said. And he explained: "I'm Orlo Pike."

The man eyed Orlo oddly, started to close the door, and then opened it wide. "Come in," he said. "Want a sangwidge? Open up that beer," he said to the woman.

Orlo went into the room.

The man was looking at him. "*Use* to be a fighter is good," he said bitterly. "Was you ever knocked out? I mean O-U-T, out?"

"Me?" Orlo shook his head.

"Listen," the man said. He went to the door and shut it, returned and stood close to Orlo, looking at him in a rather embarrassed way, and then stuck his chin out. "Hit me," he said.

"Now, dear!" his wife said, laughing nervously.

"Don't be scared," the man said to Orlo. "Hit me."

"What for?" Orlo said, backing away.

The man followed Orlo, pointing to his chin.

"Now, Frank!" the woman said, shaking her head at Orlo.

Orlo's mouth dropped wide open. "Say! Are you Frankie Keel?"

"So I'm Frankie Keel! Hit me, I said!"

"Frank!" the woman cried. "You promised me, Frank!"

Frankie Keel stopped, giving his wife a look. "Use to be a fighter is good," he said, more bitterly than before. "I use to worry—worry would I get knocked out. Now, I want to get knocked—only *in*. Open up that beer," he said to his wife.

Orlo had been scared, but now, studying Frankie Keel, he saw that the man was about forty years old and, excepting the cabbage ear, didn't even look like a fighter. But Orlo edged toward the door.

Frankie Keel moved quickly to block the way. "I worried and worried," he went on. "Then I *got* knocked out. Now, I can't get back *in*." He was looking thoughtfully at Orlo and picking at the buttons of his union suit. "Unless," he said, "somebody *knocks* me in . . ." The embarrassed look came again to his face. He stuck out his chin. "Hit me," he said.

"By Jeepers!" Orlo cried, getting scared. "You don't leave me out of here, I *will* hit you!"

"Frank!" Mrs. Keel yelled, stamping her foot.

"Shut up!" Frankie Keel said. "Don't act so crazy!"

When he turned his head to speak to his wife, Orlo socked him in the jaw with a left-hander and knocked him against the wall.

"I didn't want to do it!" Orlo said. He reached for the door, but Frankie Keel jumped in front of him. "No, no! Hit me again!"

Orlo was set for the secret shift. He let fly, with all there was in him, and landed squarely. Frankie Keel went down. His face banged against the bed, and the iron rang. But he scrambled right up and jumped for Orlo.

Orlo tried the shift again, but missed. He grabbed Frankie Keel, and they both fell on the bed.

Orlo pushed Frankie Keel down, and Mrs. Keel tried to hold him down, yelling, "Frank! You want me to leave you again?"

"Shut up! Shut up!" Frankie Keel said, kicking at his wife. "Go make them sangwidges and open up that beer!" He jumped up and dived for Orlo. His feet were skating and his head was bobbing. He still had that embarrassed look. Orlo worked the secret shift again. Frankie Keel ran right into it. He went down and started crawling around on his hands and knees.

Mrs. Keel, frightened, grabbed Orlo's arm. "Please go now! Frank gets so nervous!"

"Well!" Orlo said, panting. "He started it!"

"I know! But Frank gets so nervous!"

Orlo went down to his room and looked at himself in the mirror. His face was pale and his eyes looked funny, but he found himself grinning. He counted then what was left of the dollar Jim Pike gave him every fight day: ninety-five cents. Orlo wasn't supposed to eat till his father came after him, and he wasn't hungry, but he went downstairs and walked across the street to the Depot Lunch.

Orlo sat down and studied the menu. He heard steps on the other side of the counter. He smelled a wonderful perfume. "Hamburger," he said. "Boiled potatoes, beans, spinach, rye bread, milk." Then he looked up. The red-haired girl was there smiling at him. She bent forward, raising her brows. "Was that all?"

"Thank you, sir. Now I can listen to my favorite juke-box record!"

COLLIER'S SIMON KATZMAN

"Yes," Orlo said, feeling himself beginning to sweat.

The girl called his order to the chef and waited, smiling. "Think you'll beat tonight?"

Orlo shrugged. The girl went to wait on another customer.

When she served Orlo, he looked out the window. There was no use talking to her, he thought. His suit was cheap; he didn't have a car; and Jim Pike always collected his fight money and put it in the bank. Besides, Orlo couldn't think of anything to say.

He ate hurriedly, afraid she would come back, and left all his change on the counter, and walked out. He went back to the hotel room and stood looking out the window for a while. He was disappointed and yet relieved. Orlo lay down on the bed. It was a start, anyway, he thought.

WHEN he awoke and went downstairs to look at the clock, it was almost seven. He waited a while in the lobby, and then went back to his room and bandaged his hands. On other fight nights Jim Pike had taken him to the armory and got him ready an hour before fight time. Outside, the street lights went on.

Orlo knew why his father had not come to take him to dinner. He felt pity for Jim Pike, knowing how he was suffering, afraid Orlo would quit, sure he would be whipped. . . . There were footfalls in the hall, and the door opened. Against the dim red light of the hallway Orlo saw his father. Jim Pike peered into the room but did not see Orlo. He shuffled to the foot of the bed and stood a minute, weaving, taking off his coat. A bottle hit the carpet with a muffled, liquid ring. Jim Pike kicked the door shut with his heel and fell face foremost upon the bed. Orlo sat quietly and heard his father's great sigh. He groped for his bag and found it and went out of the room, closing the door softly.

AT THE armory, Orlo was let in by the rear door. Mill City sports stared after him. Preliminary boys with bruised red faces and swollen noses peered out their doors. Orlo found an empty dressing room and hastily got into his trunks and robe. He wetted his hair and draped a towel around his neck. The crowd upstairs was hollering. Orlo opened the door and listened. He began to shadowbox about the room. The sports, going up to see the semifinal, paused at the door and stared at Orlo. When they had all gone, Orlo stopped and sat down. He wished that his father could see him now, ready for his first main bout.

Two men—a small man, the promoter, and a fat man in a checkered suit—came into the room. The promoter gasped his relief when he saw Orlo. "Good boy!" he said.

The fat man took off his coat and looked at Orlo. "All dolled up for a round trip to dreamland," he said.

"Don't talk that way! Act confident!" the promoter cried nervously. "Horsey here will take care of you," he told Orlo. The crowd upstairs burst into wild yelling. The promoter ran to the door, but turned back. "He hasn't only got two hands! Just like anybody!" He ran up the hall.

Horsey removed corner equipment from his coat to his pants pockets and picked up the bucket and bottle. Together, he and Orlo walked to the stairs and went up into the arena. "They claim you feel no pain," Horsey was saying. "They just pull the switch and—bingo!"

The hall was packed. It was hot and close and noisy. Orlo had never seen a crowd like that inside a building. The fans cheered him as he walked to the ring. Orlo was thinking of his father, alone in the hotel room. In a few minutes he could go and awaken him and tell him. Jim Pike wouldn't be able to believe it, at first. "What? You knocked him out?" he would say. "In the first round?"

Orlo climbed into the ring. Frankie Keel, his thin brown hair plastered down, his face all greased up, was dancing in the other corner. There was a big bruise on his cheekbone where he had fallen against the bed. Orlo walked across the ring, putting on his fighting face. He wondered if the red-haired girl was out there watching him. . . .

Frankie Keel looked up, surprised but smiling. "Oh," he said. "You come a'ready?" He pretended to shake hands, feeling carefully of Orlo's bandages. "How you figure the house? Ten thousand?"

"Say!" Orlo said. "It only holds seven hundred!"

Frankie Keel walked over to the ropes and began to count the people, saying: "One, two, three, four . . ."

Orlo went back to his corner. Horsey looked at Frankie Keel and shook his head. "Frankie Cuckoo," he said.

It was when the referee stood beckoning them to mid-ring that Orlo saw the red-haired girl in the second row. The way she was smiling right at him made Orlo's breath catch. All the time the referee was talking, Orlo was trying to get another look at her. He touched Frankie Keel's glove tips and ran back to his corner. Horsey pulled off his robe and towel and got out of the ring.

"Use your feet," he said.

The bell rang, and Frankie Keel bounded across the canvas. He was bent away forward; his two gloved hands were moving jerkily. Orlo took two long strides; he was all set for the secret shift. Frankie Keel seemed floating to meet him. Orlo let fly with the wide right-hand feint, and Frankie Keel jumped sidewise, hit the ropes, caromed off, and smacked Orlo in the nose with a left hook.

Orlo turned on him furiously and heaved the right hand again, and then the left, with everything he had. But Frankie Keel ducked inside, grabbed Orlo tight, and hung on.

"Leave go!" Orlo cried, trying to yank himself free.

FRANKIE KEEL let go and hit Orlo in the nose with a left hand and then with a right. Orlo was blinded. He reached out to clinch and got hit in the nose again. He put his head down in panic and flung his two fists in great circles, and a thing as big and hard as a cannonball rammed into his belly. His body was filled with pain, drawing him together. He clutched Frankie Keel about the knees and clung. It had happened so suddenly that Orlo was still thinking about the smiling girl. Even as he strained to squeeze down the pain, he was thinking how beautiful she was. . . .

Everybody was hollering. The referee was tugging at Orlo's trunks, yelling: "Leave go! Leave go!"

Orlo let go and backed away. Frankie Keel came skating, but when Orlo feinted and shifted, he disappeared. Something batted Orlo in the ear and knocked him into the ropes. He slid through, his head landed on the bare flooring outside the ropes, and the whole top of it went numb. He pawed blindly for the ropes and couldn't find them. He was creeping along the apron when the bell rang. Horsey ran out to pull him into the ring and help him to his corner.

"World's champeen trick and fancy diver," Horsey said. "If you was aiming for the bucket, you missed by twenty feet."

Orlo dropped to the stool and felt his right eye, and saw the wet blood on his glove. Horsey sopped and prodded, and pain bit through the numbness. Orlo's head was full of being out there and getting socked, swinging and missing, getting knocked down, trying to get up, and the crowd all the time howling crazily. . . .

"That S O S," Horsey was saying. "That wigwagging of yours. You forget that. Walk out there and stick a left hand in his nose and leave him have that right hand."

Orlo sat up straight. "It works all right. I knocked him down three-four times."

"Hey!" Horsey yelped. "Are we in the same fight club?"

"In the hotel," Orlo explained. "Frankie

Why Shouldn't America Have Through Sleeping Car Service from Coast to Coast?

Chesapeake & Ohio and the Nickel Plate stand ready to join with other railroads to start this service without delay!

OUR American railroad system, for all its fine accomplishments, is woefully inadequate in one important respect.

The traveler cannot go from one of our coasts to the other by through sleeping car service. He must break his trip — at Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, or New Orleans.

Even if he rides the crack trains, he must still change at these points—*often with a wait of several hours in between.*

He must put up with the inconvenience of packing and transferring his baggage, often going from one station to another, waiting around for connections, boarding another train.

He has at least two sleeping car reservations to worry about — when one should suffice.

He is put to far too much trouble — and far too much waste of time.

Invisible Line Divides America

Why should travelers have to put up with this? Why should there be a dividing line beyond which you cannot pass without changing trains?

Isn't it high time the travelers of this country enjoyed the benefits of through sleeping car service all the way from coast to coast?

And why shouldn't they get it? Is it because of the physical problem that would be involved in transferring sleeping cars from one road to another? Is it because schedules would have to be readjusted to maintain convenient departure and arrival times?

Surely, such problems *can* be worked out — and *should* be worked out — in the interest of the traveling public.

Who Will Take Action?

The Chesapeake & Ohio and the Nickel Plate Road are not the only railroads that, in conjunction with others, could provide this service. But no railroad has yet provided it. And we of the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Nickel Plate are willing to make a start.

In fact, we are so convinced that action should be taken, *and taken without more delay,* that we go on record as follows:

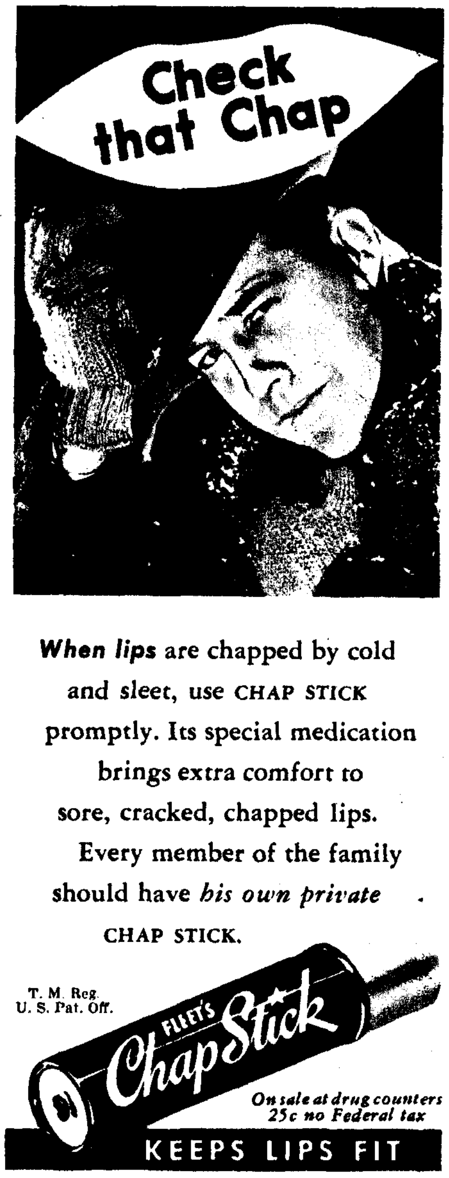
A Concrete Proposal

Chesapeake & Ohio, whose western passenger terminus is Cincinnati, stands ready now to join with any combination of other railroads to set up through sleeping car service from coast to coast on practical schedules and routes.

The Nickel Plate Road, which runs to Chicago and St. Louis, also stands ready now to join with any combination of roads to set up the same kind of through transcontinental sleeping car service.

Through sleeping car service is bound to come. Because it is so much in the public's interest, it is also in the interest of all railroad people and all railroad investors. We invite their support — and the support of all who travel — for this badly needed improvement in rail transportation.

Chesapeake & Ohio Railway
Nickel Plate Road
Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio



Check that Chap
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
FLEET'S Chap Stick
On sale at drug counters 25c no Federal tax
KEEPS LIPS FIT

When lips are chapped by cold
and sleet, use CHAP STICK
promptly. Its special medication
brings extra comfort to
sore, cracked, chapped lips.
Every member of the family
should have *his own private*
CHAP STICK.

Happy Days!

And evenings, too, with the Solovox attached to your piano. Beautiful effects of violin, sax, flute, trombone, organ and many more—all from this one exciting instrument. It's easy! Play Solovox melody with your right hand, piano accompaniment with your left. Does not affect piano's ordinary use or tone. Thousands now in use, and Solovox will be back soon.

HAMMOND
Solovox
Made by the makers of
the Hammond Organ

Hammond Instrument Co.
2971 N. Western Ave., Chicago 18, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet S-4 telling about the Solovox.
Name__________
Street__________
City__________State__________

Keel claimed he wanted to get knocked *in,* and—"

The bell rang. Orlo jumped up and ran out. Something had gone wrong before. This time it wouldn't. Frankie Keel came skating in. It was just like in the hotel. Orlo set himself. He feinted. He shifted. He got hit under the chin and thought he was floating through the air till he felt the floor tipping and whirling under him. The referee was pushing Frankie Keel away and counting. Orlo got up. He was in trouble now. Frankie Keel was coming for him fast, and he couldn't remember how to start the secret shift.

Frankie Keel jabbed Orlo in the nose. Orlo swung without thinking, and his right glove skidded off the top of Frankie Keel's head. Frankie Keel hit Orlo in the chin, and Orlo's bottom hit the floor.

The crowd was howling. Orlo got up again. He couldn't see out of his right eye. The air was full of punches. Orlo put his head down and swung both hands. He knew he was getting hit, but he hardly felt the blows. He was swinging and hitting nothing. He looked up and saw Frankie Keel's face floating before him. Frankie Keel was sticking out his chin, saying something. There was a funny look in his eyes.

"Hit me! Hit me!"

The crowd seemed to rise and fall like a big wave. The yelling changed to laughing. Orlo felt hot and weak, knowing they were laughing at him. He threw himself at Frankie Keel. His right swung out clumsily and caught Frankie Keel on the shoulder. Frankie Keel went down. He sat there, feet far apart, his mouth wide open, looking up at Orlo with his eyes crossed.

"You got him!"

"You got him, Orlo!"

Orlo stared down in wonder. Frankie Keel had that embarrassed look on his face. It grew and grew, and suddenly Frankie Keel threw back his head and laughed like a fool. He jumped up, clutched Orlo's glove and shook it violently, and then ran around the ring bowing and mitting the crowd. And they screamed and howled.

Orlo was dizzy and tired and mad. He ran across the ring and grabbed Frankie Keel's arm and yanked him around and socked him in the jaw. They were wrestling along the ropes when the referee pulled Orlo away. "You heard that bell!" he hollered.

Orlo pushed the referee aside, but Horsey got his arms around Orlo and dragged him back to the corner, laughing all the time.

Orlo sat down, and when he did he felt weak. He lay back against the ropes. Horsey was cleaning his cut eye and stuffing it with alum powder, still laughing. "What was all that about the hotel? He wanted you to knock him out?"

"*In,*" Orlo said weakly. "I want a drink."

Firm hands held a bottle to his mouth; he drank and spat.

HORSEY was talking to somebody at ringside. "That Frankie—ain't he a card? He was ribbing you," he told Orlo. "He does it all the time. Wants to get in Hollywood." The buzzer sounded. "I think I got a date tonight. A redhead—oh, boy! Look down there in the second row when you go out."

Orlo closed his eyes and wished he was knocked out.

Horsey seized him under the arms and lifted him bodily to his feet. "The funny thing is, I been in and out of that Depot Lunch all day, and she never gave me a tumble! It must be these checker pants. I'm going backstage this round and put on the coat and vest to them." The bell rang, and he gave Orlo a slap on the back. "Wish me luck!"

Orlo just stood there. Frankie Keel was beckoning. The referee jerked his thumb. Frankie Keel danced over and leathered Orlo with a left hook. Orlo grabbed and hung on. The fans booed. Frankie Keel walloped him hard over the kidneys two, three, four times. Orlo broke away and swung his right hand and hit Frankie Keel on the head. Frankie Keel hooked him again. Orlo backed around the ring, and Frankie Keel kept hitting him. The fans began to razz Frankie Keel.

"Come on! Knock him out and let's go home!"

Frankie Keel hit Orlo in the chin, and he went down.

"There he goes!"

The fans were all standing. The aisles were full of people on their way out, looking over their shoulders.

"Back up the old garbage truck!"

Orlo sat on the floor and remembered his father talking about his getting to be a famous fighter making a lot of money. About going into business again. . . .

He got up slowly and Frankie Keel tore after him. Orlo backed away, covering up. He was too weak and befuddled to try hitting Frankie Keel any more. He stumbled and fell, and somebody at ringside began to yell: "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

The referee and Horsey carried Orlo to his stool.

"I guess he had enough," the referee said.

Horsey said, "Get outa my light," and began to slap Orlo with both hands.

"You able to continue?" the referee said.

Orlo didn't answer, and the referee stood waiting. He was like Jim Pike in the attic storeroom, asking questions, prodding, trying to make Orlo say he was afraid. "I'm all right," he said. His lips were so swollen from jabs that he could scarcely get out the words. "I just soon get knocked out."

IN '46

Darling, I am growing old,
I feel the heat, I feel the cold.
I'm sick of pretending life's a riot,
Fed up with a fat-free, starch-free diet;
I'm terrified on my three-inch heels—
When I look downstairs my reason reels.

Darling, though you're faithful to
Hair treatments, scalp is showing through;
Refusing, still, to wear bifocals,
You board expresses instead of locals;
You insist on dancing at the club,
And spend the morrow in a steaming tub.

Darling, we're turning the New Year's page—
In '46, let's be our age.

—HELEN SMALL

"Don't bust out in tears," Horsey said, splashing him with cold water. "Look at Kid Cuckoo over there. He ain't got the strength to stand up and spit. He's blubbering like a whale with the asthma."

Orlo lifted his head and looked. Frankie Keel wasn't even sitting down. He was dancing in his corner.

Somebody said: "It ain't going no further!"

Orlo smelled the hard liquor before he recognized his father's voice. Horsey said: "Beat it, umbay, before I whip out my stomach pump and dehydrate you!"

Jim Pike pulled himself up beside Orlo. His face was sickly white. He grabbed at the towel around Orlo's neck, and his hand was shaking. He got the towel and reached back to throw it into the ring. Horsey snatched it out of his hand. "G'wan!" he said. "Go crawl back in your strait jacket, rumdum!"

"I don't want it to go no further!" Jim Pike quavered.

Orlo got to his feet. He was dizzy and sick. He held to the ropes to keep from falling.

"Orlo! You hear me, Orlo!"

Orlo was holding himself up and trying to get ready to be knocked out, and he couldn't stand his father's talking. "Oh, Pa!" he cried. "You're always making a fool of yourself, right front of everybody!"

Horsey looked from Jim Pike to Orlo and began to laugh, and all the ringsiders were laughing, too. "Pa! We just begun to fight!" Horsey yelled to Jim Pike. "Look—not a scratch on me!"

Jim Pike lost his hold and slipped back out of sight. Orlo looked across the ring and watched Frankie Keel dancing. Things were getting hazy. The idea was growing in Orlo's head that he really had nothing to do with all this; but when the bell rang, he stepped out uncertainly.

Frankie Keel was there before him, his face very funny, brandishing his right hand. A man at ringside laughed loudly. The crowd began to whoop. Frankie Keel jumped for Orlo and feinted widely with his right hand, and then, making an awful face, shifted awkwardly, stamping his feet and almost falling over.

"Just like him!"

"Just like Orlo!"

Orlo just stood there feeling kind of invisible and out of it but puzzled by all the noise. Frankie Keel, his mouth opened wide and his eyes crossed, was swinging his left hand in a great, clumsy curve. Orlo was surprised to feel himself moving in and gently sticking his own left hand into Frankie Keel's nose. His right went swinging after the left, swinging away out, and he thought he had lost it till it banged so hard into Frankie Keel's jaw that it hurt. The swinging made Orlo tired. Without looking down he walked across the ring shaking his stinging right hand and leaned against the ropes, wondering why everybody had stopped laughing.

The fans stood silent, seeing Frankie Keel on his knees trying to get his feet under him, the referee, red-faced, swinging his arm and bawling the numbers. Frankie Keel's head was on the canvas. His back arched and he fell sidewise and lay still.

"FAKE! FAKE! FAKE!" the fans all hollered.

ORLO dressed hurriedly, wanting to get away from the shouting, laughing sports in the dressing room, the arguing, booing fans upstairs. He kept looking for his father, but Jim Pike didn't appear. He wasn't upstairs when the promoter paid Orlo off with a great stack of one- and two-dollar bills. Orlo didn't think Horsey would take the money, but he peeled off three two-dollar bills and offered them.

"God bless you!" Horsey cried, snatching the money and running for the door. "Anybody see which way that redhead went?"

Jim Pike was waiting outside the rear door. Orlo was sorry for what he had said in the ring, but he couldn't think of a way to tell his father. Jim Pike was silent, too, and almost sober. They walked together down a back street to the depot, and stood on the depot platform, silent still, till Jim Pike looked at his watch and said something about the train: it ought to be along in a few minutes. Then he cleared his throat.

"You got to stop fighting, Orlo."

"I just soon keep fighting."

Jim Pike looked at his son and flinched at sight of the swollen lips, the great humped gash over his eye. "I been thinking about going into something different than farming," he said, making a nervous grimace, rubbing his nose. "You're big now. You could help. You ain't like some; all they think about is spending money on a lot of fancy clothes, getting a car somewheres, taking out a lot of young tarts, drinking . . ." Jim Pike cleared his throat again. "I could prob'ly get money at the bank." He broke off when he saw that Orlo wasn't listening. "How'd you like going back in the feed business, Orlo?"

"All right, Pa," Orlo said.

He was trying to recall something that had been in his mind when the referee raised his hand, something that had come to him and pleased him and then lost itself. Groping, he remembered looking out over the howling, booing fans and imagining himself in a checkered suit. . . .

Jim Pike seemed relieved to have spoken. He straightened up and laughed in a forced but rather pleasant way. "We won't be starting from scratch," he said. "I saved the old sign."

The train whistled, far away, and Jim Pike lifted his head. In the yellow light of the depot, Orlo saw the happy farmer, chin whiskers and all.

THE END

Blunder

Continued from page 12

a hidden closet. There were no windows in his office: the light was indirect, the ventilation mechanical and the furnishings ultramodern. He knew he needed a raincoat only because a small panel, set in his desktop, constantly reported the weather outside. Plummer had gone. Stackpole crossed the room, switched off the lights, and went out, also. A Chinese girl in a red dress was sitting at a desk in the anteroom.

"I sent for the car," she said.

He noticed, with the vacant acuity that accompanies crisis moods, how beautiful she was. "Thank you, May. Good night."

His long legs scissored in the scintillant corridors; his big feet fell hard on the plastic flooring. He went through the main lobby and out onto the steps. The rain hit him, then—the wind whipped his coat—lightning split his vision—thunder followed. His nerves burned with crucial fire. And with hope . . .

Now, on the shimmery black paving, the car came. But now, his mind was elsewhere—in many elsewheres, moving swiftly with a nearly simultaneous consciousness. He was on Peace Street. He was in the M.I.T. high-tension lab. He was saying goodby to a New York City girl who wouldn't marry him and go to live in China but who still said she loved him. He was glancing—just glancing—at May Tom. Cheng blew the musical horn; Stackpole went down the steps at a run.

They drove past the plant, after he'd told Cheng to go to the general's home—past the solid mile of cubic architecture that turned masses of uranium into energy for a great and growing people. The structures, seen in headlights, seen in lightning flashes, were, somehow, both critical of nature and antihuman. He tried conversation to dispel the shadows. "How are you tonight, Cheng?"

The chauffeur lifted one shoulder. "Not good, Dr. Stackpole."

"Girl trouble?"

The head shook in the murk. "Just full of nothing, Doctor. Who isn't? It is a disease people have now, I guess. A pain of emptiness. We have been afraid too long. And we cannot get used to it."

Stackpole gave up the idea of conversation. Nameless terror, or named terror, year after year: it was a world disease, all right. Better to glance away from the squat, streaming, soundless mills of twentieth century man. Better to look out the car window on the other side, where, in the relatively feeble flare of lightning, the Yangtze River labored beneath a hectic wind. . . .

CHICAGO'S Herbert Evans was the third scientist who, in the opinion of Everson and Dunn, might have contributed valuable data to the experiment in the nickel mine. It was just dawn, in Chicago, at the time the Norwegian and the Scot were taking lunch, the Indian was staring with fatigue and fatalism over his hot valley, and the Georgian was racing on his errand in central China.

Dawn pleased Evans: it was the period he usually chose to go home from work. Home, for him, was a shabby, outmoded, two-room hotel apartment where a bachelor could accumulate unanswered mail, old clothes and the patina of pipe-smoke without human rebuke or even the implied protest of neater quarters. Home was not where he hung his hat, but where he had tossed it—ever since he'd gone to work in the university as instructor and laboratory assistant. Work, for Evans, had then been in a stuffy roomful of hurriedly made gadgets. Down the years, that informal shop had turned into a gleaming hall where apparatus worth millions was ranged in a vast stupefying geometry.

Evans left this chamber as the sky grayed. He went down the street whistling—a chubby little man, a merry, grandpa-looking man, who wore a smile and carried his hands in his pockets. He had coffee and Danish pastry in a cheap, all-night restaurant. He walked on to his hotel, went up in the antediluvian elevator, and found the *Review* with his morning paper, inside the door on the floor.

Naturally, he read it—as the others had—immediately. Evans could remember the life of scientists in the presecrecy days. People didn't leap for journals, then. Journals weren't raked clean of all sorts of data by governments, either. Scientific news was just news—and, even though the modern journals were distributed all over the world at the same time, it wasn't any advantage. For every scientist had turned into a man who snatched at crumbs.

Evans could easily remember the spirit of science before the Fear—and the old, free great who served it. He'd even talked to Einstein, once.

He lay down on his bed, fully clothed, and read. When he came to the article about bismuth, the youthfulness and rosiness went out of him. He recognized the error and he shut his eyes, thinking hard. If anybody should set up the experiment suggested here—!

What could one man do? He considered a direct call to the seat of government and knew, even while he thought of it, that the people in Washington would demur, temporize, doubt, ask for additional opinion—unwilling all the while to smash an international habit that was like hysteria carved in marble.

He was in the same predicament as Chandra. As Stackpole. Only a higher authority could act. But Evans knew one very high authority; he knew the President of the United States. For a long time, the old man lay there, wondering how it would be possible to compel the President to break through international silence and tell the whole world, immediately, not to do so-and-so; not to try this; not to set up that equipment in such-and-such a way. Tell the world—even though it meant giving up certain useful data belonging to the U.S.

G.A.
"Let's Give These to the Victory Clothing Collection!"

Finally, Evans got up. He went to the telephone and reserved a seat on the seven o'clock to Washington. He sent word to Charlie Trent to make an appointment for him with the President that same morning. Then he began throwing old clothes—mildewed, mothy, forgotten—from the bottom drawer of a big bureau. What he found underneath was a shoulder holster, a revolver, a waxed box of shells.

Nobody would search him; they knew him at the White House. It was just possible—just—that, if the President didn't believe him, he could draw the gun suddenly enough and threaten him long enough to make him speak certain orders into his desk instruments. The President wouldn't believe him, he felt.

Evans smiled very sorrowfully. This rash idea would doubtless fail. Perhaps, though, its very attempt and failure would attract political interest in the obscure data in the journal. His scheme came from long ago—from his boyhood—from motion pictures about gangsters. Even the revolver was obsolete, nowadays. A museum piece. He smiled again, whimsically; broke the gun, loaded it, and before he put it in its holster, noticed with vague surprise that it had been manufactured in Worcester, Massachusetts, U.S.A. . . .

There was no Worcester, any more, of course. No Massachusetts. No New England. From Lake Champlain and the Hudson River down to the Atlantic Ocean stretched what nowadays was called, "The New England Wastes." In the Sahara, there are oases; here, were none.

The cities were scoured away, for the most part stone sinks, some filled with water. Wherever buildings remained, they were halved, quartered, toppled, bleached. What had not vaporized had burned or melted or blanched in a hideous heat. Nothing grew; nothing. No trees on the White Mountains and no reeds around the stale ponds. No anemone blossomed in the deepest cranny of rock. From time to time the great Connecticut River flash-flooded. The event went all unnoticed. In summer, the river was partly dry. No insects danced above it; never a trout or bass spilled its surface in climbing attack. No squatting frog croaked there, or peeper trilled. Even ducks had learned not to migrate over this immense region—and gulls, not to fly in from the sea. The lonely land eroded; the continental skeleton steadily emerged; the aspect of it grew lunar—suggesting hauntingly, horribly, that some similar catastrophe had stripped the moon of air and pitted its ground like this; some fiend's bombardment, some deliberate boiling of the moonmen's land—a million years ago.

New England had vanished in eight minutes, during the infamous "sneak punch" of World War III, now called the "Short War"—as though man still awaited a longer. On Christmas Eve, in 1966, the rockets broke a hundred miles above, and their bomb-contents homed accurately. What they did not destroy in that infernal period was left radioactive. The thousands of survivors who drove and flew out of the holocaust also died—slowly—of leukemia, of cancer, of ray burns which ate their extremities to stumps and gradually along the stumps to vital portions.

THERE existed, in central Europe, another region like The New England Wastes, but larger—as large as the Ukraine. It had been created three hours after the obliteration of New England, by the answering American salvo—a blow of a strength not foreseen by the treacherous assailants; a blow that had set diplomats chattering over the international wave bands and brought armistice before morning. Armistice. Armed truce. Armed vigilance. Armed secrecy. That had lasted till this very hour. . . .

Man was stubbornly attempting to reclaim the lost domain. Even as Evans noted the legend on his revolver, the effort got under way. A prodigious machine broke over a hilltop on the edge of the Wastes. It came clanking from a woods where the leaves were fresh, flowers bloomed, bees buzzed and morning was late Maylike, or early Junelike. Its caterpillar treads stamped pungency from the grass. It descended upon the barren earth, cumbersome, buglike; wherever it went, it left behind a row of planted saplings, like a harvester that worked backwards.

Inside this contrivance, protected from the radioactivity of the ground by lead shields, two men watched instruments that told how the holes were being dug, the water poured, the small trees set, the earth packed around their roots.

They were ordinary men—farmer-mechanics—and by and by they stopped to survey their accomplishment through quartz slits. They lighted cigarettes and looked at each other.

"I bet they die, too, Ed."

"Want to put up dough, Curley?"

"Well—"

"Those birches are a new strain," Ed said. "Some professor developed 'em. They're supposed to stand twice as much rays as there is around here. Stand 'em—and grow."

"And drop seeds? And make little birches in this hellhole?"

"There—you've got me. Let's start her up."

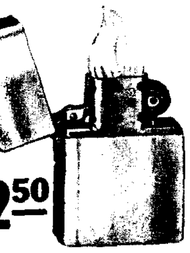
"Take a lot of birches," Curley said, "to cover New England. And then what have you got?" He spat over a shield, taking care not to expose his face. . . .

At the seaside inn, on the North Cape, Everson and Dunn compared watches. Their luncheon—sampled, cold—sat at their heavy elbows. In the last half hour they had scarcely communicated—and yet, each man knew that the other had reached a passion-

"Remind me to buy another ZIPPO
—this one I'm preservin'."

Yes, returning service men don't want to lose that faithful ZIPPO Lighter that they carried from beach heads to victory. Too many precious memories, too much faithful service—to risk mislaying that pocket pal. To avoid such a tragedy the veteran is preservin' his ZIPPO for posterity, along with service ribbons and insignias, *and is buying a new ZIPPO* for everyday use.

Ask any GI Joe about ZIPPO—you'll want one too. Demand the genuine: avoid inferior imitations.



$2.50

ZIPPO is lifetime guaranteed—no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C
Bradford, Pa.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

RARE OLD-WORLD PIPE TOBACCO THRILLS AMERICAN SMOKERS!

John Surrey's
Syrian Dobrudja
imported tobaccos
Enjoy the musky fragrance of natural imported tobacco

IN the little town of Latakia in Syria, grows a tobacco known to pipe smokers the world over for its magnificent flavor and mildness. Equally celebrated is the sweet, tender leaf nurtured in the richly fertile soil of Dobrudja on the Danube.

Following a fine old English formula, John Surrey, Ltd., has now skillfully blended these and other choice tobaccos under the name "Syrian Dobrudja." The result is a mixture of incomparable flavor and aroma—a tobacco definitely for the *connoisseur!*

If you are severely critical in your choice of pipe tobacco, ask for Syrian Dobrudja today. It will bring you the utmost in smoking enjoyment.

Pocket-size pack, 30c. You'll want to try it!

IF YOUR DEALER CAN NOT SUPPLY
YOU, MAIL COUPON BELOW

JOHN SURREY, LTD., Dept. B
509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

I was unable to get Syrian Dobrudja from my dealer.
I enclose $1.00 for ¼ lb. canister, incl. mailing costs.

Name..
Address..
City...........................*State*...................
Dealer's Name and Address............................
....

You Can Get Quick Relief for Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Put two drops of Murine in each eye. Then feel your eyes relax. Feel that refreshing, soothing sensation that comes in seconds.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven important ingredients . . . so safe . . . so gentle . . . so soothing . . . so quick. It relieves the discomfort of eyes that are tired from overwork, exposure to sun, wind, dust or smoke. Try Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Makes a Pipe Welcome Anywhere

THE WALNUT AROMATIC BLEND JOHN MIDDLETON PHILADELPHIA

30c the pocket-packet

With that RICH, *NATURAL*, NUTTY Flavor

Write for free booklet, "*The Choice of Experience.*" John Middleton, 1269 Walnut Tobacco St., Phila. 7, Pa.

Custom-made for the Carriage-trade since 1856

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
SCALY SKIN TROUBLE
Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 3223. Detroit 4, Mich.

©1935 LAKE LAB.

LEPAGE'S PAPERHANGER'S PASTE

LEPAGE'S GLUE

LEPAGE'S PAPERHANGER'S WALL SIZE

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

ate and belated decision. A decision that the experiment was a mistake. A decision that they had acted beyond their rights; that they should have waited until they possessed all possible information concerning bismuth.

As the two watches pushed time along on the pine table, Dunn showed abrupt anger. He doubled his fist and made the dishes jump. "If this goes wrong—if this makes another shambles like New England—it's justice! It will teach the whole idiotic world that you cannot monopolize knowledge! Or own scientists! I say, Carl, we'll either be rich men, soon—or the authors of a lesson people need as badly as they need air to breathe!"

Everson only said, "Five seconds."

In the gallery of the choked mine, the piano-sized mechanism stopped ticking. For a moment—a moment in the infinite darkness—nothing happened. Then a flame sputtered. It shot shadows down the man-hewn corridor. Minerals glinted. The flame brightened. Now, lead began to melt—to dribble like pure silver onto the dust-deep floor. As it flowed, it made a flake of beryllium accessible to particles streaking from a tube of radon. This was the first step. It took a minute or so.

New particles sprang from the beryllium into a series of sheets of pure uranium. The atoms of this substance split in two. They drove into the bismuth blocks and their containing cadmium. For a certain time, very short, the purest light surged through the cavern and became brighter than the sun. Now, as the bismuth commenced to split, the rock walls were bombarded by the three rays—alpha, beta and gamma—and by a spreading storm of atomic fragments. The light—visible light, light invisible, and light that would blind human eyes—swelled within the region, drove through the walls, and reflected, here and there, from the sleazy stuff of the world. For another, equally brief moment, the rock-jammed throat of the mine acted as a tamper. It half held in the accumulating temperatures and pressures.

The interval of compression was very short. Everson and Dunn had calculated that it would produce one new effect: As each bismuth atom divided, the additional pressure violence, swifter-paced than that of the resonance of half nuclei, would shake from each another neutron—a small, additional quantum. This, they assumed, would be the necessary "torch" to set a slow, enduring "fire" to the mineral walls; a perpetual chain reaction.

IT WAS there that Everson and Dunn had erred: the tamper changed all resonance. The bismuth flew apart entirely. Its disintegration destroyed surrounding structures in the same fashion. The thing envisaged by Chandra Lalunal, Jeffry Stackpole and Herbert Evans now took place under the spruce forest and the sea edge. An atomic glare began to penetrate the earth and to race across the chords of it. Energy, driving up through the White Sea, boiled it, vaporized it, atomized it, broke its atoms and pushed against the ocean that might otherwise have driven toward the now empty place.

Vertical surge traversed the atmosphere and the stratosphere and broke into space. Here, cosmic particles, traveling at the velocity of a harmonic—since they were unslowed, unmuffled, by the air—destroyed certain fragments in the rising plane of atomic debris. These produced the "omega ray," hypothesized and variously named by Lalunal, Stackpole and Evans. (But still on the restricted lists, while London and Washington separately cogitated its possible military value.) An atmosphere would have shielded the earth from the omega ray. But, in place of atmosphere, there was now an expanding region of disintegration, and the ray penetrated it, shattering even the crushed, abnormal atomic structures in the central globe beneath. . . .

In London, in the House of Parliament, Jeremy Hathcoat had commenced an oration on a proposal to restrict certain areas of research. One of the most brilliant orators in England's long history, he had finished a solemn period and was maturing his pace when the House of Parliament was closed forever. In Pennsylvania, in the United States, hundreds of Boy Scouts were assembling outside Philadelphia to search a deep and fragrant forest for an heiress who had been missing from her near-by mansion for three days; their excited voices, the confident instructions of their scoutmasters, the barking of dogs which were to accompany them—all these were ended. Gunner McPhey, the greatest pitcher in a decade, was enjoying an early workout in the empty ball park in Washington, D. C. He raised his left foot, circled it gracefully, and flung a ball that never smacked the catcher's mitt. In Missouri, farmers rising at the bird-chittery interval before dawn, finished their breakfasts, many of them—but few reached their stables or their fields. Few of the stay-out revelers in Hollywood, California, ever saw their homes again.

Busy afternoon for Europe—morning for South America, for Gauchos on the plains, poison-dart blowers in deep jungles, astronomers studying the sun on Andes tip—night and sleep on the Pacific. In darkened Seattle, a jealous wife approached her snoring husband, step by step, with a blade that caught the light of half a moon: a death she meant to deal was done for her and she perished, also—no murderess. To dancers in cabarets and to lollers on beaches, to night watchmen and men pitching hay—it came alike.

THE North Polar icecap melted. The sea boiled away. The Scandinavian Peninsula cracked open. The seam ran down Europe and, in Africa, met radiance emerging there. The hot contents of the earth extruded in the north, but it was as if the molten mass emerged and was laid bare simultaneously. Of all habitable places, Tasmania last experienced the advent of energy and the accompanying transmutation of its island mass.

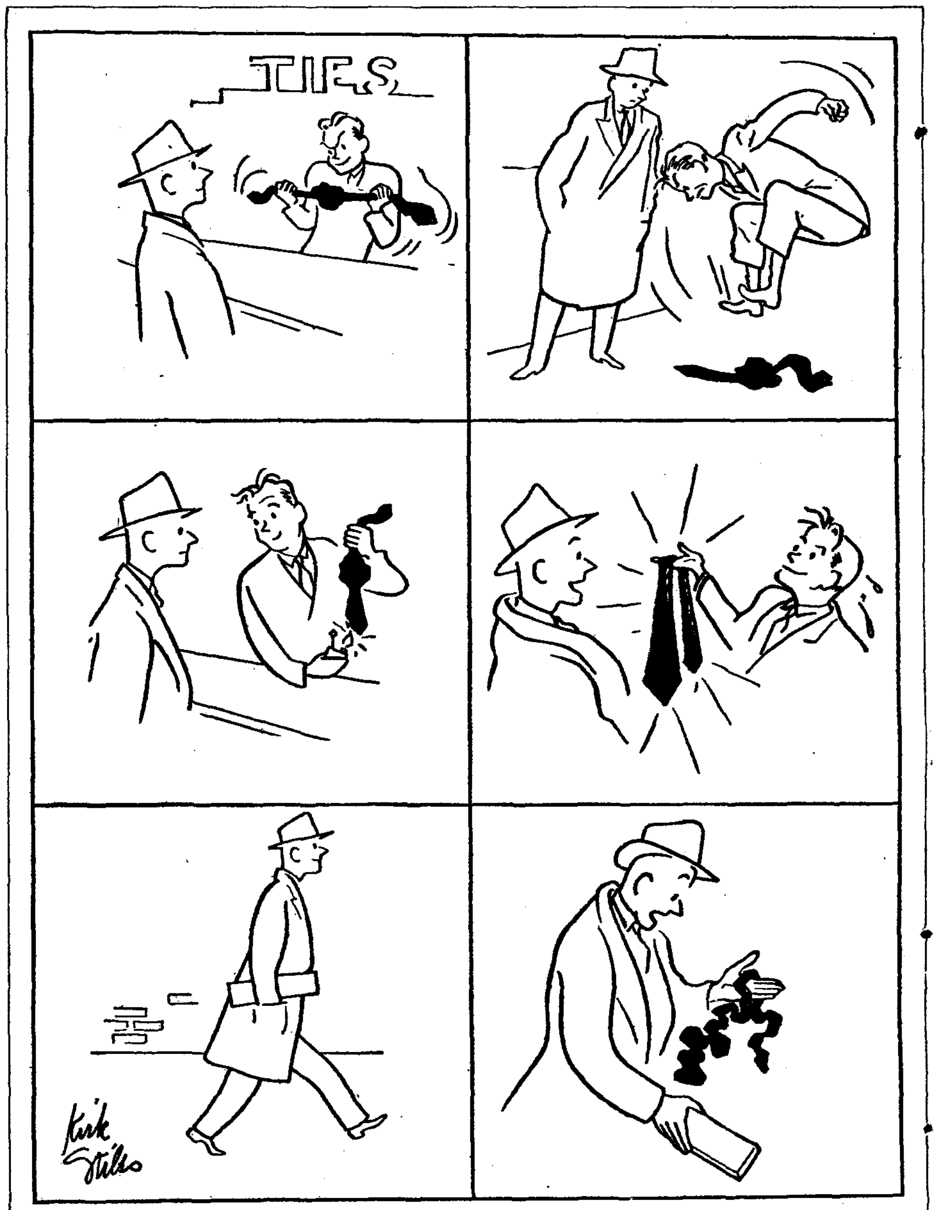
When the event occurred, Chandra was still sitting in his wicker chair, staring at the banyan trees with an expression of almost aggressive fatalism. He had the journal in his hand. Stackpole and his driver, Cheng, were watching a boatman fight the hard current of the storm-pounded Yangtze Kiang River. Their sight was extinguished—the boatman's hands did not even slip from the tiller as vision and thought were joined amongst the temperatures. To Evans, flying toward Washington at eight hundred miles an hour—to this oddly armed, cherubic old man—there came horrible suspicion—a presentiment that his errand would be futile. On The New England Wastes, Ed got halfway through a sentence intended to state that birches were better than nothing. Everson and Dunn, of course, were among the first victims.

IF MARS had inhabitants, they certainly rejoiced, for there was created in their chilly firmament a small but profligate sun where the earth had circled, blue-green, for two billion years. A little sun that grew larger and a million times brighter than earth—and sent to them, across the reaches, additional heat and more light for their dim, red sandstone plains. To the Martians came the spectacular comfort of a new, radiant companion. If there were thoughtful creatures alive in the steaming hurricanes of Venus, they must have marveled and perhaps worried over the phenomenon: it is dangerous to be too near a sun birth. It is dangerous, when a close neighbor grows ten times its size and spurts incredible energy into space. If the Martians became glad, surely the Venutians grew anxious.

In due course, the earth's moon was engulfed and added as fuel to the atomic holocaust. *Due course.* It was not long. The atomic principle involves velocities which the average terrestrial man had not taken the trouble to understand, even at the year of his dissolution.

Indeed, the time which elapsed after the first, great light sprang from the Everson-Dunn machine, and until the earth became an expanding sphere heated to trillions of degrees, was slightly less than one nineteenth of a second.

THE END



COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

The Gentle Wolf

Continued from page 13

When I get back to Chicago, I'll think it all over carefully and let you know."

"A fine idea," he agreed. "Fate, perhaps. Well, tell me, how does it happen that a lovely chick like you isn't out with a handsome, personable young man tonight? What were you doing alone on Bleeker Street?"

There was a small gleam in her good eye. "Being as how I'm going back to Chicago, I'll tell you the whole sad story."

"Good," said Mr. Bainbridge. "You may speak freely. We will never see each other again, so we can tell all. When you get through, I will commence." He went out to the kitchen and came back with cheese, crackers, a bottle which produced a foaming beverage and two tall red candles. The candles lit and set on the coffee table between them, the glasses filled, he motioned her to proceed.

She leaned back and chuckled. "Okay, O Caliph," she said. "It was like this—"

TO BEGIN with, her name was Pamela Hallam. She had two kid brothers, and a mother who was special and a father who sold agricultural machinery. All quite normal. But Pam had early developed a yen to be a radio actress, and was doing passably well in Chicago soap operas when ambition suddenly bit her on the ankle and she packed up and came to New York. Things bounced right along. She got a job her second day in town, and then she went out to look for a place to live. By what seemed an incredible stroke of luck, she found one.

She had arrived in the rental agency just as a fluffy—and very pretty—blond child arrived, who was looking for someone to share her apartment. Her name was Sally May Polk and she was from Savannah.

"She lived on Bull Street there," Pam added grimly, "and she moved it up here, right along with her. She drives me nuts. I pick up after her all day, and listen to her yap most of the night. This evening she is entertaining a little old beau from Savannah, honey, and she just *knew* I wouldn't mind goin' to a little ol' movie, honey, would I? So I went out and did my shopping and ate a *pizza,* while she is sweet-talking her little old beau—and eating up all the stuff I laid in for the week end."

"Why did you move in with her in the first place?" Ainsworth asked, refilling glasses and spreading runny cheese on crackers.

"Her accent fascinated me," Pam said truthfully, "but you can't imagine what it's like, day after day. Besides, it's phony. It slips once in a while." She grinned at him. "Sally May fell over Barney one time—"

"Barney? Another little old used beau?"

"No, it's a white rabbit. Like the one in Harvey, you know."

"You mean he's six feet tall?"

"No. He's a regulation size, but he's got a kick like a mule. And he likes rum in his milk, and he won't eat lettuce. I'm very fond of him." She added as an afterthought, "You could come and see him if I weren't going away."

"Oh, well," Ainsworth said philosophically. "People come and go. It's the spirit of American restlessness. Of course, you're not going away; you're running away."

Pam glowered at him silently from under her level black brows. "It was Barney I was getting the milk for, tonight. He doesn't like Sally May, so she gets even by not feeding him. Someone gave him to her for Easter once, and she put blue ribbons on him and had her picture taken—"

"You'd better take him along to Chicago, then. . . . Can I talk about me now? Because I have a problem, Miss Anthony. I want to get married."

Pam looked at him. "What's keeping you?"

"No girl. And I yearn for the little mortgage in the suburbs—" he sighed. "I am the only living guy who's been stood up four times in five years. Twice by the same girl, too."

Pam's mouth quirked. "You certainly sell a bill of goods on yourself. What's the matter with you, anyway? Inferiority complex?"

Ainsworth went out to the kitchen for another set of refreshments. He said, coming back, "Well, what *is* the matter with me? I'm a nice, upstanding young American."

Pam looked him over. A ruddy blond, medium height, good tweeds, eyes with a twinkle. "I don't doubt it, Mr. . . . ? What do you do for a living?"

"The name is Ainsworth Bainbridge. Some people call me Worth. In my youth I was known as Chubby. For a living? I am that necessary evil, an insurance salesman. Want any?"

Pam shook her head. "The girls don't go for you?" She considered that. "Are you a wolf? I mean, do you scare them off?"

He said regretfully, "No, I guess I'm too gentle with them. Gives them the idea they can walk on me."

Pam felt her eye gingerly. "Gentle, huh? Tonight must have been an exception. You're serious about this getting married and stuff?"

He reached over and patted her shoulder. "Don't worry about it. You go on back to Chicago and don't give me another thought."

She shook her head and winced slightly. "I don't think I'm going back. Not right away. I guess Sally May was getting me down, what with all her being so-o-o sorry for me. For not having a lot of gents pounding my doorbell."

"Do you want a lot of gents pounding around?"

Pam said, "Nah. Oh, I could use one or two, but the only ones I ever meet are in radio or the advertising business, and they get a trifle—monotonous." She relapsed into brooding silence.

Ainsworth looked at the fat red candles, burning so cheerfully. They had, he noted, burned down a couple of inches. He grinned. "The pot and the kettle, that's us. Only we just get solemn about it; no name-calling."

She nodded. "You be Pot and I'll be Kettle. Kettle Hallam. I rather like that."

He got up and bowed. "Pot Bainbridge, at your service, ma'am. Let's go out and christen ourselves with a good steak. What say?"

They were strolling on Seventh Avenue, their arms full of morning newspapers when the new idea came up. "You know, Pot," the Kettle said, and stopped.

"I like it better than Chubby," he said, "but it lacks a certain *something.* What were you going to say?"

"If you're serious about getting married, I'm sure Sally May would go along with the idea. Enthusiastically."

"Yes?"

"Yes. You walk me home—it's time Sally May's follower gets the idea that I live there, too. And you can meet Barney."

IT WAS a lovely night, with a large moon over Fourteenth Street, and a street strung with people circulating in laughter and good cheer. They strolled along, each thinking his own thoughts, companionably. The crashing informality of their meeting and the subsequent first aid to Pam's eye had advanced their friendship immeasurably and both were pleasantly conscious of it. "You really bowled me over tonight," Pam told him.

He waved her into a handy delicatessen. "Think nothing of it," he assured her. "One of the nicest pickups I ever made. You don't weigh much, either." He selected a large stalk of romaine with great care. "We cannot commence my new acquaintance with Barney without a token of my regard."

It was just as well that he did so. A scene of simple desolation awaited them. It seemed impossible that one small Southerner could leave so much wreckage in her wake. Aside from strewn clothing and pathetic shoes tumbled on their sides, the apartment was empty. Except for Barney.

He emerged from underneath something, rumbling and stamping his hind legs, his rose-red eyes blazing. Pam sank into a chair and surveyed the scene with unbelieving eyes. Barney reared up on his hind legs and looked at her, his nose quivering with rage.

"You say she'd like to get married?" Ainsworth queried mildly. "What would we live in—a shambles under long lease?" He peeled a leaf off the romaine and held it out to Barney, who looked at him balefully. "What did she do, pal, kick you as she was leaving?"

The best brushes have DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES

Even little boys can't hurt 'em!

because { nylon toothbrush bristles are tough and strong
nylon toothbrush bristles are water resistant

You can get long-lived, easy-to-clean nylon bristles in many other types of brushes too. In hairbrushes, in paintbrushes, in household brushes of all kinds, these bristles are famous for their finer performance, greater endurance. Ask for them at your favorite store. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Arlington, N. J.

A product of DU PONT Plastics
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

A·1

SAUCE

ONE Sauce for ALL!

Not just for meat. Not just for fish. Not just for fowl, beans, salads and egg dishes. It's A·1 for all!

Ask for it when dining out. Keep it on the table at home.

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

BREAKFAST TASTES BETTER IN ST. LOUIS AFTER A COMFORTABLE NIGHT AT

HOTEL LENNOX

WASHINGTON AT NINTH

Scoldy Lox BOB PINS

NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

- The pins with a lasting grip
- Smooth finish inside and out

Scoldy Lox EXTRA FINE QUALITY BOB PINS

WATCH CRYSTALS YOU CAN'T BREAK

ANY SIZE—ANY SHAPE

ASK ANY JEWELER FOR A G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL 100% BREAKPROOF. CAN BE FITTED WHILE YOU WAIT. GUARANTEED.

GERMANOW-SIMON CO.
ROCHESTER 1, N. Y.

YOU CAN ADVANCE IN PLASTICS!

Plastics can be the next great industry . . . expanding as swiftly and largely as the automotive, radio and aviation businesses. Already, it is an important industry and a growing one. With I. C. S. training, you can take advantage of the many opportunities in Plastics today. At the same time, you prepare for the vast possibilities of tomorrow. Write for the free booklet containing full information! Do it right now!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4120-C, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.
Send me full information on the following subject:
....
Name....................*Age*..........
Home Address....................
City....................*State*..........
Present Position..........*Working Hours*..........*A.M. to*..........*P.M.*

"Don't pick him up by his ears," Pam said absently. "He doesn't like it."

"I wouldn't either," he assured her. "It's a very reasonable idea. I've never been intimate with a rabbit, but this buck looks as if he'd bear acquaintance."

Barney kicked something invisible a couple of times and abruptly subsided onto all fours. He hopped over and inspected Ainsworth's ankles and then reared up, tore the romaine—the large stalk—from his new friend's nerveless hand and sat up to eat it.

Pam said wearily, "Well, there goes Sunday, the great day of rest." She got up and wandered into the bedroom. "It's rather worse in here," she reported.

"Look on the pincushion," he advised her. "Savannah doubtless keeps up the old traditions."

"We haven't got a pincushion."

"Try the pillows. She must have left the usual note of farewell someplace."

She reappeared in the doorway. "Her clothes are gone, and her luggage. She must have decided to go away in a hurry." She gave the ghost of a smile. "Like me. I was going to take off for Chicago tomorrow."

The phone rang and they sat there and listened to it. Pam answered it on the fifth ring. She said, "Yes," "No" and "Um" several times, and hung up. "That was Sally May," she reported. "She's on her way back to Savannah to get married. Her fella in Savannah telephoned her he was tired of her being up No'th, and he's just the sweetest fella, he really is."

Barney dropped one ear lackadaisically and slowed down a little on the romaine. "Oh, yes, and I'm to keep Barney, because people down theah wouldn't understand a young married woman havin' a rabbit."

"Well," Ainsworth ruminated, "that solves one of your problems. Now you won't have to go back to Chicago. You can stay here and pursue your destiny, leaping from kilocycle to kilocycle. For the rest of it, I, Ainsworth Bainbridge, will see to it that you meet assorted stalwarts from the regulation lines of trade. We have an unlimited selection from which to pick and choose. And I will come over tomorrow and help you shovel out. In return—" He paused delicately.

"I know. In return, I will find you a girl who wants to get married. Any specifications?"

He waved a hand vaguely. "Suit yourself. Pick somebody you'd go for yourself if you were a man."

Pam said dispiritedly, "I'll look around. Right now, all I can think about is this yere little ol' mess I've got to reassembly." She indicated a gold dotted black net evening frock crumpled in a chair. "Most of these are mine, you know."

"Yours? But why tossed around like this?"

"Sally May took all the hangers."

LIFE took on a new tempo, beginning the next day, for Pam. Her eye was a little swollen, but a restful Sunday with broom, dustcloth and bending exercises took it off her mind. Ainsworth arrived bearing large quantities of hangers, inasmuch as the janitor of his building was a hanger hoarder. He brought a stalk of broccoli for Barney, who received it with interested hauteur, and a pair of old white pants for himself. He retired to the bathroom and emerged nattily attired in the white pants and nothing else. He was barefoot, bare-chested and whistling. "Make with the soap flakes," he said, beating himself on the chest. "Bainbridge is going to show you what the Navy once taught him. You go ream out the closets. *I* will do the kitchen, the living room and the windows."

That was at noon. At nine that evening, the three rooms were spotless, the soap was all gone and Pam was exhausted. She lay in the middle of the living-room floor, with Barney nuzzling her ear anxiously. Ainsworth was in the bathroom, cleaning up, whistling melodiously. She was sound asleep when he came out, once more dressed conservatively in tweeds. He inspected her gravely, took her keys out of her bag and left. She was still asleep when he got back, Barney propped against her in an attitude of prayer and also asleep, both ears drooped forward. Ainsworth took two large paper bags out in the kitchen and went to work.

He had oysters, oyster crabs, salt pork, water biscuits, potatoes, onions, butter and milk lined up on the tiny kitchen table in a matter of minutes. Something touched his ankle and he looked down—Barney had come out to join him. He lifted the big white rabbit upon a shelf beside the stove and instructed him, "Watch carefully, old man. This is Down-East Chowder, with that Bainbridge touch." Gravely, he offered Barney a slice of onion. Barney ate it happily.

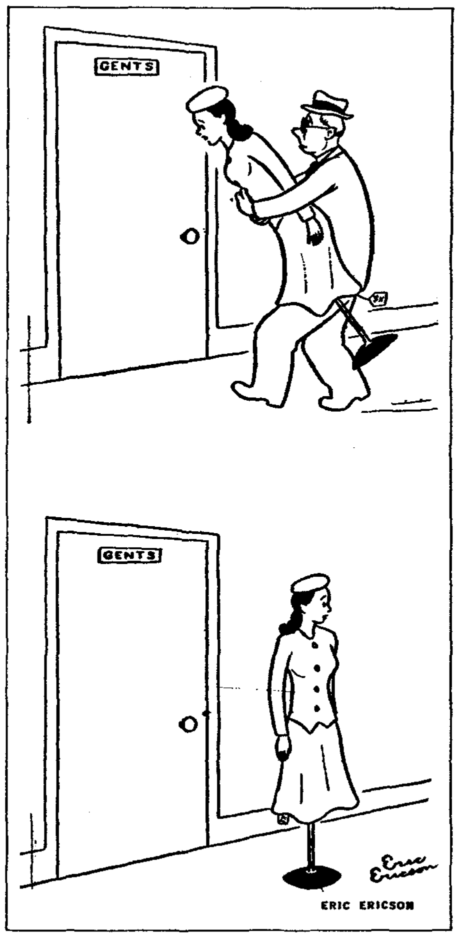
When the chowder was simmering to blend its flavors, he opened a can of peach halves and fried six or seven gently in butter and brown sugar with a sprinkle of salt and a touch of mace. He gave Barney another slice of onion, put him on the floor and went to wake up Pam.

When she came back from washing her face, he had a bridge table set up and two of the set of mixing bowls on its bare brown wood, the large middle-sized orange one for him, the smaller blue one for her. Pam sniffed the delicious steam. She said, "You mean you can cook, too?"

She finished the chowder to the last thick, savory drop. "I'm still hungry," she said. "*There's one corner that isn't filled up.*"

"You wait a minute," he advised her.

Presently he put two plates on the table, each containing a large roll of the thinnest possible egg pancake rolled around the fried peaches. The second trip produced a saucer of milk and a bottle of dark rum, some of which went in the milk for Barney and a lot of which went on the pancakes. "Eat hearty, my friend," he remarked. "It will be many a long day before you get food like this again."



ERIC ERICSON

At the door later, he saluted Barney. "It's a good thing for you, my friend, that you haven't got a date with a lady bunny. She'd never stand for your breath." He turned to Pam. "See you next Saturday," he said. "For the first date, try and get a redhead. I will produce a gent I know who makes money out of groceries and does the samba."

IT WENT on like that for a couple of months. Every Saturday night, Ainsworth would arrive with a personable young man, and in rapid succession Pam was exposed to exponents of the grocery business, the printing trades, the telephone system and other vital affairs in the American economy. In return, Pam would have waiting one of a variety of good-looking young women, varying from olive-skinned brunettes to blondes-*cum*-porcelain.

Some of the girls were silent and statuesque, some were vivacious and one giggled, but they were all nice girls in their middle or late twenties and they all had that gleam in their eye. It was an education, as Ainsworth affably remarked, to meet so many lovely young females, one and all intent on a vine-covered mortgage.

The only trouble with the whole deal, so far as Pam was concerned, was that the evening always wound up with Ainsworth's personable entry taking the young lady home, while she and Ainsworth finished up by scrambling eggs in her kitchen and hashing over the past few hours. She said as much to Ainsworth one late Sunday morning, when they were sprawled around her living room reading the theater sections and the funnies.

"It's easier that way, Kettle, honey," Ainsworth remarked affably. "Come the end of the evening, I can generally tell that this—or whatever—chick isn't earmarked for me, so it's better to give the girl a break and send her off with a new swain."

"But what about *me?*" Pam protested. "You show me all these lovely creatures and then suggest that because you and I live way down in the Village, they might as well—"

"It's true, isn't it? Have you seen one that you *especially* liked?"

Pam considered them seriatim. "Walter King was sort of nice—the one with the black curly hair. He was the one who went to Princeton, wasn't he?"

Ainsworth snorted. "You see? He's a Deke from Wisconsin. You can't even remember which is which."

BARNEY created a diversion in this bickering by rolling in at that moment, having spent a happy hour in knocking a pot of chives off the kitchen window sill, and then eating the chives. A fleck or two of green clung to his white velvet face, and he was still feeling the effect of his midmorning libation. He sat up somewhat unsteadily and surveyed them with approval, twitching his whiskers. After some thought, difficult though it was, he chose to have Ainsworth scratch his neck and proceded erratically in that general direction.

Pam observed all this with disapproval. "You're an old rum-bun," she said. "Next Sunday, I won't give you any till bedtime."

Ainsworth asked, "Did *you* give him some this morning? So did I!" He poked Barney in his fat, well-muscled ribs and Barney bit him absently and went to sleep on his lap. "This is something new in the rabbit line," he said. "Or isn't he?"

"The trouble with Barney is," Pam said, "he doesn't know he's a rabbit. He's never even seen another rabbit. Maybe we should get him a date."

"Ah, let well enough alone," Ainsworth told her. "Time enough for that when he's got a good job. But it reminds me—who's the lucky gal I'm meeting next Saturday?"

"Madeline Chumley. You'll love her. She's a quiet kid, but she dresses beautifully. She plays in Aunt Hannah's Children. Did I tell you I was starting in that show next week?"

Madeline Chumley, Ainsworth thought speculatively on the forthcoming Saturday evening, would have stopped a clock. She was a tiny girl and spectacularly homely. She had a slow, beautiful voice, when she spoke at all, but she didn't like night clubs, she detested dancing and her sole interest in food was in repelling hunger. It developed that she had gone to Vassar a couple of years, and that she was from Minnesota.

"Her father owns flour mills out there," Pam whispered to Ainsworth.

"Who's the sponsor for Aunt Hannah's Children?"

Pam grinned and looked the other way.

When it was getting about that time of night, by Ainsworth's wrist watch, he set about breaking up the party. And he took the mink-coated Madeline home. Pam, a little startled, trotted off home with her escort of the evening, one Stanley Trout, who discoursed entertainingly about real-estate law and amortizations, and Pam utilized the time to get good and mad at Ainsworth. Flour mills, indeed! So she asked Stanley in to meet Barney.

It was terrific, that meeting. It seemed that in his extreme youth, Stanley had raised rabbits in his back yard. He informed Pam that here was a real rabbit, a rabbit who did credit to his breed, and that he, Stanley

Trout, stood ready at any time to take Barney over. Barney, for his part, did everything to Stanley but eat him like chives. He loved him; he refused to leave him. Pam might as well have been in Chicago.

When she found an opportunity to break in, Pam set about getting a little information. Where had Stanley met Ainsworth?

"The Skipper? Why, we were in the Navy together. There were a lot of us who got along pretty well, and we just hang together. Mike Dooley and Walter King—a lot of us are around." He stroked Barney fondly. "But something's come over that guy, Skipper, lately. He used to be buzzing some gal all the time, and doing all right, too, but—" He shook his head. "That guy is really footloose. None of them ever got him to a jeweler's window. And plenty of them have tried."

Pam fluttered her eyelashes at him. "You mean he's never even been engaged?"

"The Skipper?" He hooted. "Any time a girl gets that guy into drydock, it'll be because he got his signals mixed. Why, Skipper Bainbridge has eluded more females—" He eyed her for a moment, and sighed. "You wouldn't know about things like that. Which reminds me: Thanks for the coffee and for meeting Barney. He's a wonder. And when am I going to see you again?"

Pam smiled enchantingly. "Any time you like," she said. "I think you're marvelously interesting, Mr. Trout. And I'm so glad you like Barney and that he likes you. Just call me—any time."

THE next morning being Sunday, Pam cleared the decks and prepared for action. She was highly curious about Madeline and the—the Skipper. And since he had fallen into the habit of dropping over in the eleven-o'clock bracket with something tasty in a paper sack and the funnies under his arm, she expected to do a little prying. Noon came and went, however, with no Bainbridge.

She gave Barney, who was getting cross, his Sunday potation and took a look in the refrigerator.

Eggs. Cherry jam. Three large boiled potatoes. A chunk of unsliced bacon. A pleased gleam came in her eye. It added up to cottage-fried potatoes with bits of bacon in them, and cherry omelette. She was just finishing the last bite and pouring another cup of coffee when the doorbell rang.

It was a telegram from Mr. Bainbridge. It read, "Previous engagement lasting too long keeping me from your abode. Will you have dinner with me instead? Love to Barney. Are there any onions? Ainsworth." It had been sent from Long Island.

Mr. Bainbridge, she decided, got around. She thought about the onion part, and gave it up. She called up Madeline Chumley. Miss Chumley, it seemed, had been delighted but enchanted but intrigued. That Bainbridge, she said, was *definitely!*

"My, my," said Pam mildly. "Where did you go when you left us?"

"But everywhere! I asked him over for breakfast today, but he couldn't come."

Miss Chumley had a modest little four-room penthouse with a View Over The Park, a maid who was a miracle in the kitchen and a very select list of guests. Bainbridge must rate. . . .

"That's too bad," Pam said.

Madeline wasn't listening. She asked, "Do you know anybody named Barney? He had a date with him."

"Barney?" Pam was vague.

"Not that it matters," Madeline rushed on. "And I liked your young man, too—Stanley Trout. He's too simply right for you, my dear. Isn't he?"

Pam finally hung up. She pottered around the house and looked over her Monday scripts and looked over her clothes. Dinner with a wolf. It called for thought. She settled finally on a garnet-red dress, short, that did neat things for a twenty-two-inch waistline. Long black gloves. Her highest heels—plain black opera pumps. And a hat made entirely, to the casual eye, of small up-ended garnet ostrich plumes.

She peeled off her slacks and shook gardenia bath salts in the tub and shook her head unbelievingly. *Le* Bainbridge as a wolf! She whistled the familiar call. . . . Now why all that line about the girls who had jilted him?

She was matching nail polish to her frock when a chilly realization struck her. *She'd been wolf bait!* She'd been had! Here she'd gone along, week after week, lugging in the nicest girls she knew to meet that viper, so he could look them over. *Object matrimony.* It was no such thing! It was a lousy, mean trick, that's what it was.

Well, she'd show Skipper Bainbridge, that's what she'd do. She'd start with Stanley Trout, and after this there would be no more double-dating with Ainsworth (Skipper) Bainbridge!

She was all dressed when he got there, and, just for the needed touch, he gave the old wolf call when he saw her.

"Like it?" She smiled her prettiest and thanked her stars for the touch of black wax on her lashes. This was going to be an evening he'd remember.

SHE waited, though, until he looked a little dazed with all the charm she was wafting his way. She waited until dinner was over and all the beautiful people on the Starlight Roof had pattered their last round of applause for the pretty *chanteuse,* before she gave him the works. "Sometimes I think you really like me, Skipper. Don't you?"

He missed the Skipper part entirely. He said, "Sure, I do. I like Barney, too. That reminds me." He called the waiter and said something to him; the waiter looked surprised but hurried away and while the Bainbridge wallet was in play, he came back with a small package.

Oh, very well, thought Pam. It'll sound better at home anyway.

The cab ride seemed unending, and she set herself determinedly to remember how angry she was. Not *too* angry, she decided; she'd better just be awfully, awfully hurt. Why, actually, she *was*—bitterly hurt.

Barney came hopping out to meet them, and Ainsworth undid the package and presented him with a neat order of sliced Bermuda onion. "Eat it all," he advised him. "It's probably the first time in history that anyone bought an onion at the Waldorf for a rabbit." He went out in the kitchen and removed the package he'd left there earlier. "Sit down," he said hospitably. "I'll bet your feet are killing you."

Pam sat down and regarded him. He was certainly stealing her scene, she thought indignantly.

He mixed a couple of tall ones and handed her one. He sat down himself.

"Now," he said, "I will tell you a story. It's about a wolf. Only this wolf was different. He was a gentle wolf. Like Ferdinand, you know."

Pam widened her eyes. She asked in a hushed voice, "And did he meet Little Red Riding Hood and she-ate-him-all-up?"

He looked at her red dress and hat soberly, and nodded. "Something like that," he agreed. "But he was scared to death of the gals who'd been trying to trap him for a fur coat, so he got her interested in him because he wanted to get married. He did, too. He wanted a wife who was beautiful and casual and friendly and not jealous and who liked good cooking. Well, she was beautiful to start with, and casual; and she kept producing a lot of beautiful babes for him to meet—and one very wealthy one—so he knew she wasn't jealous. And she was so wonderful that all these other girls looked like about two cents beside her. So today the wolf—the scared wolf—went out to Long Island and looked over two or three houses suitable to her and made plans for her to see them next Sunday. That is, if she's going to marry him and give this story a happy ending." He took a long swallow of his drink. "Are you?" he finished.

Pam looked at him a long time. "Yes," she said.

He looked at her fondly. "In that case, I think I'll let you kiss me."

He did. He looked from her to Barney, who was methodically munching his way through his supper. The Skipper said, "I'll always remember tonight"—he sniffed the redolent air and kissed her again—"red dress—with onions."

THE END

100
Proof
LIQUEUR
Next Time Make It a
Southern Comfort
Manhattan
SOUTHERN COMFORT
THERE'S ONLY ONE

Here's how:—⅔ Southern Comfort—⅓ Dry Vermouth—Add ice—Stir and strain into cocktail glass—Garnish with a red cherry. Write for other recipes.

America's Most Versatile Drink

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

Oh, how I need you now

You've gotta help me, folks. I'm feeling worn out as yesterday's bone, and it's because *worms* are dragging me down, sapping my resistance.

Like most puppies over a month old, I need Sergeant's Puppy Capsules. They're safe for me and fatal to worms. Later on, when I'm full grown, you can keep me worm-free with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules.

Don't wait, folks, get these sure-fire Sergeant's products for me today—at your favorite drug or pet store.

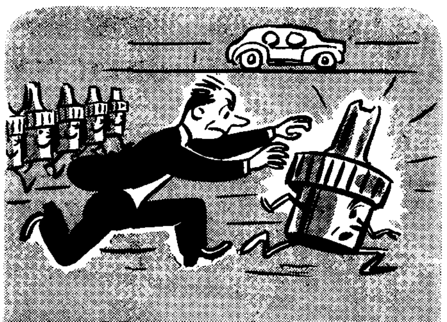
Your dog's life
Sergeant's
DOG BOOK

• *The new Sergeant's Dog Book is full of good and dependable advice on dog care. Ask for your FREE copy at any drug or pet store. Or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.*

Sergeant's

WORM MEDICINES

That fixed me fine—Pete



HARD TO GET...

but more are on the way

Motorists today realize more than ever the necessity of sealing each tire valve mouth with Schrader Air-tight Caps to make tires last longer. They keep dirt out—seal the air in and help prevent under-inflation, the greatest tire enemy.

Keep your order standing with your dealer until you get as many as you need. They're important to tire life.

The sealing unit inside all standard Schrader Caps

FIVE
Schrader
TIRE VALVE CAPS
Guaranteed Air-tight
Schrader

Get a set today and

MAKE YOUR TIRES LAST LONGER

A. SCHRADER'S SON • BROOKLYN 17, N.Y.
Division of Scovill Manufacturing Company, Inc.

DOCTORS KNOW!

BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN YOU TREAT FOR SIMPLE PILES!

How To Avoid Possible Injury And Infection

Be careful how you treat for Simple Piles. Avoid any method that may disturb the delicate, often irritated, swollen rectal tissues and nerves. The danger of injury and infection is too great to take such needless chances.

Play safe! Use modern 4-Way Rectal Cones. These *scientifically* medicated, *professionally* compounded, velvety-soft rectal suppositories for men and women act in 4 important, effective ways:

1—Quickly allay itching, pain, burning. 2—Lubricate, soften dry, hard parts. 3—Aid in reducing swelling and checking minor bleeding of Simple Piles. 4—Brought directly to the affected area by natural involuntary muscular action.

4-Way Rectal Cones take but a moment to use. No fuss, no bother. No staining of underwear or bedclothing. It's the *safe* way—no danger of injury or infection. If trouble persists, see your doctor. Economical! Box of fourteen—85¢ at Druggists. If your druggist is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and we'll mail you a trial box immediately.

BEAUMONT CO., St. Louis, Mo.

4-WAY RECTAL CONES

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, 417 S. Dearborn
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 140-L Chicago 5

GRAVY MASTER 15¢ MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE!

ADVERTISING-PUBLICITY

Learn this fascinating, profitable business AT HOME! Open your own office. New plan gives complete training. Write Dept. C 1.

ADVERTISERS' TRAINING SERVICE
420 Market St., San Francisco 11, Calif.

MEDICATED FOR CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Sensational *extra* help for colds—with Luden's!

These famous cough drops not only help soothe throat, but release a menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages, helps relieve "clothespin nose!"

Medicated LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

NEW LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!

Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

Million-Dollar Sharecropper

Continued from page 18

were in a state of near-collapse. The board of directors was enlarged to include a handful of tenants, including several Mexicans. Rio Farms set up another corporation, the Mid-Valley Farmers Association, to build the packing sheds necessary to ship the farms' produce.

But don't think for a minute that the government just passed out its million dollars with no strings attached. They were all over the place in the form of government specialists. Rio Farms swarmed with them: marketing and sanitation experts, soil analysts, citrus theorists, vegetable and bug doctors. Work went slowly under a burden of red tape. Much of the land was idle because there was no housing for tenants. By August, 1942, Rio Farms was in a $25,000 hole and headed for what seemed to be a complete state of collapse.

It was at this stage that Bill Cannon, seeing that his pet project for government help without government interference was being smothered in red tape, called in Sam Tayloe. Tayloe, raised on a big north Texas farm and a Texas A & M man until the depression caught up with his family, had worked for the old Farm Resettlement Bureau. He had taken Texas farm families with an income of $250 a year and a year later had them earning $750.

At the moment he was managing an FSA rehabilitation colony—successfully but unhappily—due to what he calls "too much supervision," meaning government forms, procedures and theories that didn't fit realities. Cannon asked Tayloe to take over Rio Farms. Tayloe listened to Cannon's dream, and said he thought he could do it *if they would give him a free hand.*

Things began improving almost immediately. Some of the improvements, like the packing sheds, went along without much help. But in other things it was obvious that Sam Tayloe was exercising his free hand. He got rid of the government experts and red tape, replacing them with a small, practical staff which included J. R. Padgitt, a practical rancher, Art Shull, a skilled citrus manager, and "Dad" Short, father of contour plowing in Texas and a genuine philosopher of the plains.

Efficiency on the Move

With these men, Tayloe began to make Rio Farms more efficient. He sold off a dog-leg piece of land to make the farm more compact. He bought up cheaply some houses from an abandoned FSA project and moved them onto the land to provide more housing—and automatically got more tenants and more land in production.

When it became obvious that until they could build more houses, they could get no more tenant families, Tayloe rented out the idle land to big farm operators like Gus Bell who, with his brother, took over 450 acres. He got rid of the old board of directors, which had merely rubber-stamped Washington's directives. In its place he got a new board of farmer directors, elected by the tenants, which ended government policy. Thus, by September, 1943, the government was reduced to a lien holder. But a month before that, Rio Farms' book showed it had earned $261,000. A year later, it had earned $1,047,038 and by March, 1945, its total earnings had mounted to $1,168,065.21.

But March, 1945, is a hindsight position on Rio Farms. And as we said earlier, the whole thing was illegal. At least that was the common gossip in the Valley, where its altruistic purpose and salaryless directors sounded pretty fishy to well-to-do farmers. Finally, a Congressional committee headed by Harold Cooley of North Carolina set out to investigate. On arriving Cooley told the local papers that he had no doubt the whole thing would be "speedily liquidated."

Meanwhile, at Rio Farms, Sam Tayloe and his staff were waiting for the Congressional blow.

"I was scared out of my pants," says Sam today. "I didn't think the farm was illegal, but then I didn't know much about such *things and I thought the committee did."*

The next day the committee questioned all the farm officials, examined the books, and inspected the farm. All they could find was a loan of $1,226,350 on the verge of being paid back 47 years ahead of time.

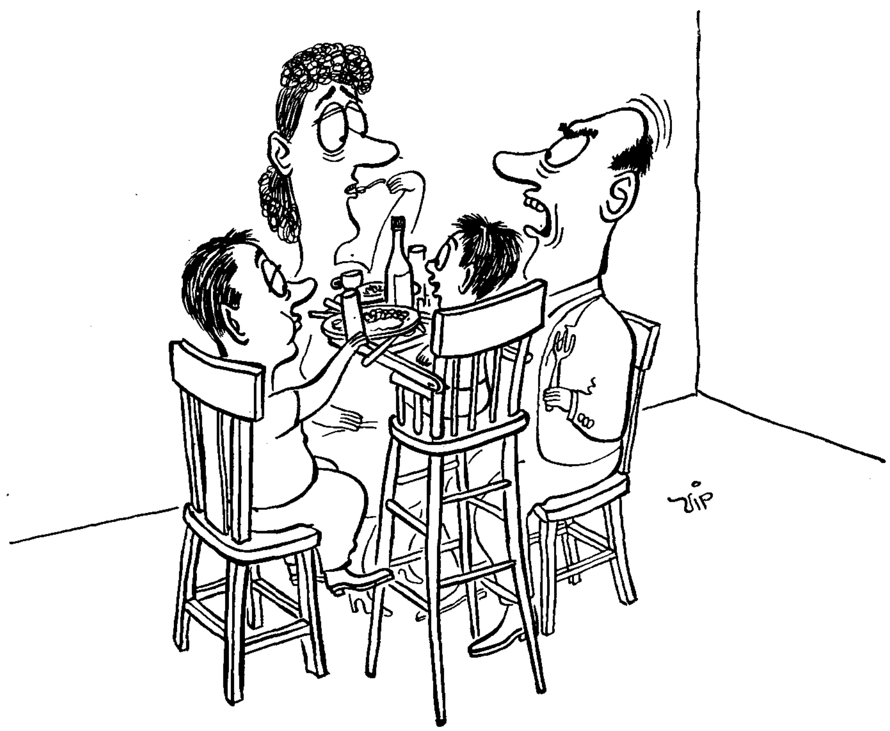
Tayloe now says, "That investigation was the best thing that ever happened to us. It showed the people of the Valley what kind of a job we were doing and that we were successful. The people liked it."

The committee didn't let Rio Farms off scot-free. It discovered that the original loan was illegal. Nobody in FSA had had the authority to grant such a loan. But even so, the government was getting its money back with interest.

"Crime," said a Valley wit, "had paid."

But Sam says things began to go right ever since Rio Farms got its present directors. "They're real practical farmers."

Their aims follow along three lines: selling land to tenants, developing better marketing facilities for tenants and near-by farmers, and lastly, scientific research to benefit the entire Valley. They also have their own Bill of Rights. It came into being when the postwar world descended on them suddenly one day last spring in the form of a young ex-soldier, son of a tenant, who said, "For gosh sakes, gimme something to do!" He is now working 80 acres as his own. Since then, the directors have opened the doors to discharged soldiers from the Valley, giving them priority in becoming tenants and owners.



"Okay! Okay! You can buy a dining-room table tomorrow"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Rio Farms is able to do these things because in many respects it is functioning like a large, landowning, nonprofit bank whose managers, being scientific farmers, are especially equipped to guide small farmers, to understand their problems and to back them *up with money. A man who can show that* he is a hard-working, honest farmer can become a Rio tenant and ultimately an owner no matter whether he has a tractor or only a broken hoe. If necessary, Rio Farms will advance the money for completely mechanized farm equipment; they estimate their average tenant has $2,000 worth of equipment, much of which they have financed.

The tenant pays, as rent, one third of any grain crops and one fourth of his crop of vegetables. The produce is marketed through the Mid-Valley Co-operative, and as a member he receives dividends according to his contribution.

Some tenants once owned farms, then lost them to drought, dust or deflated markets, and became migratory field hands. For many of the Farms' Mexican tenants land ownership was virtually impossible. However, Rio Farms, though dedicated to making its tenants landowners, has been in no hurry to have them jump into a sea of mortgages.

"What we want," Sam Tayloe says, "is the *gradual immersion of the tenant into land* ownership."

Many are already successful farmers. Take the case of Nicholas Renfroe, who came from Oklahoma in 1941 without any equipment. Today he's a tractor-powered landowner with a herd of milk cows and considerable equipment. After paying roughly $2,000 in land rentals, net income amounted to $6,000. That puts him in nearly the top bracket among farmers.

Or consider Daniel Cuellar, of Mexican peasant stock, who kicked around the valley for eighteen years with an ever-growing family of barefooted kids, as a sharecropping *tenant. Today he's a proud little man with* a tractor, and has just bought 80 acres. He earned, above rent, $4,500.

Rio Farms plans to spend more than $200,000 in rebuilding tenant homes and building enough new ones so that it will have room for 250 tenants instead of 155.

The Rio Farmers who are already purchasing their farms are buying them on one of the two plans offered by the organization: a variable plan which permits them to increase their payments during good crop years. "Been farmin' too long not to know crops sho do vary," one of them said.

The system of land evaluation is one of the most important factors in the success of Rio Farms. When a tenant wants to buy his farm and has already paid for his equipment, Sam Tayloe and his assistants find out just what that land has produced in the last ten years. They also check what those crops were worth during that period. Thus the land value is determined not by a speculative market but by the actual productive capacity of the land.

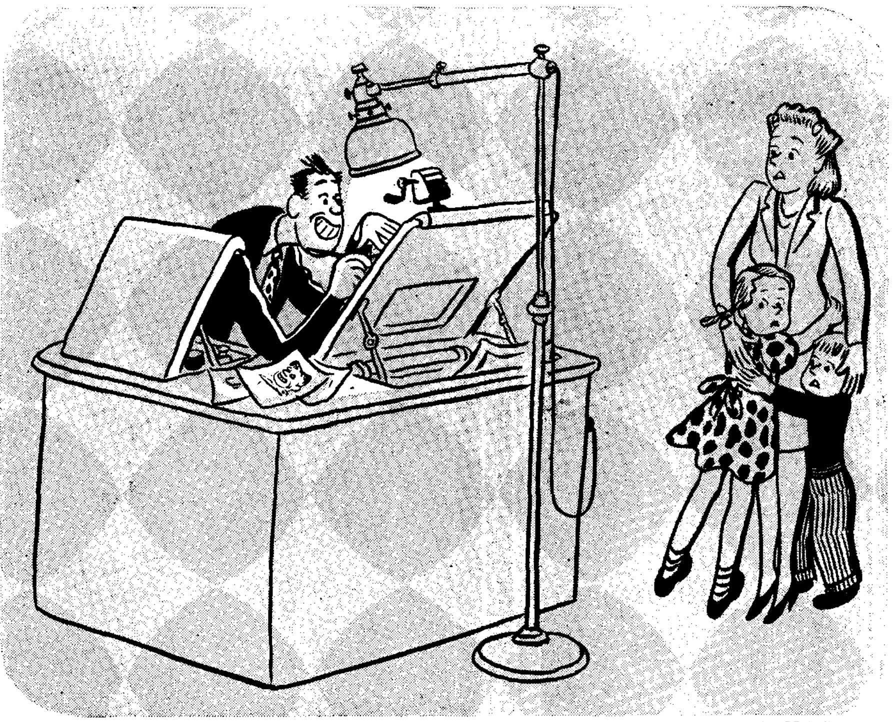
But how about Rio Farms? It looked to us as though it was inevitably going to lose. *You can't buy at the market price and sell* at below market price and win.

Sam Tayloe grinned. "That's right," he said, "but when we bought this land—which is now worth $1,000 an acre and upward on the market—the market price had fallen so low that it was below a price determined by productive capacity."

Another major reason for the success of Rio Farms is that roughly ten per cent of its land is in citrus orchards. None of the tenants share directly in this crop which in 1944 brought in $859,583. The farm also received, as its share of the tenants' vegetable crops, $242,485.

That's where Sam Tayloe got that hefty check the government didn't want.

THE END



ROBERT DAY

He frightens little children, also his wife: Robert Day at work on Screamy-Weamies drawings

The Week's Work

AFTER the surrender of Italy, Brig. Gen. Julius C. Holmes was assigned to meet with Badoglio and the king to arrange for administration of the country. After the business at hand was settled, with expressions of good will all around, the king became chatty. He spoke of the nasty, nasty Germans, and the nasty things they had done, and then, turning to Holmes, he said, in British-accented English: "By the way, old boy, my wife would like to get some eggs, if you could manage it. I told her I'd ask you."

General Holmes said he would look into the matter of eggs for the queen, and the conference ended on a friendly domestic note.

Julius Holmes entered the diplomatic service in 1925 by the career route. After graduation from the University of Kansas, he passed the regular State Department examinations. Thence to France, Turkey, Albania, Rumania, South America and in-between times to Washington. He studied French, Portuguese, Spanish and German.

In 1937, Holmes reluctantly decided that he never was going to make a very good living for his family in the service. He resigned to become first the vice-president of the New York World's Fair in charge of relations with foreign governments, and then to work for General Mills in South America.

When war started, Holmes, who held a reserve commission as major, reported for duty, and from then on was entrusted with some of the more delicate negotiations necessary to winning the war and establishing the peace. At the time of the African invasion, he was, by request of General Eisenhower, executive officer of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff and also of the Allied Combined Chiefs of Staff. His Collier's article, Eisenhower's African Gamble, p. 14, is based on his experiences and observations then.

They say that during the tense moments when General Mark Clark was parked in a submarine off the coast of Africa, awaiting the invasion signal, General Holmes, who was among those present, remarked with diplomatic insouciance, "Well, here we are, General, the Rover Boys in Africa."

General Holmes went on to help arrange things with the French in Africa, bringing more or less order out of chaos in Tunisia, and moving on to the same sort of chore in Sicily and Italy. When Stettinius became Secretary of State, he was called to serve as Assistant Secretary. Now with the war ended, Holmes is leaving government service again. "I can't afford it," he says. "I do hope Congress will be smart enough to raise the pay. You can't get good men for poor pay."

THE remarkable man-and-wife team of Oden and Olivia Meeker, who wrote The Screamy-Weamies, p. 42, keeps eluding us. Every time we are about to interview them or it in connection with their latest literary output, they are off to California or Peru or Brazil or somewhere.

So all we know about them we get secondhand. Let's start with their letterhead which reads: "The great Oden and Olivia Meeker safari, herpetological caravan and ambulant inquisition of belletristic marvels."

Our dictionary, which has 20,000 words in it, takes care of herpetological all right (it means snakes) but stops short of belletristic. However, we do know that the Meekers left New York recently, after having their teeth fixed, to spend nine months traveling in South America.

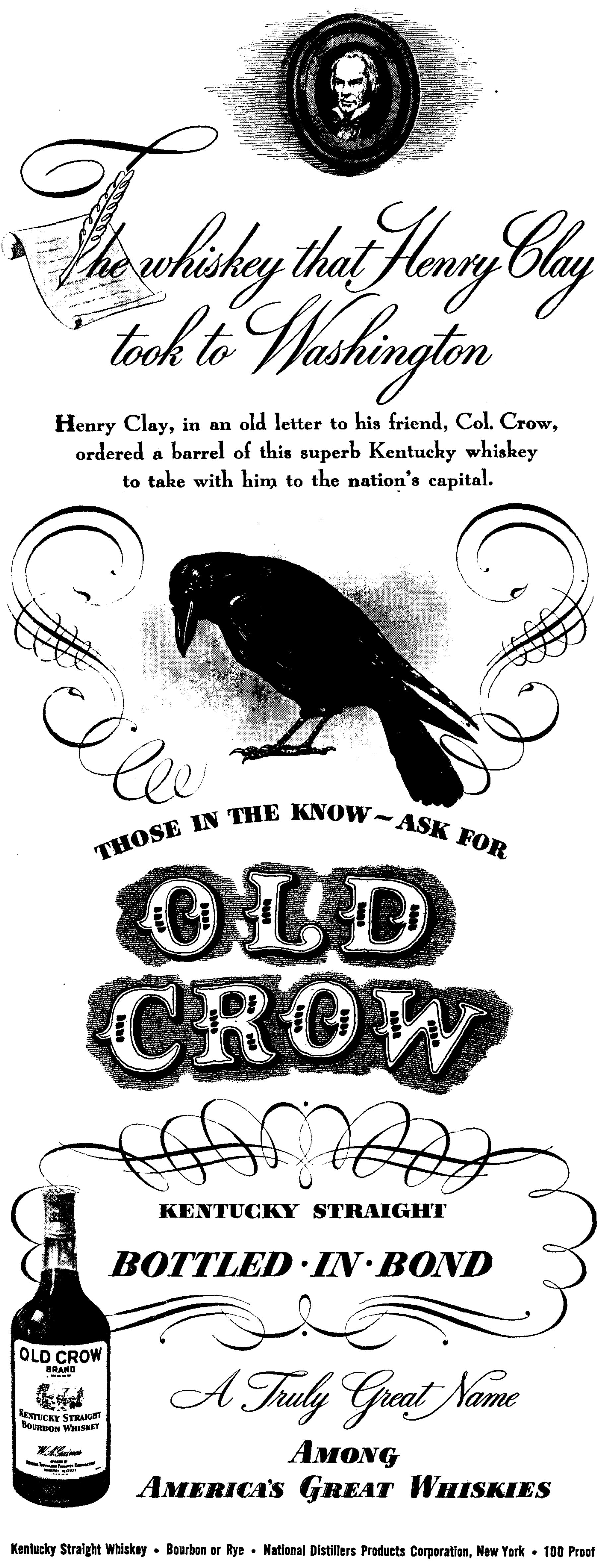
Oden Meeker, it seems, has been fascinated with animal life since boyhood, when he followed first a flea circus and then a regular circus about the country. He worked for awhile for the Field Museum in Chicago, and for another while on various New York publications. Now, every time he sets out to get an article, he gets instead some rare specimen of frog which he sends back alive to his alma mater museum . . . and vice versa; that is, when he doesn't catch the lizard he's after, he gets an article. Olivia, who used to be a New York social service worker, aids and abets him in both directions. They carry two typewriters wherever they go, and write their pieces either in competition with each other, or alternating paragraphs.

ROBERT DAY, who did the illustrations for The Screamy-Weamies, says it was a dandy piece to work on. Usually, he says, he doesn't get ready-made gags, but has to think them up himself. He thought up enough by himself, however, to fill a book called All Out for the Sack Race.

Except for one little period of which he is slightly ashamed, Day has been and still is leading a quiet life out on Long Island with his wife and two children. This period was the time when he and Gurney Williams, Collier's cartoon editor, took a course in tap dancing. We had not known before that Williams knew how to tap-dance, but we are going to request an early demonstration.

The drawing above shows Father Day terrifying his wife and the little Days working on The Screamy-Weamies. . . . A. P.

This week's cover: Our new Chief of Staff, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, as photographed by Bob Leavitt.


The whiskey that Henry Clay took to Washington

Henry Clay, in an old letter to his friend, Col. Crow, ordered a barrel of this superb Kentucky whiskey to take with him to the nation's capital.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

HOW DO YOU HATE?

WE DON'T know, of course, but it may come to pass that historians 10 or 15 years hence, looking for a convenient label to hang on the present decade, will christen it the Hateful Forties. Certainly it seems to us that more personal and group hatreds are flourishing more virulently in this country at this time than in any decade since the Civil War and Reconstruction era.

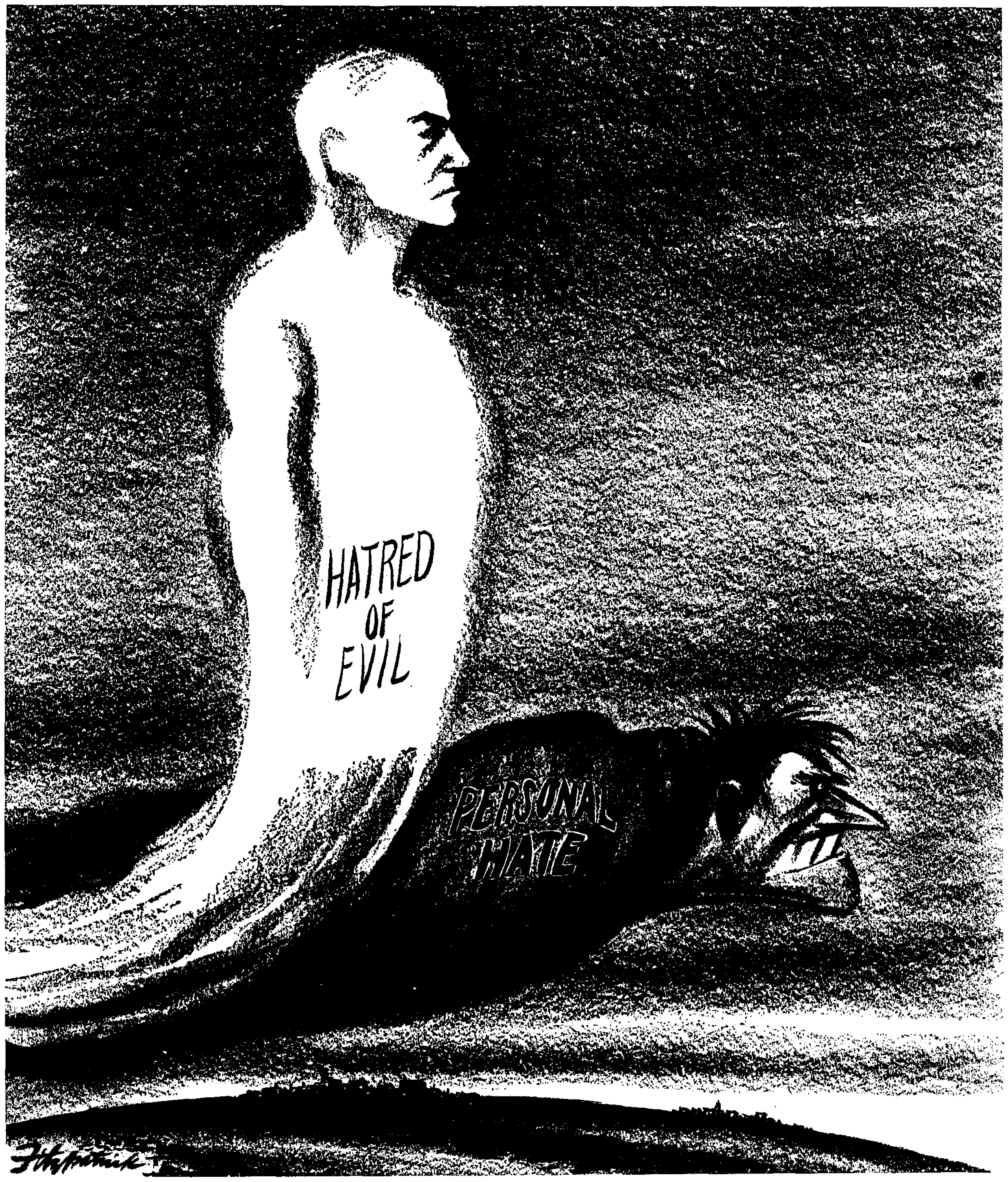
The long-standing racial and religious dislikes are still with us; but, ominously, they seem more violent now than for a long time past. Relatively new to this country is the hatred now smoldering between many employees and their employers. On the increase, and being stimulated by various persons and groups for various reasons, is a white-collar hatred for both capital and labor. Unadulterated hate smokes in the printed productions of many a columnist and gossip peddler, or drips like acid off the tongue of many a radio commentator.

Far be it from us to urge the banishment of all hate from the human heart. But the kind of hate that is now most popular in the United States is the wrong kind, it seems to us, because it is ineffective. Most of it is personalized hate; hate aimed at specific persons or groups.

That kind of hate can't induce its human targets to change their ways, no matter how misguided those ways may be. It can only sting them into hating back and taking what reprisals they may. The result, so far as any human advancement or improvement goes, is zero.

The constructive kind of hate—the kind that always has gotten results and still can get them—is hatred of evils, or of what you consider evils, without hatred of the people who perpetrate those evils. It's a harder kind of hate to practice than the personal kind, but it's far more worth-while. With this impersonal hatred, you concentrate your fire on the real objective, whereas you scatter it with the personal kind. The sooner a lot of us can drop the personal hates and go back to hating intelligently, the better off we'll all be.

Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen summarized this subject in a dynamic capsule the other day, when he remarked: "I hate Communism, but I love Communists." The principle may have been better stated, but we don't know by whom.



THREE UNTAXED BILLIONS

IN THE 1943 Revenue Act, Congress for the first time called for income reports from tax-exempt organizations, not including churches, charitable and fraternal groups, schools and colleges. The Internal Revenue Bureau is now giving these reports some interesting publicity.

It turns out that the biggest tax-exempt organizations are the farmers' co-operatives, with a gross 1943 income of $2,233,904,000. Next biggest are various financial concerns competing with regularly taxed banks and insurance companies. This group embraces mutual savings banks, mutual insurance companies, building and loan associations, and federal credit agencies. Their total 1943 income: $870,000,000-plus. Labor organizations in 1943 took in a total of $13,111,000 from business deals, and $218,419,000 in dues. Various types of business associations grossed $25,161,000 from commercial transactions and $83,421,000 from dues.

The Treasury isn't proposing, and certainly we aren't, that all these groups be swept into the income-taxpaying category by one over-all piece of legislation. That wouldn't happen anyway, because of the political pressure which a lot of these groups could steam up to resist it.

However, these groups' yearly intake adds up to a total of more than $3,000,000,000 that is exempt from income taxes. It does seem time for a detailed re-examination of the reasons for these exemptions. Re-examined, too, should be numerous charitable, educational and religious organizations' tax arrangements, to find out which of them are bona fide and which of them are not.

The U.S. outlook is one of heavy income and other taxes for years to come. In fairness to the taxpayers, and for solid business and financial reasons, all persons and organizations that can justly be called on for tax contributions should be asked to get them up.

WHO SHOULD CENSOR RADIO?

LAWMAKERS, commissioners, uplifters, etc., are forever hatching schemes to censor radio programs in ways which each particular reformer thinks would be good for the listeners—though the boys never call it censorship.

The latest move to guide and control radio programs via the Federal Communications Commission is sponsored by Rep. Emanuel Celler (Dem., N. Y.), an estimable congressman some of the time but far off the beam, we think, this time. Celler has introduced a bill whereby the FCC would be empowered to compel all radio stations to allot given percentages of free time each day to discussions of public affairs, and the like.

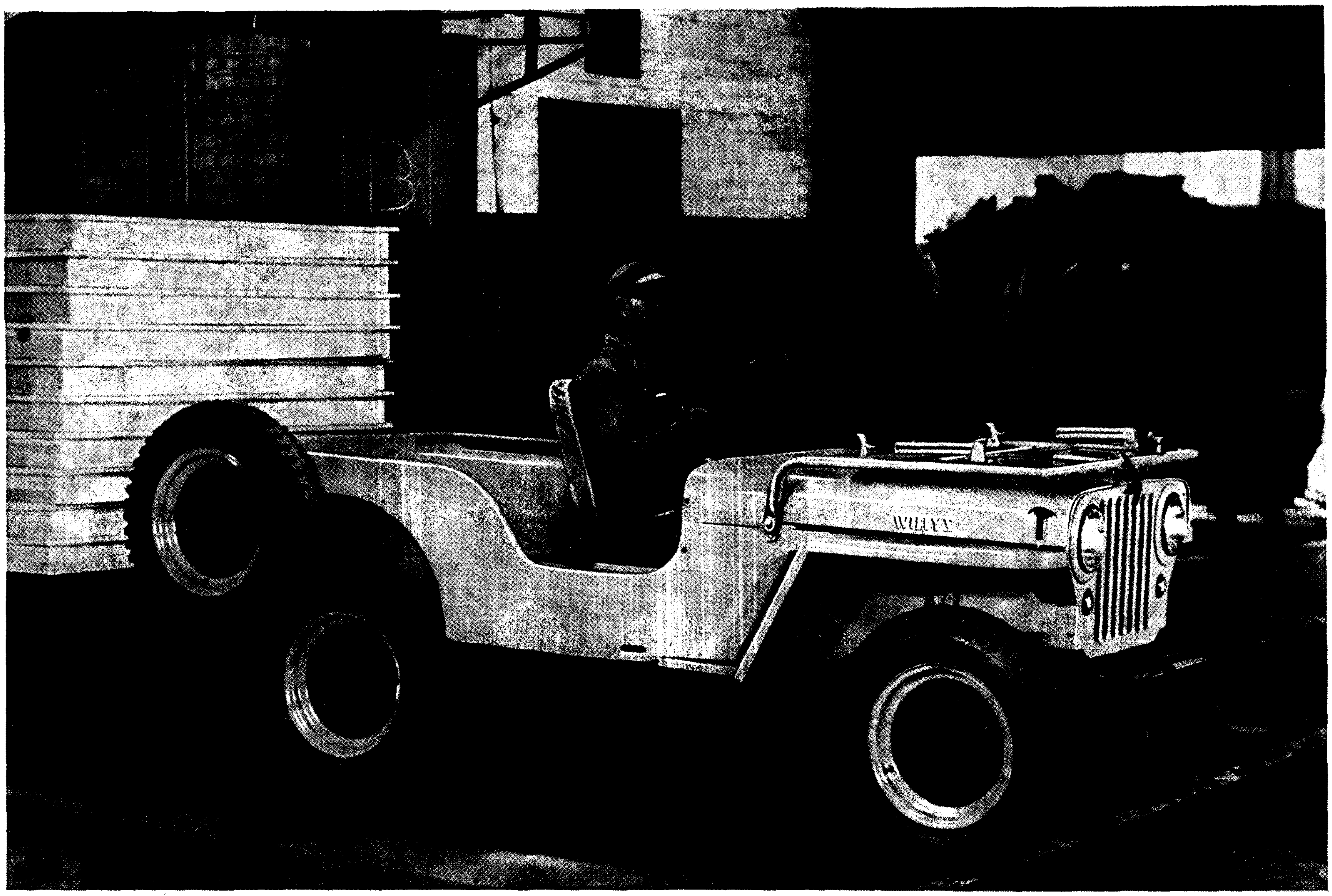
It is a foolish and dangerous proposal, and one which could lead to complete government dictation over all radio programs.

Aside from the fact that radio already airs too many public-affairs forums for all but the most intellectual customers to keep up with, this scheme, like all the others that have gone before it, cuts across the correct principle of radio censorship in a democracy. That correct principle is that the listening public alone should censor radio, by the simple operations of tuning heavily in on programs of which it approves and of tuning heavily out on programs of which it does not approve.

If the public wants a preponderance of soap operas, comedians and horror yarns, that is the public's business. It is not the business of Mr. Celler, the FCC, or any other person or government agency. If the public's radio tastes change from time to time, that is also the public's business. The radio companies' business, of course, is to keep track of what the public wants, and to satisfy those wishes within ordinary limits of propriety.

Celler's proposal to require a given percentage of think-stuff from every radio station every day is the same thing essentially as would be a proposal that magazines and newspapers be required by law to print a given percentage of editorials and fact articles in each issue, at the expense of space for fiction, features, comics and advertising. Such a law would be absurd and tyrannical, and in all likelihood would be slaughtered, under the free-press clause in the Bill of Rights, as soon as it could be dragged into the Supreme Court.

Radio is entitled to the same freedom as is the press. And as in the case of the press, the only proper censor for radio is the public—which can do a better job than any one or two or five or six official censors.



FOR BUSINESS OR FARM

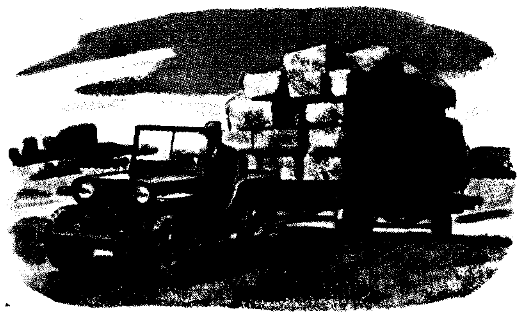
THE 4-IN-1 'JEEP' DOES MORE JOBS...TOUGHER JOBS

Three little words that answer a multitude of problems ... for factory or farm: **GET A 'JEEP'.**

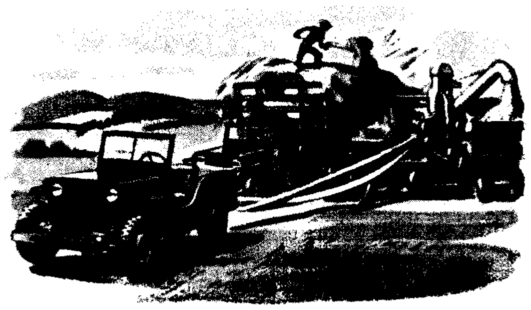
The "Jeep" is at home in the factory. Its easy maneuverability and short wheelbase permit sharp turns and use on freight elevators. It can tow materials trailers from the supplier's dock-side directly to your production line in individual trailer loads up to 5500 lbs. **GET A 'JEEP'.**

When farmers want a vehicle that can pull a plow or disk all day at 2 m.p.h.; that can power a buzz saw or thresher; that can take the labor out of post hole digging, or go 'cross country to round up stock; that will also skim down the highway at 60 . . . the answer is plain· **GET A 'JEEP'.**

Whatever your business or occupation the amazingly versatile war-proved "Jeep" can help you. One investment for a four function vehicle . . . that's why you, too, will **GET A 'JEEP'.** *Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio*



Pulling a heavy trailer *at highway speed is only one way the "Jeep" serves farmers. Its year-'round go anywhere ability; its versatility in powering other farm equipment are combined in one investment.*



Operating a thresher *with the belt pulley on the power take-off is another farm job for the "Jeep." When harvesting is over, the "Jeep" works as a light truck or runabout until field work starts again.*

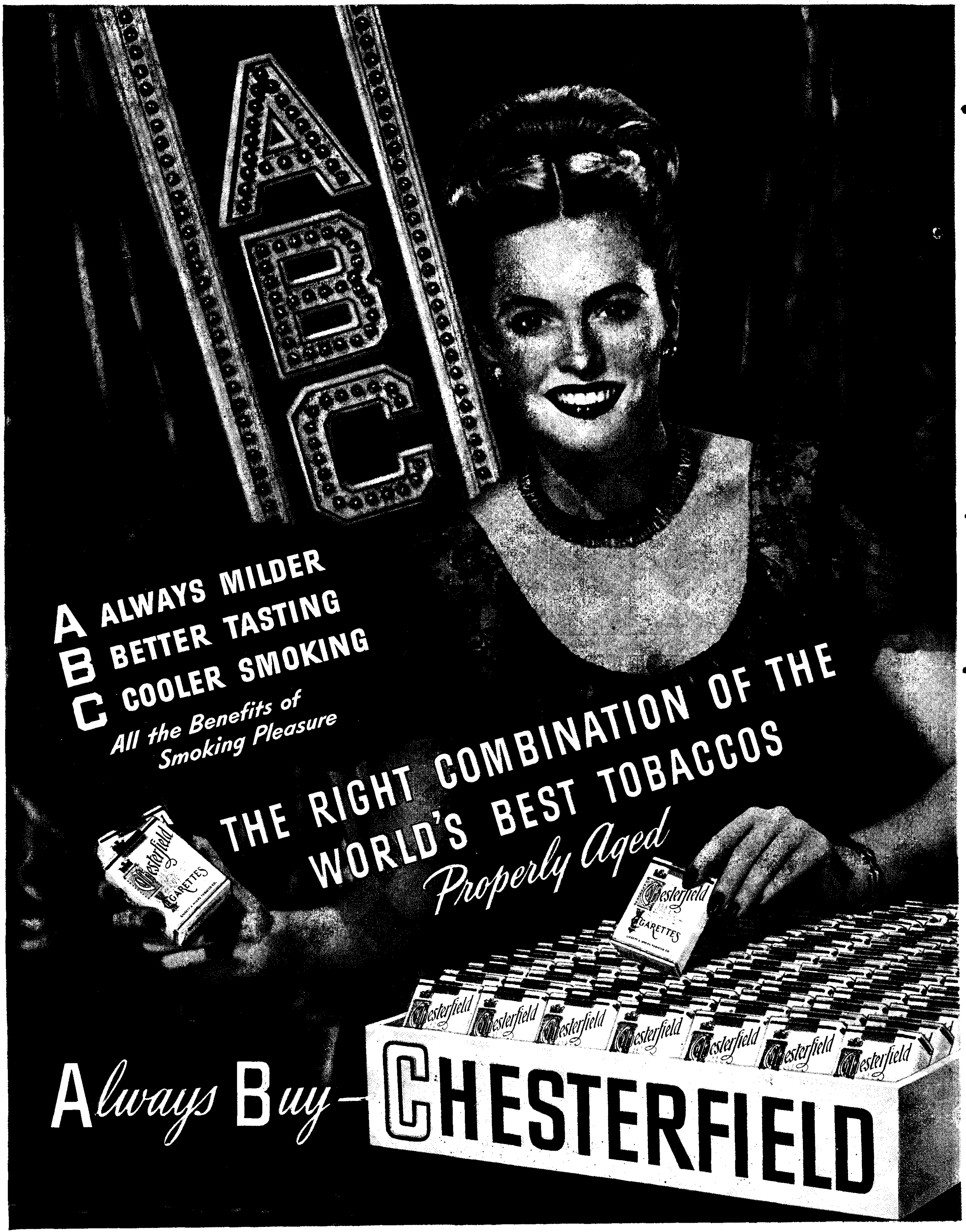
USE IT AS A TRUCK—A TRACTOR—A RUNABOUT—A MOBILE POWER UNIT

GET A

'Jeep'

POWERED BY THE WORLD FAMOUS

Willys 'JEEP' ENGINE


A
B
C
A ALWAYS MILDER
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING
All the Benefits of Smoking Pleasure
THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS
Properly Aged
Chesterfield CIGARETTES
Always Buy—CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1946, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.